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LITERATURE ART AND
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Sweethearts.

Hand-painted Photogravure from the Painting by H. Koch.

[Vol. XXIV.]

WITH PRONOUNCES AND GLOSSARY
OF DIALECT AND OF EVERY NAME

ILLUSTRATED BY THE LATE H. KOCH AND
THE LATE W. H. WATSON

CONTAINING ALSO A HISTORY OF THE
LANGUAGE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY THE LATE H. KOCH AND
THE LATE W. H. WATSON

PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON AND
NEW YORK SOCIETY, NEW YORK



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A Record of the Great Things that have been Said and Thought
and Done from the Beginning of History.

WITH PRONOUNCING AND BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

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GADSHILL, HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS

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THE BOY AT MUGBY.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship ; at fourteen he became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833 ; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

I AM the boy at Mugby. That's about what I am.

You say you don't know what I mean ? What a pity ! But I think you do. I think you must. Look here. I am the boy at what is called the refreshment room at Mugby Junction, and my proudest boast is that I never yet refreshed a mortal being.

Jammed in between a barrier of stale sponge cake on one side and a soup tureen on the other, with a beer barrel in the rear, I am one of the recognized fixtures in the place.

The next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby for anything to drink, you take particular notice that the boy will try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in a absent manner to survey the line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's me.

What a lark it is ! We are the model establishment, we are, at Mugby. Other refreshment rooms send their imperfect

young ladies up to be finished off by our missis. For some of the young ladies, when they're new to the business, come into it mild! Ah! Our missis, she soon takes that out of 'em. Why, I originally come into the business meek myself. But our missis, she soon took that out of me.

What a delightful lark it is! I look upon us refreshmenters as ockipying the only proudly independent footing on the line. There's Papers, for instance — my honorable friend, if he will allow me to call him so — him as belongs to Smith's bookstall. Why, he no more dares to be up to our refreshmenting games than he dares to jump atop of a locomotive with her steam at full pressure, and cut away upon her alone, driving himself, at limited mail speed. Papers, he'd get his head punched at every compartment, first, second, and third, the whole length of the train, if he was to venture to imitate my demeanor. It's the same with the porters, the same with the guards, the same with the ticket clerks, the same the whole way up to the secretary, traffic manager, or very chairman. There ain't a one among 'em on the nobly independent footing we are. Did you ever catch one of them, when you wanted anything of him, making a system of surveying the line through a transparent medium of your head and body? I should hope not.

You should see our bandolining room at Mugby Junction. It's led to by the door behind the counter, which you'll notice usually stands ajar, and it's the room where our missis and our young ladies bandolines their hair. You should see 'em at it, betwixt trains, bandolining away, as if they was anointing themselves for the combat. When you're telegraphed you should see their noses all a going up with scorn, as if it was a part of the working of the same Cooke and Wheatstone electrical machinery. You should hear our missis give the word. "Here comes the beast to be fed!" and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the line, from the up to the down, or wicer warsar, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sandwiches under the glass covers, and get out the — ha! ha! ha! — the sherry — oh, my eye! my eye! — for your refreshment.

It's only in the isle of the brave and land of the free (by which, of course, I mean to say Britannia) that refreshmenting is so effective, so 'olesome, so constitutional a cheek upon the public. There was a foreigner, which having politely, with his hat off, beseeched our young ladies and our missis for "a lectel

gloss hoff prandee," and having had the line surveyed through him by all, and no other acknowledgment, was a proceeding at last to help himself, as seems to be the custom in his own country, when our missis, with her hair almost a coming unbandolined with rage, and her eyes omitting sparks, flew at him, cotched the decanter out of his hand, and said, "Put it down! I won't allow that!" The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders riz, and exclaimed: "Ah! Is it possible, this! That these disdaineous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?" Another time, a merry, wide-awake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out, and had tried the sherry and spit that out, and had tried in vain to sustain exhausted natur upon butter-scotch, and had been rather extra bandolined and line-surveyed through, when as the bell was ringing and he paid our missis, he says, very loud and good-tempered: "I tell yew what 'tis, marm. I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive traveled right slick over the limited, head on through Jeerusalemm and the East and likewise France and Italy, Europe, Old World, and am now upon the track to the chief Europian village, but such an institution as yew and yewer young ladies and yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious tarnal I never did see yet! And if I hain't found the eighth wonder of monarchical creation in finding yew and yewer young ladies and yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute loo-naticks, I am extra double darned with a nip and frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur—theer!—I la'af! I dew, marm. I la'af!" And so he went, stamping and shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment.

I think it was her standing up agin the foreigner as giv' our missis the idea of going over to France, and droring a comparison betwixt refreshmenting as followed among the frog eaters and refreshmenting as triumphant in the isle of the brave and land of the free (by which, of course, I mean to say agin Britannia). Our young ladies, Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and Mrs. Sniff, was unanimous opposed to her going: for, as

they says to our missis one and all, it is well bekknown to the hendes of the herth as no other nation except Britain has a ideo of anything, but above all of business. Why then should you tire yourself to prove what is already proved? Our missis, however (being a teaser at all pints), stood out grim obstinate, and got a return pass by Southeastern Tidal, to go right through, if such should be her dispositions, to Marseilles.

Sniff is husband to Mrs. Sniff, and is a regular insignificant cove. He looks arter the sawdust department in a back room, and is sometimes, when we are very hard put to it, let behind the counter with a corkscrew; but never when it can be helped, his demeanor toward the public being disgusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose he does, and I should think he wished he didn't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff couldn't be much harder with him if he was public. Similarly, Miss Whiff and Miss Piff, taking the tone of Mrs. Sniff, they shoulder Sniff about when he is let in with a corkscrew, and they whisk things out of his hands when in his servility he is a going to let the public have 'em, and they snap him up when in the crawling baseness of his spirit he is a going to answer a public question, and they dror more tears into his eyes than ever the mustard does which he all day long lays on to the sawdust. (But it ain't strong.) Once, when Sniff had the repulsiveness to reach across to get the milk pot to hand over for a baby, I see our missis in her rage catch him by both his shoulders, and spin him out into the bandolining room.

But Mrs. Sniff — how different! She's the one! She's the one as you'll notice to be always looking another way from you when you look at her. She's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a smoothing while the public foams. This smoothing the cuffs and looking another way while the public foams is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by our missis; and it's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When our missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it with-



DICKENS' LIBRARY, GADSHILL

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

out. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say: "Then you'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark. I enjoyed the refreshmenting business more than ever, and so glad I had took to it when young.

Our missis returned. It got circulated among the young ladies, and it as it might be penetrated to me through the crevices of the bandolining room, that she had orrors to reveal, if revelations so contemptible could be dignified with the name. Agitation become weakened. Excitement was up in the stirrups. Expectation stood a-tiptoe. At length it was put forth that on our slackest evening in the week, and at our slackest time of that evening betwixt trains, our missis would give her views of foreign refreshmenting in the bandolining room.

It was arranged tasteful for the purpose. The bandolining table and glass was hid in a corner, a armchair was elevated on a packing case for our missis' ockipation, a table and a tumbler of water (no sherry in it, thankee) was placed beside it. Two of the pupils, the season being autumn and hollyhocks and dahlias being in, ornamented the wall with three devices in those flowers. On one might be read, "May Albion Never Learn;" on another, "Keep the Public Down;" on another, "Our Refreshmenting Charter." The whole had a beautiful appearance, with which the beauty of the sentiments corresponded.

On our missis' brow was wrote severity as she ascended the fatal platform. (Not that that was anything new.) Miss Whiff and Miss Piff sat at her feet. Three chairs from the waiting room might have been perceived by a average eye in front of her, on which the pupils was accommodated. Behind them, a very close observer might have discerned a boy. Myself.

"Where," said our missis, glancing gloomily around, "is Sniff?"

"I thought it better," answered Mrs. Sniff, "that he should not be let come in. He is such an ass."

"No doubt," assented our missis. "But for that reason is it not desirable to improve his mind?"

"Oh, nothing will ever improve him," said Mrs. Sniff.

"However," pursued our missis, "call him in, Ezekiel."

I called him in. The appearance of the low-minded cove was hailed with disapprobation from all sides, on account of

his having brought his corkscrew with him. He pleaded "the force of habit."

"The force!" said Mrs. Sniff. "Don't let us have you talking about force, for gracious' sake. There! Do stand still where you are, with your back against the wall."

He is a smiling piece of vacancy, and he smiled in the mean way in which he will even smile at the public if he gets a chance (language can say no meaner of him), and he stood upright near the door with the back of his head agin' the wall, as if he was waiting for somebody to come and measure his height for the army.

"I should not enter, ladies," said our missis, "on the revolting disclosures I am about to make, if it was not in the hopes that they will cause you to be yet more implacable in the exercise of the power you wield in a constitutional country, and yet more devoted to the constitutional motto which I see before me"—it was behind her, but the words sounded better so—"May Albion Never Learn!"

Here the pupils as had made the motto admired it, and cried, "Hear! Hear! Hear!" Sniff, showing an inclination to join in chorus, got himself frowned down by every brow.

"The baseness of the French," pursued our missis, "as displayed in the fawning nature of their refreshmenting, equals, if not surpasses, anythink as we ever heard of the baseness of the celebrated Bonaparte."

Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and me, we drored a heavy breath, equal to saying, "We thought as much!" Miss Whiff and Miss Piff seeming to object to my droding mine along with theirs, I drored another to aggravate 'em.

"Shall I be believed," says our missis, with flashing eyes, "when I tell you that no sooner had I set my foot upon that treacherous shore——"

Here Sniff, either bursting out mad, or thinking aloud, says, in a low voice: "Feet. Plural, you know."

The cowering that come upon him when he was spurned by all eyes, added to his being beneath contempt, was sufficient punishment for a cove so groveling. In the midst of a silence rendered more impressive by the turned-up female noses with which it was pervaded, our missis went on:—

"Shall I be believed when I tell you that no sooner had I landed," this word with a killing look at Sniff, "on that treacherous shore than I was ushered into a refreshment room where

there were — I do not exaggerate — actually eatable things to eat?”

A groan burst from the ladies. I not only did myself the honor of jining, but also of lengthening it out.

“Where there were,” our missis added, “not only eatable things to eat, but also drinkable things to drink!”

A murmur, swelling almost into a scream, ariz. Miss Piff trembling with indignation, called out, “Name!”

“I will name,” said our missis. “There was roast fowls, hot and cold; there was smoking roast veal surrounded with browned potatoes; there was hot soup with (again I ask shall I be credited?) nothing bitter in it, and no flour to choke off the consumer; there was a variety of cold dishes set off with jelly; there was salad; there was — mark me! — fresh pastry, and that of a light construction; there was a luscious show of fruit; there was bottles and decanters of sound small wine, of every size, and adapted to every pocket; the same odious statement will apply to brandy; and these were set out upon the counter so that all could help themselves.”

Our missis’ lips so quivered that Mrs. Sniff, though scarcely less convulsed than she were, got up and held the tumbler to them.

“This,” proceeds our missis, “was my first unconstitutional experience. Well would it have been if it had been my last and worst. But no. As I proceeded further into that enslaved and ignorant land, its aspect became more hideous. I need not explain to this assembly the ingredients and formation of the British refreshment sangwich?”

Universal laughter — except from Sniff, who, as sangwich cutter, shook his head in a state of the utmost dejection as he stood with it agin’ the wall.

“Well!” said our missis, with dilated nostrils. “Take a fresh, crisp, long, crusty penny loaf made of the whitest and best flour. Cut it longwise through the middle. Insert a fair and nicely fitting slice of ham. Tie a smart piece of ribbon round the middle of the whole to bind it together. Add at one end a neat wrapper of clean white paper by which to hold it. And the universal French refreshment sangwich busts on your disgusted vision.”

A cry of “Shame!” from all — except Sniff, who rubbed his stomach with a soothing hand.

“I need not,” said our missis, “explain to this assembly

the usual formation and fitting of the British refreshment room?"

No, no, and laughter. Sniff agin shaking his head in low spirits agin' the wall.

"Well," said our missis, "what would you say to a general decoration of everythink, to hangings (sometimes elegant), to easy velvet furniture, to abundance of little tables, to abundance of little seats, to brisk bright waiters, to great convenience, to a pervading cleanliness and tastefulness positively addressing the public, and making the beast thinking itself worth the pains?"

Contemptuous fury on the part of all the ladies. Mrs. Sniff looking as if she wanted somebody to hold her, and everybody else looking as if they'd rather not.

"Three times," said our missis, working herself into a truly terrimenjious state — "three times did I see these shameful things, only between the coast and Paris, and not counting either at Hazebroucke, at Arras, at Amiens. But worse remains. Tell me what would you call a person who should propose in England that there should be kept, say at our own model Mugby Junction, pretty baskets, each holding an assorted cold lunch and dessert for one, each at a certain fixed price, and each within a passenger's power to take away, to empty in the carriage at perfect leisure, and to return at another station fifty or a hundred miles further on?"

There was disagreement what such a person should be called. Whether revolutionist, atheist, Bright (I said him), or un-English. Miss Piff screeched her shrill opinion last in the words: "A malignant maniac!"

"I adopt," says our missis, "the brand set upon such a person by the righteous indignation of my friend Miss Piff. A malignant maniac. Know, then, that that malignant maniac has sprung from the congenial soil of France, and that his malignant madness was in unchecked action on this same part of my journey."

I noticed that Sniff was a rubbing his hands, and that Mrs. Sniff had got her eye upon him. But I did not take more particular notice, owing to the excited state in which the young ladies was, and to feeling myself called upon to keep it up with a howl.

"On my experience south of Paris," said our missis, in a deep tone, "I will not expatiate. Too loathsome were the task! But fancy this. Fancy a guard coming round, with

the train at full speed, to inquire how many for dinner. Fancy his telegraphing forward the numbers of diners. Fancy every one expected, and the table elegantly laid for the complete party. Fancy a charming dinner, in a charming room, and the head cook, concerned for the honor of every dish, superintending in his clean white jacket and cap. Fancy the beast traveling six hundred miles on end, very fast and with great punctuality, yet being taught to expect all this to be done for it ! ”

A spirited chorus of “The beast ! ”

I noticed that Sniff was agin a rubbing his stomach with a soothing hand, and that he had drored up one leg. But agin I didn’t take particular notice, looking on myself as called upon to stimulate public feeling. It being a lark besides.

“Putting everything together,” said our missis, “French refreshmenting comes to this, and oh, it comes to a nice total ! First : eatable things to eat and drinkable things to drink.”

A groan from the young ladies, kep’ up by me.

“Second : convenience, and even elegance.”

Another groan from the young ladies, kep’ up by me.

“Third : moderate charges.”

This time a groan from me, kep’ up by the young ladies.

“Fourth : and here,” says our missis, “I claim your angriest sympathy — attention, common civility, nay, even politeness ! ”

Me and the young ladies regularly raging mad all together.

“And I cannot in conclusion,” says our missis, with her spitefulest sneer, “give you a completer pictur of that despicable nation (after what I have related) than assuring you that they wouldn’t bear our constitutional ways and noble independence at Mugby Junction for a single month, and that they would turn us to the right-about and put another system in our places as soon as look at us ; perhaps sooner, for I do not believe they have the good taste to care to look at us twice.”

The swelling tumult was arrested in its rise. Sniff, bore away by his servile disposition, had drored up his leg with a higher and a higher relish, and was now discovered to be waving his corkscrew over his head. It was at this moment that Mrs. Sniff, who had kep’ her eye upon him like the fabled obelisk, descended on her victim. Our missis followed them both out, and cries was heard in the sawdust department.

You come into the down refreshment room at the Junction making believe you don’t know me, and I’ll pint you out with

my right thumb over my shoulder which is our missis, and which is Miss Whiff, and which is Miss Piff, and which is Mrs. Sniff. But you won't get a chance to see Sniff, because he disappeared that night. Whether he perished, tore to pieces, I cannot say ; but his corkscrew alone remains to bear witness to the servility of his disposition.



THE TRIAL OF RALPH RAY.¹

By HALL CAINE.

(From "The Shadow of a Crime.")

[THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE, generally known as Hall Caine, was born at Runcorn, Cheshire, May 14, 1853, of Manx and Cumberland parentage. He commenced his career as an architect, but from contributing to the *Builder and Building News*, he became connected with journalism, joined the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*, and wrote for the *Academy*, *Athenæum*, etc. In London, he resided with Dante Gabriel Rossetti till the poet's death in 1882. His earliest works were "Sonnets of Three Centuries," "Recollections of Rossetti," and "Cobwebs of Criticism." Then followed the novels, "The Shadow of a Crime," "A Son of Hagar," "The Deemster" (dramatized for Wilson Barrett as "Benma'-Chree"), "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," "The Manxman," and "The Christian," his latest and greatest work. Mr. Caine has traveled extensively in Europe, the United States, and Canada, and as the representative of the Society of Authors obtained important concessions from the Canadian Parliament with regard to Canadian copyright. His residence is at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.]

I.

LONG before the hour appointed for the resumption of the trial of Ralph Ray, a great crowd filled the market place at Carlisle, and lined the steps of the old townhall, to await the opening of the doors. As the clock in the cupola was striking ten, three men inside the building walked along the corridor to unbar the public entrance.

"I half regret it," said one ; "you have forced me into it. I should never have touched it but for you."

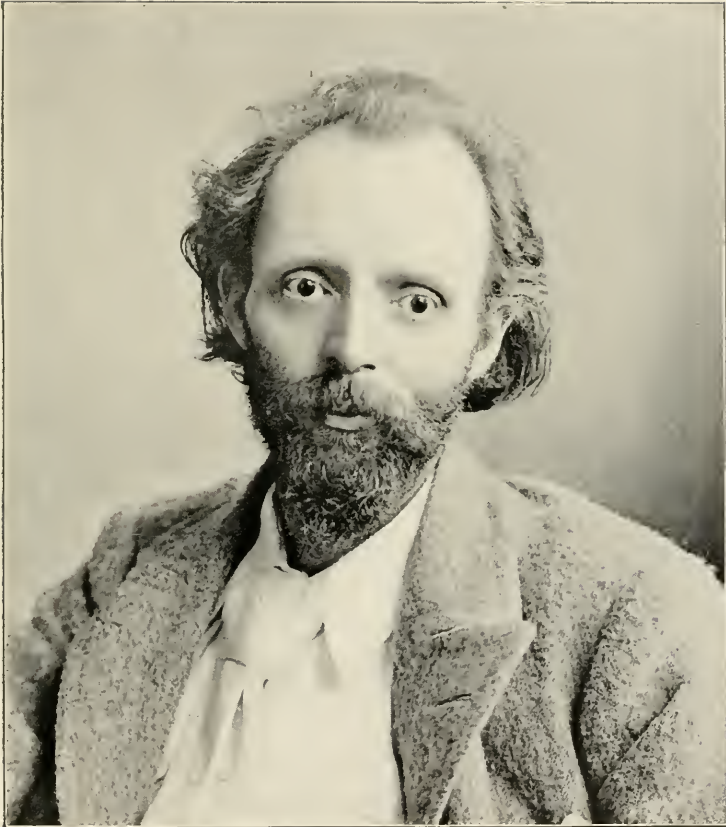
"Tut, man," whispered another, "you saw how it was going. With you man on the bench and yon other crafty waistrel at the bar, the chance was well-nigh gone. What hope was there of a conviction?"

"None, none ; never make any more botherment about it, Master Lawson," said the third.

"The little tailor is safe. He can do no harm as a witness."

"I'm none so sure of that," rejoined the first speaker.

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THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE

The door was thrown open, and the three men stepped aside to allow the crush to pass them. One of the first to enter was Mrs. Garth. The uncanny old crone cast a quick glance about her as she came in with the rest, hooded close against the cold. Her eyes fell on one of the three men who stood apart. For a moment she fixed her gaze steadfastly upon him, and then the press from behind swept her forward. But in that moment she had exchanged a swift and unmistakable glance of recognition. The man's face twitched slightly. He looked relieved when the woman passed on.

Dense as had been the throng that filled the court on the earlier hearing, the throng was now even yet more dense. The benches usually provided for the public had been removed, and spectators stood on every inch of the floor. Some crept up to the windows, and climbed on to the window boards. One or two daring souls clambered over the shoulders of their fellows to the principals of the roof, and sat perched across them. The old courthouse was paved and walled with people.

From the entrance at the western end the occupants of the seats before the table filed in one by one. The first to come was the sheriff, Wilfrey Lawson. With papers in hand he stationed himself immediately under the jurors' box and facing the bar. Then came the clerk of the court, who was making an ostentatious display of familiarity with counsel for the king, who walked half a pace behind him.

The judges took their seats. As they entered, the gentleman of the rubicund complexion was chatting in a facetious vein with his brother judge, who, however, relaxed but little of the settled austerity of his countenance under the fire of many jests.

Silence was commanded, and Ralph Ray was ordered to the bar. He had scarcely taken his place there when the name of Simeon Stagg was also called. For an instant Ralph looked amazed. The sheriff observed his astonishment and smiled. The next moment Sim was by his side. His face was haggard; his long gray and black hair hung over his temples. He was led in. He clutched feverishly at the rail in front. He had not yet lifted his eyes. After a moment he raised them, and met the eyes of Ralph turned toward him. Then he shuffled and sidled up to Ralph's elbow. The people stretched their necks to see the unexpected prisoner.

After many preliminary formalities, it was announced that

the Grand Jury had found a true bill for murder against the two prisoners.

The indictment was read. It charged Ralph Ray and Simeon Stagg with having murdered with malice aforethought James Wilson, agent to the king's counsel.

The prisoners were told to plead. Ralph answered promptly and in a clear tone, "Not guilty." Sim hesitated, looked confused, stammered, lifted his eyes as if inquiringly to Ralph's face, then muttered indistinctly, "Not guilty."

The judges exchanged glances. The clerk with a sneer on his lip mumbled something to counsel. The spectators turned with a slight bustle among themselves. Their pleas had gone against the prisoners—at least against Ralph.

When the men at the bar were asked how they would be tried, Ralph turned to the bench and said he had been kept close prisoner for seven days, none having access to him. Was he to be called to trial, not knowing the charge against him until he was ordered to the bar?

No attention was paid to his complaint, and the jury was impaneled. Then counsel rose, and with the customary circumlocution opened the case against the prisoners. In the first place, he undertook to indicate the motive and occasion of the horrid, vile, and barbarous crime which had been committed, and which, he declared, scarce anything in the annals of justice could parallel; then he would set forth the circumstances under which the act was perpetrated; and, finally, he proposed to show what grounds existed for inferring that the prisoners were guilty thereof.

He told the court that the deceased James Wilson, as became him according to the duty of his secret office, had been a very zealous person. In his legal capacity he had sought and obtained a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner Ray. That warrant had never been served. Why? The dead body of Wilson had been found at daybreak in a lonely road not far from the homes of both prisoners. The warrant was not on the body. It had been missing to that day. His contention would be that the prisoners had obtained knowledge of the warrant; that they had waylaid the deceased agent in a place and at a time most convenient for the execution of their murderous design. With the cunning of clever criminals, they had faced the subsequent coroner's inquiry. One of them, being the less artful, had naturally come under suspicion.

The other, a cunning and dangerous man, had even taken an active share in defending his confederate. But being pursued by a guilty conscience, they dared not stay at the scene of their crime, and both had fled from their homes. All this would be justified by strong and undeniable circumstances.

Counsel resumed his seat amid the heavy breathings and inaudible mutterings of the throng behind him. He was proceeding to call his witnesses, when Ralph asked to be heard.

"Is it the fact that I surrendered of my own free will and choice?"

"It is."

"Is it assumed that I was prompted to that step also by a guilty conscience?"

Counsel realized that he was placed on the horns of a dilemma. Ignoring Ralph, he said:—

"My lords, the younger prisoner *did* surrender. He surrendered to a warrant charging him with conspiring to subvert the king's authority. He threw himself on the mercy of his sovereign, and claimed the benefit of the pardon. And why? To save himself from indictment on the capital charge. At the price, peradventure, of a fine or a year's imprisonment to save himself from the gallows. Thus he tried to hoodwink the law; but, my lords"—and counsel lifted himself to his utmost height—"the law is not to be hoodwinked."

"God forefend else," echoed Justice Millet, shifting his seat and nodding his head with portentous gravity.

"I was loath to interrupt you," said Justice Hide, speaking calmly and for the first time, "or I should have pointed out wherein your statement did not correspond with the facts of the prisoner Ray's conduct as I know it. Let us, without delay, hear the witnesses."

The first witness called was a woman, thinly and poorly clad, who came to the box with tears in her eyes, and gave the name of Margaret Rushton. Ralph recognized her as the young person who had occasioned a momentary disturbance near the door toward the close of the previous trial. Sim recognized her also, but his recollection dated further back.

She described herself as the wife of a man who had been outlawed, and whose estates had been sequestered. She had been living the life of a vagrant woman.

"Was your husband named John Rushton?" asked Ralph.

"Yes," she replied meekly, and all but inaudibly.

"John Rushton, of Aberleigh?"

"The same."

"Did you ever hear him speak of an old comrade — Ralph Ray?"

"Yes, yes," answered the witness, lifting her hands to her face and sobbing aloud.

"The prisoner wastes the time of the court. Let us proceed," said one of the judges.

Ralph saw the situation at a glance. The woman's evidence — whatever it might be — was to be forced from her.

"Have you seen these prisoners before?"

"Yes, one of them."

"Perhaps both?"

"Yes, perhaps both."

"Pray tell my lords and the jury what you know concerning them."

The woman tried to speak, and stopped, tried again and stopped.

Counsel coming to her relief, said: —

"It was in Wythburn you saw them — when was that?"

"I passed through it with my two children at Martinmas," the witness began, falteringly.

"Tell my lords and the jury what happened then."

"I had passed by the village, and had come to a cottage that stood at the angle of two roads. The morning was cold, and my poor babies were crying. Then it came on to rain. So I knocked at the cottage, and an old man opened the door."

"Do you see the old man in this court?"

"Yes — there," pointing to where Sim stood in the dock with downcast eyes.

There was a pause.

"Come, good woman, let my lords and the jury hear what further you know of this matter. You went into the cottage?"

"He said I might warm the children at the fire; their little limbs were cold as stone."

"Well, well?"

"He seemed half crazed, I thought; but he was very kind to me and my little ones. He gave them some warm milk, and said we might stay till the weather cleared. It did not clear all day. Towards nightfall the old man's daughter came home. She was a dear fine girl, God bless her!"

The silence of the court was only disturbed by a stifled groan from the bar, where Sim still stood with downcast eyes. Ralph gazed through a blinding mist at the rafters overhead.

"She nursed the little ones, and gave them oaten cake and barley bread. The good people were poor themselves; I could see they were. It rained heavier than ever; so the young woman made a bed for us in a little room, and we slept in the cottage until morning."

"Was anything said concerning the room you slept in?"

"They said it was their lodger's room; but he was away, and would not return until the night following."

"Next day you took the road toward the north?"

"Yes, toward Carlisle. They told me that if my husband were ever taken he would be brought to Carlisle. That was why I wished to get here. But I had scarce walked a mile—I had a baby at the breast and a little boy who could just toddle beside me—I had scarce walked a mile, before the boy became ill, and could not walk. I first thought to go back to the cottage, but I was too weak to carry both children. So I sat with my little ones by the roadside."

The witness paused again. Ralph was listening with intense eagerness. He was leaning over the rail before him to catch every syllable. When the woman had regained some composure, he said quietly:—

"There is a bridge thereabouts that spans a river. Which side of the bridge were you then?"

"The Carlisle side—that is to say, the north."

The voice of counsel interrupted a further inquiry.

"Pray tell my lords and the jury what else you know, good woman."

"We should have perished with cold where we sat, but looking up I saw that there was a barn in a field close by. It was open to the front. But it seemed to be sheltered on three sides, and had some hay in it. So I made my way to it through a gate, and carried the children."

"What happened while you were there?—quick, woman, let us get to the wicked fact itself."

"We stayed there all day, and when the night came on I covered the little ones in the hay, and they cried themselves to sleep."

The tears were standing in the woman's eyes. The eyes of others were wet.

"Yes, yes, but what *occurred*," said counsel, to whom the weeping of outcast babes was obviously less than an occurrence.

"I could not sleep," said the woman, hoarsely ; and lifting her voice to a defiant pitch, she said, "Would that the dear God had let me sleep that night of all nights of my life !"

"Come, good woman," said counsel, more soothingly, "what next?"

"I listened to the footsteps that went by on the road, and so the weary hours trailed on. At last they had ceased to come and go. It was then that I heard a horse's canter far away to the north."

The witness was speaking in a voice so low as to be scarcely audible to the people who stood on tiptoe and held their breath to hear.

"My little boy cried in his sleep. Then all was quiet again."

Sim shuddered perceptibly. He felt his flesh creep.

"The thought came to me that perhaps the man on the horse could give me something to do the boy good. If he came from a distance, he would surely carry brandy. So I labored out of the barn, and trudged through the grass to the hedge. Then I heard footsteps on the road. They were coming toward me."

"Was it dark?"

"Yes, but not very dark. I could see the hedge across the way. The man on foot and the man on the horse came together near where I stood."

"How near — twenty paces?"

"Less. I was about to call, when I heard the man on foot speak to the other, who was riding past him."

"You saw both men clearly?"

"No," replied the woman, firmly ; "not clearly. I saw the one on the road. He was a little man, and he limped in his walk."

In the stillness of the court Ralph could almost hear the woman breathe.

"They were quarreling, the two men — you heard what they said?" said counsel, breaking silence.

"It's not true," cried the witness, in a hurried manner, "I heard nothing."

"This is no suborned witness, my lords," said counsel, in a cold voice, and with a freezing smile. "Well, woman?"

"The tall man leaped off his horse, and there was a struggle."



HALL CAINE IN HIS STUDY

The little man was swearing. There was a heavy fall, and all was quiet once more."

As she spoke, the woman recoiled to the back of the box, and covered her face in her hands.

"What manner of man was the taller one?"

"He had a strong face with big features and large eyes. I saw him indistinctly."

"Do you see him now?"

"I cannot swear; but—but I think I do."

"Is the prisoner who stands to the left the man you saw that night?"

"The voice is the same, the face is similar, and he wears the same habit—a long, dark coat lined with light flannel."

"Is that all you know of the matter?"

"I knew that a crime had been committed in my sight. I felt that a dead body lay close beside me. I was about to turn away, when I heard a third man come up and speak to the man on the horse."

"You knew the voice?"

"It was the cottager who had given us shelter. I ran back to the barn, snatched up my two children in their sleep, and fled away across the fields—I knew not where."

Justice Hide asked the witness why she had not spoken of this before—three months had elapsed since then.

She replied that she had meant to do so, but it came into her mind that perhaps the cottager was somehow concerned in the crime, and she remembered how good he and his daughter had been to her.

"How had she come to make the disclosures now?"

The witness explained that when she crushed her way into the court a week ago it was with the idea that the prisoner might be her husband. He was not her husband, but when she saw his face she remembered that she had seen him before. A man in the body of the court had followed her out and asked her questions.

"Who was the man?" asked the judge, turning to the sheriff.

The gentleman addressed pointed to a man near at hand, who rose at this reference, with a smile of mingled pride and cunning as though he felt honored by this public disclosure of his astuteness. He was a small man with a wrinkled face, and a sinister cast in one of his eyes, which lay deep under shaggy brows. We have met him before.

The judge looked steadily at him as he rose in his place. After a minute or two he turned again to look at him. Then he made some note on a paper in his hand.

The witness looked jaded and worn with the excitement. During her examination Sim had never for an instant upraised his eyes from the ground. The eagerness with which Ralph had watched her was written in every muscle of his face. When liberty was given him to question her, he asked in a soft and tender voice if she knew what time of the night it might be when she had seen what she had described.

"Between nine and ten o'clock as near as she could say—perhaps fully ten."

"Was she sure which side of the bridge she was on—north or south?"

"Sure—it was north of the bridge."

Ralph asked if the records of the coroner's inquiry were at hand. They were not. Could he have them examined? It was needless. But why?

"Because," said Ralph, "it was sworn before the coroner that the body was found to the south of the bridge—fifty yards to the south of it." The point was treated with contempt and some derisive laughter. When Ralph pressed it, there was humming and hissing in the court.

"We must not expect that we can have exact and positive proof," said Justice Millet; "we would come as near as we can to circumstances by which a fact of this dark nature can be proved. It is easy for a witness to be mistaken on such a point."

The young woman, Margaret Rushton, was being dismissed.

"One word," said Justice Hide. "You say you have heard your husband speak of the prisoner Ray—how has he spoken of him?"

"How?—as the bravest gentleman in all England!" said the woman, eagerly.

Sim lifted his head and clutched the rail. "God—it's true, it's true," he cried hysterically, in a voice that ran through the court.

"My lords," said counsel, "you have heard the truth wrung from a reluctant witness, but you have not heard all the circumstances of this horrid fact. The next witness will prove the motive of the crime."

A burly Cumbrian came into the box, and gave the name of Thomas Scroope. He was an agent to the king's counsel.

Ralph glanced at him. He was the man who insulted the girl in Lancaster.

He said he remembered the defendant Ray as a captain in the trained bands of the late Parliament. Ray was always proud and arrogant. He had supplanted the captain whose captaincy he afterward held.

“When was that?”

“About seven years ago,” rejoined the witness, adding in an undertone, and as though chuckling to himself, “he’s paid dear enough for that sin’ then.”

Ralph interrupted.

“Who was the man I supplanted, as you say — the man who has made me pay dear for it, as you think?”

No answer.

“Who?”

“No matter that,” grumbled the witness. His facetiousness was gone.

There was some slight stir beneath the jurors’ box.

“Tell the court the name of the man you mean.”

Counsel objected to the time of the court being wasted with such questions.

Justice Hide overruled the objection.

Amid much sensation the witness gave the name of the sheriff of Cumberland, Wilfrey Lawson.

Continuing his evidence in a defiant manner, the witness said he remembered the deceased agent, James Wilson. He saw him last the day before his death. It was in Carlisle they met. Wilson showed witness a warrant with which he was charged for Ray’s arrest, and told him that Ray had often threatened him in years past, and that he believed he meant to take his life. Wilson had said that he intended to be beforehand, for the warrant was a sure preventive. He also said that the Rays were an evil family; the father was a hard, ungrateful brute, who had ill repaid him for six years’ labor. The mother was best, but then she was only a poor simple fool. The worst of the gang was this Ralph, who in the days of the Parliament had more than once threatened to deliver him — Wilson — to the sheriff — the other so-called sheriff, not the present good gentleman.

Ralph asked the witness three questions: —

“Have we ever met before?”

“Ey, but we’ll never meet again, I reckon,” said the man, with a knowing wink.

"Did you serve under me in the army of the Parliament?"

"Nowt o' t' sort," with a growl.

"Were you captured by the king's soldiers, and branded with a hot iron, as a spy of their own who was suspected of betraying them?"

"It's a' a lie. I were never brandet."

"Pull up the right sleeves of your jerkin and sark."

The witness refused.

Justice Hide called on the keeper to do so.

The witness resisted, but the sleeves were drawn up to the armpit. The flesh showed three clear marks as of an iron brand.

The man was hurried away, amid hissing in the court.

The next witness was the constable, Jonathan Briscoe. He described being sent after Wilson early on the day following that agent's departure from Carlisle. His errand was to bring back the prisoner. He arrived at Wythburn in time to be present at the inquest. The prisoner Stagg was then brought up and discharged.

Ralph asked if it was legal to accuse a man a second time of the same offense.

Justice Millet ruled that the discharge of a coroner (even though he were a resident justice as well) was no acquittal.

The witness remembered how at the inquiry the defendant Ray had defended his accomplice. He had argued that it was absurd to suppose that a man of Stagg's strength could have killed Wilson by a fall. Only a more powerful man could have done so.

"Had you any doubt as to who that more powerful man might be?"

"None, not I. I knew that the man whose game it was to have the warrant was the likeliest man to have grabbed it. It warn't on the body. There was not a scrap of evidence against Ray, or I should have taken him then and there."

"You tried to take him afterward, and failed."

"That's true enough. The man has the muscles of an ox."

The next two witnesses were a laborer from Wythburn, who spoke again to passing Sim on the road on the night of the murder, and meeting Wilson a mile further north; and Sim's landlord, who repeated his former evidence.

There was a stir in the court as counsel announced his last witness. A woman among the spectators was muttering some-

thing that was inaudible except to the few around her. The woman was Mrs. Garth. Willy Ray stood near her but could not catch her words.

The witness stepped into the box. There was no expression of surprise on Ralph's face when he saw who stood there to give evidence against him. It was the man who had been known in Lancaster as his "Shadow"; the same that had (with an earlier witness) been Robbie Anderson's companion in his night journey on the coach; the same that passed Robbie as he lay unconscious in Reuben Thwaite's wagon; the same that had sat in the bookseller's snug a week ago; the same that Mrs. Garth had recognized in the corridor that morning; the same that Justice Hide narrowly scrutinized when he rose in the court to claim the honor of ferreting the facts out of the woman Rushton.

He gave the name of Mark Wilson.

"Your name again?" said Justice Hide, glancing at a paper in his hand.

"Mark Wilson."

Justice Hide beckoned the sheriff and whispered something. The sheriff crushed his way into an inner room.

"The deceased James Wilson was your brother?"

"He was."

"Tell my lords and the jury what you know of this matter."

"My brother was a zealous agent of our gracious king," said the witness, speaking in a tone of great humility. "He even left his home — his wife and family — in the king's good cause."

At this moment Sim was overtaken by faintness. He staggered, and would have fallen. Ralph held him up, and appealed to the judges for a seat and some water to be given to his friend. The request was granted, and the examination continued.

The witness was on the point of being dismissed, when the sheriff reëntered, and, making his way to the bench, handed a book to Justice Hide. At the same instant Sim's attention seemed to be arrested to the most feverish alertness. Jumping up from the seat on which Ralph had placed him, he cried out in a thin, shrill voice, calling on the witness to remain. There was breathless silence in the court.

"You say that your brother," cried Sim — "God in heaven,

what a monster he was — you say that he left his wife and family. Tell us, did he ever go back to them?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of money that your brother's wife came into after he'd deserted her — that was what he did, your lordships, deserted her and her poor babby — did you ever hear of it?"

"What if I did?" replied the witness, who was apparently too much taken by surprise to fabricate a politic falsehood.

"Did you know that the waistrel tried to get hands on the money for himself?"

Sim was screaming out his questions, the sweat standing in round drops on his brow. The judges seemed too much amazed to remonstrate.

"Tell us, quick. Did he try to get hands on it?"

"Perhaps; what then?"

"And did he get it?"

"No."

"And why not — why not?"

The anger of the witness threw him off his guard.

"Because a cursed scoundrel stepped in and threatened to hang him if he touched the woman's money."

"Ay, ay! and who was that cursed scoundrel?"

No answer.

"Who? quick — who?"

"That man there!" pointing to Ralph.

Loud murmurs came from the people in the court. In the midst of them a woman was creating a commotion. She insisted on going out. She cried aloud that she would faint. It was Mrs. Garth again. The sheriff leaned over the table to ask if these questions concerned the inquiry, but Sim gave no time for protest. He never paused to think if his inquiries had any bearing on the issue.

"And now tell the court your name."

"I have told it."

"Your *true* name, and your brother's."

Justice Hide looked steadily at the witness. He held an open book in his hand.

"Your *true* name," he said, repeating Sim's inquiry.

"Mark Garth!" mumbled the witness.

The judge appeared to expect that reply.

"And your brother's?"

"Wilson Garth."

"Remove the perjurer in charge."

Sim sunk back exhausted, and looked about him as one who had been newly awakened from a dream.

The feeling among the spectators, as also among the jurors, wavered between sympathy for the accused and certainty of the truth of the accusation, when the sheriff was seen to step uneasily forward and hand a paper to counsel. Glancing hastily at the document, the lawyer rose with a smile of secure triumph and said that, circumstantial as the evidence on all essential points had hitherto been, he was now in a position to render it conclusive.

Then, handing the paper to Ralph, he asked him to say if he had ever seen it before. Ralph was overcome; gasping as if for breath, he raised one hand involuntarily to his breast.

"Tell the court how you came by the instrument in your hand."

There was no reply. Ralph had turned to Sim, and was looking into his face with what appeared to be equal pity and contrition.

The paper was worn, and had clearly been much and long folded. It was charred at one corner as if at some moment it had narrowly escaped the flames.

"My lords," said counsel, "this is the very warrant which the deceased Wilson carried from Carlisle for the arrest of the prisoner who now holds it; this is the very warrant which has been missing since the night of the murder of Wilson; and where, think you, my lords, it was found? It was found—you have heard how foolish be the wise—look now how childishly a cunning man can sometimes act, how blundering are clever rogues!—it was found this morning on the defendant Ray's person while he slept, in an inner breast pocket, which was stitched up, and seemed to have been rarely used."

"That is direct proof," said Justice Millet, with a glance at his brother on the bench. "After this there can be no doubt in any mind."

"Peradventure the prisoner can explain how he came by the document," said Justice Hide.

"Have you anything to say as to how you became possessed of it?"

"Nothing."

"Will you offer the court no explanation?"

"None."

"Would the answer criminate you?"

No reply.

For Ralph the anguish of years was concentrated in that moment. He might say where he was on the night of the murder, but then he had Sim only for witness. He thought of Robbie Anderson — why was he not here? But no, Robbie was better away — he could only clear him of this guilt by involving his father. And what evidence would avail against the tangible witness of the warrant? He had preserved that document with some vague hope of saving Sim, but here it was the serpent in the breast of both.

"This old man," he said — his altered tone startled the listeners — "this old man," he said, pointing to Sim at his side, "is as innocent of the crime as the purest soul that stands before the white throne."

"And what of yourself?"

"As for me, as for me," he added, struggling with the emotion that surged in his voice, "in the sight of Him that searcheth all hearts, I have acquittal. I have sought it long and with tears of Him before whom we are all as chaff."

"Away with him, the blasphemer!" cried Justice Millet. "Know where you are, sir? This is an assembly of Christians. Dare you call God to acquit you of your barbarous crimes?"

The people in the court took up the judge's words and broke out into a tempest of irrepressible groans. They were the very people who had cheered a week ago.

Sim cowered in a corner of the box, with his lank fingers in his long hair.

Ralph looked calmly on. He was not to be shaken now. There was one way in which he could quell that clamor and turn it into a tumult of applause, but that way should not be taken. He could extricate himself by criminating his dead father, but that he should never do. And had he not come to die? Was not this the atonement he had meant to make? It was right, it was right, and it was best. But what of Sim — must he be the cause of Sim's death, also? "This poor old man," he repeated, when the popular clamor had subsided, "he is innocent."

Sim would have risen, but Ralph guessed his purpose and kept him to his seat. At the same moment Willy Ray among the people was seen struggling toward the witness bar. Ralph

guessed his purpose and checked him, too, with a look. Willy stood as one petrified. He saw only one of two men for the murderer — Ralph or his father.

"Let us go together," whispered Sim; and in another moment the judge (Justice Millet) was summing up. He was brief; the evidence of the woman Rushton and of the recovered warrant proved everything. The case was as clear as noonday. The jury did not leave the box.

Without retiring, the jury found a verdict of guilty against both prisoners.

The crier made proclamation of silence, and the awful sentence of death was pronounced.

It was remarked that Justice Hide muttered something about a "writ of error," and that when he rose from the bench he motioned the sheriff to follow him.

II.

It was Thursday when they were condemned, and the sentence was to be carried into effect on the Thursday following. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday passed by without any event of consequence. On Tuesday the under-jailer opened the door of their prison, and the sheriff entered. Ralph stepped out face to face with him. Sim crept closer into the shadow.

"The king's warrant has arrived," he said abruptly.

"And is this all you come to tell us?" said Ralph, no less curtly.

"Ray, there is no love between you and me, and we need dissemble none."

"And no hate — at least, on my part," Ralph added.

"I had good earnest of your affections," answered the sheriff, with a sneer; "five years' imprisonment." Then waving his hand with a gesture indicative of impatience, he continued: —

"Let that be as it may. I come to talk of other matters."

Resting on a bench, he added: —

"When the trial closed on Thursday, Justice Hide, who showed you more favor than seemed to some persons of credit to be meet and seemly, beckoned me to the antechamber. There he explained that the evidence against you being mainly circumstantial, the sentence might perchance, by the leniency of the king, be commuted to one of imprisonment for life."

A cold smile passed over Ralph's face.

"But this great mercy — whereof I would counsel you to cherish no certain hope — would depend upon your being able and willing to render an account of how you came by the document — the warrant for your own arrest — which was found upon your person. Furnish a credible story of how you came to be possessed of that instrument, and it may occur — I say it *may* occur — that by our Sovereign's grace and favor this sentence of death can yet be put aside."

Sim had risen to his feet in obvious excitement.

Ralph calmly shook his head.

"I neither will nor can," he said emphatically.

Sim sunk back into his seat.

A look of surprise in the sheriff's face quickly gave way to a look of content and satisfaction.

"We know each other of old, and I say there is no love between us," he observed, "but it is by no doing of mine that you are here. Nevertheless, your response to this merciful tender shows but too plainly how well you merit your position."

"It took you five days to bring it — this merciful tender, as you term it," said Ralph.

"The king is now at Newcastle, and there at this moment is also Justice Hide, in whom, had you been an innocent man, you must have found an earnest sponsor. I bid you good day."

The sheriff rose, and, bowing to the prisoner with a ridiculous affectation of mingled deference and superiority, stepped to the door.

"Stop," said Ralph; "you say we know each other of old. That is false! To this hour you have never known, nor do you know now, why I stand here condemned to die, and doomed by a harder fate to take the life of this innocent old man. You have never known me; no, nor yourself neither — never! But you shall know both before you leave this room. Sit down."

"I have no time to waste in idle disputation," said the sheriff, testily; but he sat down, nevertheless, at his prisoner's bidding, as meekly as if the positions had been reversed.

"That scar across your brow," said Ralph, "you have carried since the day I have now to speak of."

"You know it well," said the sheriff, bitterly. "You have cause to know it."

"I have," Ralph answered.

After a pause, in which he was catching the thread of a



HALL CAINE'S HOME, GREEBA CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN

Exempt

story half forgotten, he continued: "You said I supplanted you in your captaincy. Perhaps so; perhaps not. God will judge between us. You went over to the Royalist camp, and you were among the garrison that had reduced this very castle. The troops of the Parliament came up one day and summoned you to surrender. The only answer your general gave us was to order the tunnel guns to fire on the white flag. It went down. We lay intrenched about you for six days. Then you sent out a dispatch assuring us that your garrison was well prepared for a siege, and that nothing would prevail with you to open your gates. That was a lie!"

"Well?"

"Your general lied; the man who carried your general's dispatch was a liar too, but he told the truth for a bribe."

"Ah! then the saints were not above warming the palm?"

"He assured our commander we might expect a mutiny in your city if we continued before it one day longer; that your castle was garrisoned only by a handful of horse and two raw undisciplined regiments of militia; that even from these desertions occurred hourly, and that some of your companies were left with only a score of men. This was at night, and we were under an order to break up next morning. That order was countermanded. Your messenger was sent back the richer by twenty pounds."

"How does this concern me?" asked the sheriff.

"You shall hear. I had been on the outposts that night, and returning to the camp I surprised two men robbing, beating, and, as I thought, murdering a third. One of the vagabonds escaped undetected, but with a blow from the butt of my musket which he will carry to his grave. The other I thrashed on the spot. He was the bailiff Scroope, whom you put up to witness against me. Their victim was the messenger from the castle, and he was James Wilson, otherwise Wilson Garth. You know this? No? Then listen. Rumor of his treachery, and of the price he had been paid for it, had already been bruited abroad, and the two scoundrels had gone out to waylay and rob him. He was lamed in the struggle, and faint from loss of blood. I took him back and bound up his wound. He limped to the end of his life."

"Still I fail to see how this touches myself," interrupted the sheriff.

"Really? I shall show you. Next morning, under cover

of a thick fog, we besieged the city. We got beneath your guns and against your gates before we were seen. Then a company of horse came out to us. *You* were there. You remember it? Yes? At one moment we came within four yards. I saw you struck down and reel out of the saddle. 'This man,' I thought, 'believes in his heart that I did him a grievous wrong. I shall now do him a signal service, though he never hear of it until the Judgment day.' I dismounted, lifted you up, bound a kerchief about your head, and was about to replace you on your horse. At that instant a musket shot struck the poor beast, and it fell dead. At the same instant one of our own men fell, and his riderless horse was prancing away. I caught it, threw you on to its back, turned its head toward the castle, and drove it hard among your troops. Do you know what happened next?"

"Happened next——" repeated the sheriff, mechanically, with astonishment written on every feature of his face.

"No, you were insensible," continued Ralph. "At that luckless moment the drum beat to arms in a regiment of foot behind us. The horse knew the call and answered it. Wheeling about, it carried you into the heart of our own camp. There you were known, tried as a deserter and imprisoned. Perhaps it was natural that you should set down your ill fortune to me."

The sheriff's eyes were riveted on Ralph's face, and for a time he seemed incapable of speech.

"Is this truth?" he asked, at length.

"God's truth," Ralph answered.

"The kerchief—what color was it?"

"Yellow."

"Any name or mark on it? I have it to this day."

"None— Wait; there was a rose picked out in worsted on one corner."

The sheriff got up, with lips compressed and wide eyes. He made for the door, and pulled at it with wasted violence. It was opened from the other side by the under-jailer, and the sheriff rushed out.

Without turning to the right or left, he went direct to the common jail. There, in the cell which Ralph had occupied between the first trial and the second one, Mark Garth, the perjurer, lay imprisoned.

"You hellhound!" cried the sheriff, grasping him by the

hair and dragging him into the middle of the floor. "I have found out your devilish treachery," he said, speaking between gusts of breath. "Did you not tell me that it was Ray who struck me this blow — this (beating with his palm the scar on his brow)? It was a lie — a damned lie!"

"It was," said the man, glaring back with eyes afire with fury.

"And did you not say it was Ray who carried me into their camp — an insensible prisoner?"

"That was a lie also," the man gasped, never struggling to release himself from the grip that held him on the floor.

"And did you not set me on to compass the death of this man but for whom I should now myself be dead?"

"You speak with marvelous accuracy, Master Lawson," returned the perjurer.

The sheriff looked down at him for a moment, and then flung him away.

"Man, man! do you know what you have done?" he cried in an altered tone. "You have charged my soul with your loathsome crime."

The perjurer curled his lip.

"It was I who gave you that blow," he said with a cruel smile, pointing with his thin finger at the sheriff's forehead. It was false.

"You devil!" cried the sheriff, "and you have killed the man who saved your brother's life, and consorted with one of two who would have been his murderers."

"I was myself the second," said the man, with fiendish calmness. It was the truth. "I carry the proof of it here," he added, touching a place at the back of his head, where the hair being shorn away disclosed a deep mark.

The sheriff staggered back with frenzied eyes and dilated nostrils. His breast heaved; he seemed unable to catch his breath.

The man looked at him with a mocking smile struggling over clinched teeth. As if a reptile had crossed his path, Wilfrey Lawson turned about and passed out without another word.

He returned to the castle and ascended the Donjon tower.

"Tell me how you became possessed of the warrant," he said. "Tell me, I beg of you, for my soul's sake as well as for your life's sake."

Ralph shook his head.

"It is not even yet too late. I shall take horse instantly for Newcastle."

Sim had crept up and, standing behind Ralph, was plucking at his jerkin.

Ralph turned about, and looked wistfully into the old man's face. For an instant his purpose wavered.

"For the love of God," cried the sheriff, "for your own life's sake, for this poor man's sake, by all that is near and dear to both, I charge you, if you are an innocent man, give me the means to prove you such!"

But again Ralph shook his head.

"Then you are resolved to die?"

"Yes! But for my old friend here — save him if you will and can."

"You will give me no word as to the warrant?"

"None."

"Then all is over."

But going at once to the stables in the courtyard, he called a stableman: —

"Saddle a horse, and bring it round to my quarters in half an hour."

In less time than that Wilfrey Lawson was riding hard toward Newcastle.

III.

Next morning at daybreak the hammering of the carpenters had ceased in the market place, and their lamps, that burned dim in their sockets, like lights across a misty sea, were one by one put out. Draped in black, the ghastly thing that they had built during the night stood between the turrets of the guard-house.

Already the townspeople were awake. People were hurrying to and fro. Many were entering the houses that looked on to the market. They were eager to secure their points of vantage from which to view that morning's spectacle.

The light came slowly. It was a frosty morning. At seven o'clock a thin vapor hung in the air and waved to and fro like a veil. It blurred the face of the houses, softened their sharp outlines, and seemed at some moments to carry them away into the distance. The sun rose soft and white as an autumn moon behind a scarf of cloud.

At half-past seven the market place was thronged. On

every inch of the ground, on every balcony, in every window, over every portico, along the roofs of the houses north, south, east, and west, clinging to the chimney stacks, hanging high upon the pyramidical turrets of the guardhouse itself, astride the arms of the old cross, peering from between the battlements of the cathedral tower and the musket lancets of the castle, were crowded, huddled, piled, the spectators of that morning's tragedy.

What a motley throng ! Some in yellow and red, some in black ; men, women, and children lifted shoulder-high. Some with pale faces and bloodshot eyes, some with rubicund complexion and laughing lips, some bantering as if at a fair, some on the ground hailing their fellows on the roofs. What a spectacle were they in themselves !

There, at the northeast of the market place, between Scotch Street and English Street, were half a hundred men and boys in blouses seated on the overhanging roof of the wooden shambles. They were shouting sorry jests at half a dozen hoidenish women who looked out of the windows of a building raised on pillars over a well known as Carnaby's Folly.

On the roof of the guardhouse stood five or six soldiers in red coats. One fellow, with a pipe between his lips, leaned over the parapet to kiss his hand to a little romping serving wench who giggled at him from behind a curtain in a house opposite. There was an open carriage in the very heart of that throng below. Seated within it was a stately gentleman, with a gray peaked beard, and dressed in black velvet cloak and doublet, having lace collar and ruffles ; and side by side with him was a delicate young maiden muffled to the throat in fur. The morning was bitterly cold, but even this frail flower of humanity had been drawn forth by the business that was now at hand. Where is she now, and what ?

A spectacle indeed, and for the eye of the mind a spectacle no less various than for the bodily organ.

Bosoms seared and foul and sick with uncleanness. Hearts bound in the fetters of crime. Hot passions broken loose. Discord rampant. Some that smote the breast nightly in the anguish of remorse. Some that knew not where to hide from the eye of conscience the secret sin that corroded the soul.

Lonely, utterly lonely, in this dense throng were some that shuddered and laughed by turns.

There were blameless men and women too, drawn by curiosity, and by another and stronger magnet than they knew of. How would the condemned meet their end? Would it be with craven timidity or with the intrepidity of heroes, or, again, with the insensibility of brutes? Death was at hand—the inexorable, the all-powerful. How could mortal man encounter it face to face? This was the great problem then; it is the great problem now.

Two men were to be executed at eight that morning. Again and again the people turned to look at the clock. It hung by the side of the dial in the cupola of the old town-hall. How slowly moved its tardy figures! God forgive them, there were those in that crowd who would have helped forward, if they could, its passionless pulse. And a few minutes more or fewer in this world or the next, of what account were they in the great audit of men who were doomed to die?

In a room of the guardhouse the condemned sat together. They had been brought from the castle in the night.

“We shall fight our last battle to-day,” said Ralph. “The enemy will take our camp, but, God willing, we shall have the victory. Never lower the flag. Cheer up! Keep a brave heart! A few swift minutes more, and all will be well!”

Sim was crouching at a fire, wringing his lean hands or clutching his long gray hair.

“Ralph, it shall never be! God will never see it done!”

“Put away the thought,” replied Ralph. “God has brought us here.”

Sim jumped to his feet and cried, “Then I will never witness it—never!”

Ralph put his hand gently but firmly on Sim’s arm, and drew him back to his seat.

The sound of singing came from without, mingled with laughter and jeers.

“Hark!” cried Sim, “hearken to them again; nay, hark!”

Sim put his head aside and listened. Then, leaping up, he shouted yet more wildly than before, “No, no! never, never!”

Ralph took him once more by the arm, and the poor worn creature sunk into his seat with a low wail.

There was commotion in the corridors and chief chamber of the guardhouse.

"Where is the sheriff?" was the question asked on every hand.

Willy Ray was there, and had been for hours closeted with the sheriff's assistant.

"Here is the confession, duly signed," he said for the fiftieth time, as he walked nervously to and fro.

"No use, none. Without the king's pardon or reprieve the thing must be done."

"But the witnesses will be with us within the hour. Put it back but one little hour, and they must be here."

"Impossible. We hold the king's warrant, and must obey it to the letter."

"God in heaven! Do you not see yourself, do you not think that if this thing is done, two innocent men will die?"

"It is not for me to think. My part is to act."

"Where is your chief? Can you go on without him?"

"We can and must."

The clock in the market place registered ten minutes to eight. A pale-faced man in the crowd started a hymn.

"Stop his mouth," cried a voice from the roof of the shambles, "the Quaker rascal!" And the men in blouses started a catch. But the singing continued; others joined in it, and soon it swelled to a long wave of song and flowed over that human sea.

But the clock was striking, and before its last bell had ceased to ring between the lines of the hymn a window of the guardhouse was thrown open, and a number of men stepped out.

In a moment the vast concourse was hushed to the stillness of death.

"Where is Wilfrey Lawson?" whispered one.

The sheriff was not there. The under-sheriff and a burly fellow in black were standing side by side.

Among those who were near to the scaffold on the ground in front of it was one we know. Robbie Anderson had tramped the market place the long night through. He had not been able to tear himself from the spot. His eye was the first to catch sight of two men who came behind the chaplain. One of these walked with a firm step, a broad-breasted man, with an upturned face. Supported on his arm the other staggered along, his head on his breast, his hair whiter, and his step feebler

than of old. Necks were craned forward to catch a glimpse of them.

"This is terrible," Sim whispered.

"Only a minute more, and it will be over," answered Ralph. Sim burst into tears that shook his whole frame.

"Bravely, old friend," Ralph said, melted himself, despite his words of cheer.

"One minute and we shall meet again. Bravely, then, and fear not."

Sim was struggling to regain composure. He succeeded. His tears were gone, but a wild look came into his face. Ralph dreaded this more than tears.

"Be quiet, Sim," he whispered ; "be still, and say no word."

The under-sheriff approached Ralph.

"Have you any statement to make?" he said.

"None."

"Nor you?" said the officer, turning to Ralph's companion.

Sim was trying to overcome his emotion.

"He has nothing to say," said Ralph, quietly. Then he whispered again in Sim's ear, "Bravely."

Removing his arm from Sim's convulsive grasp, he threw off his long coat. At that moment the bleared sun lit up his lifted face. There was a hush of awe.

Then, with a frantic gesture, Sim sprung forward, and seized the arm of the under-sheriff, and cried hysterically : —

"Ay, but I *have* something to say. He is innocent — take me back and let me prove it — he is innocent — it's true — it's true — I say it's true — let me prove it."

With a face charged with sorrow, Ralph walked to Sim and said, "One moment more and we had clasped hands in heaven !"

But now there was a movement at the back. The sheriff himself was seen stepping from the window to the scaffold. He was followed by Willy Ray and John Jackson. Two women stood together behind, Rotha and Mrs. Garth.

Willy came forward and fell on his brother's neck.

"God has had mercy upon us !" he cried, amid a flood of tears.

Ralph looked amazed. The sheriff said something to him which he did not hear. The words were inaudible to the crowd, but the quick sympathy of the great heart of the people caught the unheard message.



“At ease reclined in rustic state”

"A reprieve! A reprieve!" shouted fifty voices.

A woman fainted at the window behind. It was Rotha.

The two men were led off with staring eyes. They walked like men in a dream.

Saved! saved! saved!

Then there went up a mighty shout. It was one vast voice, more loud than the blast on the mountains, more deep than the roar of the sea!



ODE ON THE SPRING.

By THOMAS GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours

Fair Venus' train, appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers

And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat

Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of Spring:

While, whispering pleasures as they fly,

Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky

Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch

A broader, browner shade,

Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech

O'ercanopies the glade,

Beside some water's rushy brink

With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At ease reclined in rustic state)

How vain the ardor of the Crowd,

How low, how little are the Proud,

How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;

The panting herds repose:

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honeyed spring

And float amid the liquid noon:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some show their gayly-gilded trim

Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colors drest :
 Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance
 Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply : —
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
 We frolic while 'tis May.

CYRIL AND CECILIA.¹

By THE DUCHESS.

(From "Airy Fairy Lilian.")

[THE DUCHESS was the pseudonym of Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, a popular Irish novelist, born in 1855. She was the daughter of the late Rev. Canon Hamilton of Ross Carberry, and passed the greater part of her life at St. Brenda's, County Cork. She began her literary career when quite young, and wrote about thirty novels, among which may be mentioned, "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Airy Fairy Lilian," "Mrs. Geoffrey," "Portia," "Lady Branksinere," etc. She died in 1897.]

It is the gloaming — that tenderest, fondest, most pensive time of all the day. As yet, night crouches on the borders of the land, reluctant to throw its dark shadow over the still smiling earth, while day is slowly, sadly receding. There is a hush over everything ; above, on their leafy perches, the birds are nestling, and crooning their cradle songs ; the gay breeze, lazy with its exertions of the day, has fallen asleep, so that the very grasses are silent and unstirred. An owl in the distance is hooting mournfully. There is a serenity on all around, an all-pervading stillness that moves one to sadness and fills unwitting

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GRAY'S SUMMERHOUSE NEAR STOKE POGES, WHERE THE
"ELEGY" WAS WRITTEN

tingly the eyes with tears. It is the peace that follows upon grief, as though the busy world, that through all the heat and turmoil of the day has been weeping and groaning in anguish, has now for a few short hours found rest.

The last roses of summer in Mrs. Arlington's garden, now that those gay young sparks, the bees, have deserted them, are growing drowsy, and hang their heavy heads dejectedly. Two or three dissipated butterflies, fond of late hours and tempted by the warmth, still float gracefully through the air.

Cecilia, coming down the garden path, rests her arms upon her wicket gate and looks towards Chetwoode.

She is dressed in exquisite white cambric fastened at the throat by a bit of lavender ribbon; through her gown here and there are touches of the same color; on her head is a ravishing little cap of the mob description, that lends an additional charm to her face, making her seem, if possible, more womanly, more lovable, than ever.

As she leans upon the gate, a last yellow sunbeam falls upon her, peeps into her eyes, takes a good-night kiss from her parted lips, and, descending slowly, lovingly, crosses her bosom, steals a little sweetness from the white rose dying on her breast, throws a golden shade upon her white gown, and finally dies chivalrously at her feet.

But not for the dead devoted sunbeam does that warm blush grow and mantle on her cheek; not for it do her pulses throb, her heart beat fast. Toward her, in his evening dress, and without his hat, regardless of consequences, comes Cyril, the quickness of his step betraying a flattering haste. As yet, although many weeks have come and gone since their first meeting, no actual words of love have been spoken between them; but each knows the other's heart, and has learned that eyes can speak a more eloquent language, can utter tenderer thoughts, than any the lips can frame.

"Again?" says Cecilia, softly, a little wonder, a great undisguised gladness in her soft gray eyes.

"Yes; I could not keep away," returns he, simply.

He does not ask to enter, but leans upon the gate from his side, very close to her. Most fair men look well in evening clothes; Cyril looks downright handsome: his blond mustache seems golden, his blue eyes almost black, in the rays of the departing sun; just now those eyes are filled with love and passionate admiration.

Her arms, half bare, with some frail shadowy lace falling over them, look rounded and velvety as a child's in the growing dusk ; the fingers of her pretty, blue-veined hands are interlaced. Separating them, Cyril takes one hand between both his own and strokes it fondly, silently, yet almost absently.

Suddenly raising his head, he looks at her, his whole heart in his expression, his eyes full of purpose. Instinctively she feels the warmth, the tenderness, of his glance, and changes from a calm lily into an expectant rose. Her hand trembles within his, as though meditating flight, and then lies passive as his clasp tightens firmly upon it. Slowly, reluctantly, as though compelled by some hidden force, she turns her averted eyes to his.

"Cecilia," murmurs he, imploringly, and then — and then their lips meet, and they kiss each other solemnly, with a passionate tenderness, knowing it is their betrothal they are sealing.

"I wish I had summoned courage to kiss you a week ago," he says presently. He is inside the gate now, and seems to have lost, in this shamefully short time, all the hesitation and modesty that a few minutes ago were so becoming. His arm is around her ; even as he makes this rather *risqué* remark, he stoops and embraces her again, without ever having the grace to ask permission, while she (that I should live to say it of Cecilia !) never reproves him.

"Why?" she asks, smiling up at him.

"See how I have wasted seven good days," returns he, drinking in gladly all the beauty of her face and smile. "This day last week I might have been as happy as I am now — whereas I was the most miserable wretch alive, the victim of suspense."

"You bore your misery admirably ; had you not told me, I should never have guessed your wretchedness. Besides, how do you know I should have been so kind to you seven long days ago?"

"I know it — because you love me."

"And how do you know that either?" asks she, with new-born coquetry that sits very sweetly upon her. "Cyril, when did you begin to love me?"

"The very moment I first saw you."

"No, no. I do not want compliments from *you* ; I want the very honest truth. Tell me."

"I have told you. The honest truth is this. That morning after your arrival, when I restored your terrier to you, I fell in love with you ; you little thought then, when I gave your dog into your keeping, I was giving my heart also."

"No," in a low, soft voice, that somehow has a smile in it, "how could I ? I am glad you loved me always — that there was no time when I was indifferent to you. I think love at first sight must be the sweetest and truest of all."

"You have the best of it, then, have you not ?" with a rather forced laugh. "Not only did I love you from the first moment I saw you, but you are the only woman I really ever cared for, while you," with some hesitation, and turning his eyes steadily away from hers, "you — of course — did love — once before."

"Never !"

The word comes with startling vehemence from between her lips, the new and brilliant gladness of her face dies from it. A little chill shudder runs through all her frame, turning her to stone ; drawing herself with determination from his encircling arms, she stands somewhat away from him.

"It is time I told you my history," she says in cold, changed tones, through which quivers a ring of pain, while her face grows suddenly as pale, as impenetrable, as when they were yet quite strangers to each other. "Perhaps when you hear it you may regret your words of to-night." There is a doubt, a weariness, in her voice that almost angers him.

"Nonsense !" he says roughly, the better to hide the emotion he feels ; "don't be romantic ; nobody commits murder, or petty larceny, or bigamy nowadays, without being found out ; unpleasant mysteries, and skeletons in the closet, have gone out of fashion. We put all our skeletons in the *Times* now, no matter how we may have to blush for their nakedness. I don't want to hear anything about your life if it makes you unhappy to tell it."

"It doesn't make me unhappy."

"But it does. Your face has grown quite white, and your eyes are full of tears. Darling, I won't have you distress yourself for me."

"I have not committed any of the crimes you mention, or any other particular crime," returns she, with a very wan little smile. "I have only been miserable ever since I can remember.

I have not spoken about myself to any one for years—except one friend ; but now I should like to tell you everything.”

“But not there !” holding out his hands to her reproachfully. “I don’t believe I could hear you if you spoke from such a distance.” There is exactly half a yard of sward between them. “If you are willfully bent on driving us both to the verge of melancholy, at least let us meet our fate together.”

Here he steals his arm round her once more, and, thus supported, and with her head upon his shoulder, she commences her short story : —

“Perhaps you know my father was a Major in the Scots Greys ; your brother knew him ; his name was Duncan.”

Cyril starts involuntarily.

“Ah, you start. You too knew him ?”

“Yes, slightly.”

“Then,” in a curiously hard voice, “you knew nothing good of him. Well,” with a sigh, “no matter ; afterward you can tell me what it was. When I was eighteen he brought me home from school, not that he wanted my society—I was rather in his way than otherwise, and it wasn’t a good way—but because he had a purpose in view. One day, when I had been home three months, a visitor came to see us. He was introduced to me by my father. He was young, dark, not ugly, well-mannered,” here she pauses as though to recover breath, and then breaks out with a passion that shakes all her slight frame, “but hateful, vile, *loathsome*.”

“My darling, don’t go on ; I don’t want to hear about him,” implores Cyril, anxiously.

“But I must tell you. He possessed that greatest of all virtues in my father’s eyes—wealth. He was rich. He admired me ; I was very pretty then. He dared to say he loved me. He asked me to marry him, and—I refused him.”

As though the words are forced from her, she utters them in short, unequal sentences ; her lips have turned the color of death.

“I suppose he went then to my father, and they planned it all between them, because at this time he—that is, my father—began to tell me he was in debt, hopelessly, irretrievably in debt. Among others he mentioned certain debts of (so called) honor, which, if not paid within a given time, would leave him not only a beggar, but a disgraced one upon the face of the earth ; and I believed him. He worked upon my feelings day

by day, with pretended tears, with vows of amendment. I don't know," bitterly, "what his share of the bargain was to be, but I do know he toiled for it conscientiously. I was young, unusually so for my age, without companions, romantic, impressionable. It seemed to me a grand thing to sacrifice myself and thereby save my father, and if I would only consent to marry Mr. Arlington he had promised not only to avoid dice, but to give up his habits of intemperance. It is an old story, is it not? No doubt you know it by heart. Crafty age and foolish youth — what chance had I? One day I gave in, I said I would marry Mr. Arlington, and he sold me to him three weeks later. We were married."

Here her voice fails her again, and a little moan of agonized recollection escapes her. Cyril, clasping her still closer to him, presses a kiss upon her brow. At the sweet contact of his lips she sighs, and two large tears gathering in her eyes roll slowly down her cheeks.

"A week after my wretched marriage," she goes on, "I discovered accidentally that my father had lied to me and tricked me. His circumstances were not so bad as he had represented to me, and it was on the condition that he was to have a certain income from Mr. Arlington yearly that he had persuaded me to marry him. He did not long enjoy it. He died," slowly, "two months afterward. Of my life with — my husband I shall not tell you; the recital would only revolt you. Only to think of it now makes me feel deadly ill; and often from my dreams, as I live it all over again, I start, cold with horror and disgust. It did not last long, which was merciful; six months after our marriage he eloped with an actress and went to Vienna."

"The blackguard! the scoundrel!" says Cyril, between his teeth, drawing his breath sharply.

"I never saw him again. In a little while I received tidings of his death: he had been stabbed in a brawl in some drinking house, and only lived a few hours after it. And I was once more free."

She pauses, and involuntarily stretches forth both her hands into the twilight, as one might who long in darkness, being thrust into the full light of day, seeks to grasp and retain it.

"When I heard of his death," she says, turning to Cyril, and speaking in a clear, intense tone, "*I laughed!* For the first time for many months, I laughed aloud! I declared my thankfulness in a distinct voice. My heart beat with honest,

undisguised delight when I knew I should never see him again, should never in all the years to come shiver and tremble in his hated presence. He was dead, and I was heartily glad of it."

She stops, in terrible agitation. An angry fire gleams in her large gray eyes. She seems for the moment to have utterly forgotten Cyril's nearness, as in memory she lives over again all "he detested past. Cyril lays his hand lightly upon her shoulder, her eyes meet his, and then the anger dies from them. She sighs heavily, and then goes on:—

"After that I don't know what happened for a long time, because I got brain fever, and, but for one friend, who all through had done his best for me, I should have died. He and his sister nursed me through it, and brought me back to life again; but," mournfully, "they could not restore to me my crushed youth, my ruined faith, my girlish hopes. A few months had changed me from a mere child into a cold, unloving woman."

"Don't say that," says Cyril, gently.

"Until now," returns she, looking at him with eyes full of the most intense affection; "now all is different."

"Beloved, how you have suffered!" he says, pressing her head down again upon his breast, and caressing with loving fingers her rich hair. "But it is all over, and, if I can make you so, you shall be happy in the future. And your one friend? Who was he?"

She hesitates perceptibly, and a blush creeping up dyes her pale face crimson.

"Perhaps I know," said Cyril, an unaccountable misgiving at his heart. "Was it Colonel Trant? Do not answer me if you do not wish it," very gently.

"Yes, it was he. There is no reason why I should not answer you."

"No?"

"No."

"He asked Guy to let you have the Cottage?"

"Yes; I had wearied of everything, and, though by some chance I had come in for all Mr. Arlington's property, I only cared to go away and hide myself somewhere where I should find quiet and peace. I tried several places, but I was always restless until I came here." She smiles faintly.

Cyril, after a pause, says hesitatingly:—

"Cecilia, did you ever care for — for — Trant?"

"Never; did you imagine that? I never cared for any one but you, I never shall again. And you, Cyril," the tears rushing thickly to her eyes, "do you still think you can love me, the daughter of one bad man, the wife of another? I can hardly think myself as good as other women when I remember all the hateful scenes I have passed through."

"I shall treat you to a crowning scene if you ever dare say that again," says Cyril, whose spirits are rising now she has denied having any affection for Trant. "And if every relation you ever had was as bad as bad could be, I should adore you all the same. I can't say any more."

"You needn't," returns she, laughing a little. "Oh, Cyril, how sweet it is to be beloved, to me especially, who never yet (until now) had any love offered me; at least," correcting herself hastily, "any I cared to accept!"

"But you had a lover?" asks he, earnestly.

"Yes, one."

"Trant again?" letting his teeth close somewhat sharply on his underlip.

"Yes."

"Cecilia, I am afraid you liked that fellow once. Come, confess it."

"No, indeed, not in the way you mean; but in every other way more than I can tell you. I should be the most ungrateful wretch alive if it were otherwise. As a true friend, I love him."

"How dare you use such a word to any one but me?" says Cyril, bending to smile into her eyes. "I warn you not to do it again, or I shall be dangerously and outrageously jealous. Tears in your eyes still, my sweet? Let me kiss them away: poor eyes! surely they have wept enough in their time to permit of their only smiling in the future."

When they have declared over and over again (in different languages every time, of course) the everlasting affection each feels for the other, Cecilia says: —

"How late it grows! and you are in your evening dress, and without a hat. Have you dined?"

"Not yet; but I don't want any dinner." (By this one remark, O reader, you may guess the depth and sincerity of his love.) "We generally dine at half-past seven, but to-night we are to starve until eight to oblige Florence, who has been

spending the day somewhere. So I dressed early and came down to see you."

"At eight," says Cecilia, alarmed; "it is almost that now. You must go, or Lady Chetwoode will be angry with me, and I don't want any one belonging to you to think bad thoughts of me."

"There is plenty of time: it can't be nearly eight yet. Why, it is only half an hour since I came."

"It is a quarter to eight," says Cecilia, solemnly. "Do go, and come again as early as you can to-morrow."

"You will be glad to see me?"

"Yes, if you come very early."

"And you are sure, my own darling, that you really love me?"

"Quite, *quite* sure," tenderly.

"What a bore it is having to go home this lovely evening!" discontentedly. "Certainly 'Time was made for slaves.' Well" — with a sigh — "good night. I suppose I must go. I shall run down directly after breakfast. Good night, my own, my dearest."

"Good night, Cyril."

"What a cold farewell! I shan't go away at all if you don't say something kinder."

Standing on tiptoe, Cecilia lays her arms around his neck.

"Good night, my — darling," she whispers tremulously; and with a last lingering caress they part as though years were about to roll by before they can meet again.

* * * * *

The words recited by Mr. Chesney with much *empressement* soar upward and gain Guy's ear; Archibald is pointing his quotations with many impassioned glances and much tender emphasis; all of which is rather thrown away upon Lilian, who is not in the least sentimental.

"Read something livelier, Archie," she says, regarding her growing chain with unlimited admiration. "There is rather much honey about that."

"If you can snub Shelley, I'm sure I don't know what it is you *do* like," returns he, somewhat disgusted. A slight pause ensues, filled up by the faint noise of the leaves of Chesney's volume as he turns them over impatiently.

"Oh, my Luvie's like a red, red rose," he begins bravely; but Lilian instantly suppresses him.

"Don't," she says, "that's worse. I always think what a horrid 'lurve' she must have been. Fancy a girl with cheeks like that rose over there! Fancy writing a sonnet to a milk-maid! Go on, however; the other lines are rather pretty."

"Oh, my love's like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune,"

reads Archie, and then stops.

"It is pretty," he says agreeably; "but if you had heard that last word persistently called 'chune,' I think it would have taken the edge off your fancy for it. I had an uncle who adored that little poem, but he *would* call the word 'chune,' and it rather spoiled the effect. He's dead," says Mr. Chesney, laying down his book, "but I think I see him now."

"In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on his brow,"

quotes Lilian, mischievously.

"Well, not quite. Rather in an exceedingly rusty suit of evening clothes at the Opera. I took him there, in a weak moment, to hear the 'late lamented Titiens' sing her choicest song in 'Il Trovatore'—you know it?—well, when it was over and the whole house was in a perfect uproar of applause, I turned and asked him what he thought of it, and he instantly said he thought it was a 'very pretty "chune"! ' Fancy Titiens singing a 'chune'! I gave him up after that, and carefully avoided his society. Poor old chap, he didn't bear malice, however, as he died a year later and left me all his money."

"More than you deserved," says Lilian.

Here Cyril and Taffy appearing on the scene cause a diversion. They both simultaneously fling themselves upon the grass at Lilian's feet, and declare themselves completely used up.

"Let us have our tea out here," says Lilian, gayly, "and enjoy our summer to the end." Springing to her feet, she turns toward the balcony, careless of the fact that she has destroyed the lovely picture she made sitting on the greensward surrounded by her attendant swains.

"Florence, come down here, and let us have tea on the grass," she calls out pleasantly to Miss Beauchamp.

The next day is dark and lowering, to Lilian's great joy, who, now she is prevented by lameness from going for one of

her loved rambles, finds infinite satisfaction in the thought that even were she quite well, it would be impossible for her to stir out of doors. According to her mode of arguing, this is one day not lost.

About two o'clock Archibald returns, in time for luncheon, and to resume his care of Lilian, who gives him a gentle scolding for his desertion of her in her need. He is full of information about town and their mutual friends there, and imparts it freely.

"Everything is as melancholy up there as it can be," he says, "and very few men to be seen; the clubs are deserted — all shooting or hunting, no doubt. The rain was falling in torrents all the day."

"Poor Archie! you have been having a bad time of it, I fear."

"In spite of the weather and her ruddy locks, Lady Belle Damascene has secured the prize of the season, out of season. She is engaged to Lord Wyntermere: it is not yet publicly announced, but I called to see her mother for five minutes, and so great was her exultation she could not refrain from whispering the delightful intelligence into my ear. Lady Belle is staying with his people now in Sussex."

"Certainly, 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' She is painfully ugly," says Miss Beauchamp. "Such feet, such hands, and such a shocking complexion!"

"She is very kind-hearted and amiable," says Cyril.

"That is what is always said of a plain woman," retorts Florence. "When you hear a girl is amiable, always conclude she is hideous. When one's trumpeter is in despair, he says that."

"I am sure Lord Wyntermere must be a young man of sound good sense," says Lilian, who never agrees with Florence. "If she has a kind heart he will never be disappointed in her. And, after all, there is no such great advantage to be derived from beauty. When people are married for four or five years, I dare say they quite forget whether the partner of their joys and sorrows was originally lovely or the reverse; custom deadens perception."

"It is better to be good than beautiful," says Lady Chetwoode, who abhors ugly women; "you know what Carew says: —

“But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.”

“Well done, Madre,” says Cyril. “You are coming out. I had no idea you were so gifted. Your delivery is perfect.”

“And what are you all talking about?” continues Lady Chetwoode: “I think Belle Damascene very sweet to look at. In spite of her red hair, and a good many freckles, and — and — a rather short nose, her expression is very lovable; when she smiles I always feel inclined to kiss her. She is like her mother, who is one of the best women I know.”

“If you encourage my mother she will end by telling you Lady Belle is a beauty and a reigning toast,” says Guy, *sotto voce*.

Lady Chetwoode laughs, and Lilian says: —

“What is every one wearing now, Archie?”

“There is nobody to wear anything. For the rest, they had all on some soft, shiny stuff like the dress you wore the night before last.”

“What an accurate memory you have!” says Florence, letting her eyes rest on Guy’s for a moment, though addressing Chesney.

“Satin,” translates Lilian, unmoved. “And their bonnets?”

“Oh, yes! they all wore bonnets or hats, I don’t know which,” vaguely.

“Naturally; mantillas are not yet in vogue. You are better than ‘Le Follet,’ Archie; your answers are so satisfactory. Did you meet any one we know?”

“Hardly any one. By the bye” — turning curiously to Sir Guy — “was Trant here to-day?”

“No,” surprised: “why do you ask?”

“Because I met him at Truston this morning. He got out of the train by which I went on — it seems he has been staying with the Bulstrodes — and I fancied he was coming on here, but had not time to question him, as I barely caught the train; another minute’s delay and I should have been late.”

Archibald rambles on about his near escape of being late for the train, while his last words sink deep into the minds of Guy and Cyril. The former grows singularly silent; a de-

pressed expression gains upon his face. Cyril, on the contrary, becomes feverishly gay, and with his mad observations makes merry Lilian laugh heartily.

But when luncheon is over and they all disperse, a gloom falls upon him: his features contract; doubt and a terrible suspicion, augmented by slanderous tales that forever seem to be poured into his ears, make havoc of the naturally kind expression that characterizes his face, and with a stifled sigh he turns and walks toward the billiard room.

Guy follows him. As Cyril enters the doorway, he enters too, and, closing the door softly, lays his hand upon his shoulder.

"You heard, Cyril?" he says with exceeding gentleness.

"Heard what?" turning somewhat savagely upon him.

"My dear fellow"—affectionate entreaty in his tone—"do not be offended with me. Will you not listen, Cyril? It is very painful to me to speak; but how can I see my brother so—so shamefully taken in, without uttering a word of warning?"

"If you were less tragic and a little more explicit, it might help matters," replies Cyril, with a sneer, and a short, unpleasant laugh. "Do speak plainly."

"I will, then," desperately, "since you desire it. There is more between Trant and Mrs. Arlington than we know of. I do not speak without knowledge. From several different sources I have heard the same story—of his infatuation for some woman, and of his having taken a house for her in some remote spot. No names were mentioned, mind; but, from what I have unwillingly listened to, it is impossible not to connect these evil whispers that are afloat with him and her. Why does he come so often to the neighborhood and yet never dare to present himself at Chetwoode?"

"And you believe Trant capable of so far abusing the rights of friendship as to ask you—*you*—to supply the house in the remote spot?"

"Unfortunately I must."

"You are speaking of your friend," with a bitter sneer, "and you can coldly accuse him of committing so blackguardly an action?"

"If all I have heard be true (and I have no reason to doubt it), he is no longer any friend of mine," says Guy, haughtily. "I shall settle with *him* later on when I have clearer evidence; in the mean time it almost drives me mad to think he should

have dared to bring down here, so close to my mother, his ——”

“What?” cries Cyril, fiercely, thrusting his brother from him with passionate violence. “What is it you would say? Take care, Guy, take care, you have gone too far already. From whom, pray, have you learned your infamous story?”

“I beg your pardon,” Guy says gently, extreme regret visible in his countenance. “I should not have spoken so, under the circumstances. It was not from one alone, but from several, I heard what I now tell you — though I must again remind you that no names were mentioned: still, I could not help drawing my own conclusions.”

“They lied!” returns Cyril, passionately, losing his head, “you may tell them so for me. And you” — half choking — “you lie too when you repeat such vile slanders.”

“It is useless to argue with you,” Guy says coldly, the blood mounting hotly to his forehead at Cyril’s insulting words, while his expression grows stern and impenetrable: “I waste time. Yet this last word I will say: Go down to the Cottage — now — this moment — and convince yourself of the truth of what I have said.”

He turns angrily away; while Cyril, half mad with indignation and unacknowledged fear, follows this final piece of advice, and almost unconsciously leaving the house, takes the unwonted direction, and hardly draws breath until the trim hedges and the pretty rustic gates of the Cottage are in view.

The day is showery, threatening since dawn, and now the rain is falling thickly, though he heeds it not at all.

As with laggard steps he draws still nearer the abode of her he loves yet does not wholly trust, the sound of voices smites upon his ear. He is standing upon the very spot — somewhat elevated — that overlooks the arbor where so long ago Miss Beauchamp stood and learned his acquaintance with Mrs. Arlington. Here now he too stays his steps, and gazes spell-bound upon what he sees before him.

In the arbor, with his back turned to Cyril, is a man, tall, elderly, with an iron-gray mustache. Though not strictly handsome, he has a fine and very military bearing, and a figure quite unmistakable to one who knows him; with a sickly chill at his heart, Cyril acknowledges him to be Colonel Trant.

Cecilia is beside him. She is weeping bitterly, but quietly,

and with one hand conceals her face with her handkerchief. The other is fast imprisoned in both of Trant's.

A film settles upon Cyril's eyes, a dull faintness overpowers him, involuntarily he places one hand upon the trunk of a near elm to steady himself; yet through the semi-darkness, the strange, unreal feeling that possesses him, the voices still reach him cruelly distinct.

"Do not grieve so terribly; it breaks my heart to see you, darling, *darling*," says Trant, in a low, impassioned tone, and raising the hand he holds, he presses his lips to it tenderly. The slender white fingers tremble perceptibly under the caress, and then Cecilia says in a voice hardly audible through her tears: —

"I am so unhappy! it is all my fault; knowing you loved me, I should have told you before of ——"

But her voice breaks the spell; Cyril, as it meets his ears, rouses himself with a start. Not once again does he even glance in her direction, but with a muttered curse at his own folly, turns and goes swiftly homeward.

A very frenzy of despair and disappointment rages within him; to have so loved—to be so foully betrayed. Her tears, her sorrow (connected no doubt with some early passages between her and Trant), because of their very poignancy, only render him the more furious.

On reaching Chetwoode he shuts himself into his own room, and, feigning an excuse, keeps himself apart from the rest of the household all the remainder of the evening and the night. "Knowing you loved me"—the words ring in his ears. Ay, she knew it—who should know it better?—but had carefully kept back all mention of the fact when pressed by him (Cyril) upon the subject. All the world knew what he had been the last to discover. And what was it her tender conscience was accusing her of not having told Trant before?—of her flirtation, as no doubt she mildly termed all the tender looks and speeches, and clinging kisses, and loving protestations so freely bestowed upon Cyril—of her flirtation, no doubt.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, he starts for London, and there spends three reckless, miserable days that leave him wan and aged, through reason of the conflict he is waging with himself. After which a mad desire to see again the cause of all his misery, to openly accuse her of her treachery, to declare to her all the irreparable mischief she has done,

the utter ruin she has made of his life, seizes hold upon him, and, leaving the great city, and reaching Truston, he goes straight from the station to the Cottage once so dear.

In her garden Cecilia is standing all alone. The wind is sighing plaintively through the trees that arch above her head, the thousand dying leaves are fluttering to her feet. There is a sense of decay and melancholy in all around that harmonizes exquisitely with the dejection of her whole manner. Her attitude is sad and drooping, her air depressed; there are tears, and an anxious, expectant look in her gray eyes.

"Pining for her lover, no doubt," says Cyril, between his teeth (in which supposition he is right); and then he opens the gate, and goes quickly up to her.

As she hears the well-known click of the latch she turns, and, seeing him, lets fall unheeded to the ground the basket she is holding, and runs to him with eyes alight, and soft cheeks tinged with a lovely generous pink, and holds out her hands to him with a little low glad cry.

"At last, truant!" she exclaims joyfully; "after three whole long, long days; and what has kept you from me? Why, Cyril, Cyril!"—recoiling, while a dull ashen shade replaces the gay tinting of her cheeks—"what has happened? How oddly you look! You are in trouble?"

"I am," in a changed harsh tone she scarcely realizes to be his, moving back with a gesture of contempt from the extended hands that would so gladly have clasped his. "In so far you speak the truth: I have discovered all. One lover, it appears, was not sufficient for you, you should dupe another for your amusement. It is an old story, but none the less bitter. No, it is useless your speaking," staying her with a passionate movement: "I tell you I know *all*!"

"All what?" she asks. She has not removed from his her lustrous eyes, though her lips have turned very white.

"Your perfidy!"

"Cyril, explain yourself," she says in a low, agonized tone, her pallor changing to a deep crimson. And to Cyril hateful certainty appears if possible more certain by reason of this luckless blush.

"Ay, you may well change countenance," he says with suppressed fury, in which keen agony is blended: "have you yet the grace to blush? As to explanation, I scarcely think you can require it; yet, as you demand it, you shall have it.

For weeks I have been hearing of you tales in which your name and Trant's were always mingled ; but I disregarded them ; I madly shut my ears and was deaf to them ; I would not believe, until it was too late, until I saw and learned beyond dispute the folly of my faith. I was here last Friday evening."

"Yes?" calmly, though in her soft eyes a deep well of bitterness had sprung.

"Well, you were there, in that arbor" — pointing to it — "where *we*" — with a scornful laugh — "so often sat ; but then you had a more congenial companion. Trant was with you. He held your hand, he caressed it ; he called you his 'darling,' and you allowed it, though indeed, why should you not? doubtless it is a customary word from him to you ! And then you wept as though your heart, your *heart*" — contemptuously — "would break. Were you confessing to him your coquetry with me? and perhaps obtaining an easy forgiveness?"

"No, I was not," quietly, though there is immeasurable scorn in her tone.

"No?" slightly. "For what, then, were you crying?"

"Sir" — with a first outward sign of indignation — "I refuse to tell you. By what right do you now ask the question? Yesterday, nay, an hour since, I should have felt myself bound to answer any inquiry of yours, but not now. The tie between us, a frail one as it seems to me, is broken ; our engagement is at an end : I shall not answer you !"

"Because you dare not," retorts he, fiercely, stung by her manner.

"I think you dare too much when you venture so to address me," in a low, clear tone. "And yet, as it is in all human probability the last time we shall ever meet, and as I would have you remember all your life long the gross injustice you have done me, I shall satisfy your curiosity. But recollect, sir, these are indeed the final words that shall pass between us.

"A year ago Colonel Trant so far greatly honored me as to ask me to marry him ; for many reasons I then refused. Twice since I came to Chetwoode he has been to see me — once to bring me law papers of some importance, and last Friday to again ask me to be his wife. Again I refused. I wept then, because, unworthy as I am, I knew I was giving pain to the truest and, as I know now" — with a faint trembling in her voice, quickly subdued — "the *only* friend I have ! When de-

clining his proposal, I gave him my reason for doing so ! I told him I loved another ! That other was you ! ”

Casting this terrible revenge in his teeth, she turns, and, walking majestically into the house, closes the door with significant haste behind her.

This is the one solitary instance of inhospitality shown by Cecilia in all her life. Never until now was she known to shut her door in the face of trouble. And surely Cyril's trouble at this moment is sore and needy !

To disbelieve Cecilia when face to face with her is impossible. Her eyes are truth itself. Her whole manner, so replete with dignity and offended pride, declares her innocent. Cyril stands just where she had left him, in stunned silence, for at least a quarter of an hour, repeating to himself miserably all that she has said, and reminding himself with cold-blooded cruelty of all he has said to her.

At the end of this awful fifteen minutes he bethinks himself his hair must now, if ever, be turned gray ; and then, a happier and more resolute thought striking him, he takes his courage in his two hands, and, walking boldly up to the hall door, knocks, and demands admittance with really admirable composure. Abominable composure ! thinks Cecilia, who, in spite of her stern determination never to know him again, has been watching him covertly from behind a handkerchief and a bedroom curtain all this time, and is now stationed at the top of the staircase, with dim eyes, but very acute ears.

“ Yes,” Kate tells him, “ her mistress is at home,” and forthwith shows him into the bijou drawing-room. After which she departs to tell her mistress of his arrival.

Three minutes, that to Cyril's excited fancy lengthen themselves into twenty, pass away slowly, and then Kate returns.

“ Her mistress' compliments, and she has a terrible headache, and will Mr. Chetwoode be so kind as to excuse her ? ”

Mr. Chetwoode on this occasion is not kind. “ He is sorry,” he stammers, “ but if Mrs. Arlington could let him see her for five minutes, he would not detain her longer. He has something of the utmost importance to say to her.”

His manner is so earnest, so pleading, that Kate, who scents at least a death in the air, retires full of compassion for the “ pore gentleman.” And then another three minutes, that now to the agitated listener appear like forty, drag themselves into the past.

Suspense is growing intolerable, when a well-known step in the hall outside makes his heart beat almost to suffocation. The door is opened slowly and Mrs. Arlington comes in.

"You have something to say to me?" she asks curtly, unkindly, standing just inside the door, and betraying an evident determination not to sit down for any consideration upon earth. Her manner is uncompromising and forbidding, but her eyes are very red. There is rich consolation in this discovery.

"I have," replies Cyril, openly confused now that it has come to the point.

"Say it, then. I am here to listen to you. My servant tells me it is something of the deepest importance."

"So it is. In all the world there is nothing so important to me, Cecilia" — coming a little nearer to her — "it is that I want your forgiveness; I ask your pardon very humbly, and I throw myself upon your mercy. You must forgive me!"

"Forgiveness seems easy to you, who cannot feel," replies she, haughtily, turning as though to leave the room; but Cyril intercepts her, and places his back against the door.

"I cannot let you go until you are friends with me again," he says in deep agitation.

"Friends!"

"Think what I have gone through. *You* have only suffered for a few minutes, *I* have suffered for three long days. Think of it. My heart was breaking all the time. I went to London hoping to escape thought, and never shall I forget what I endured in that detestable city. Like a man in a dream I lived, scarcely seeing, or, if seeing, only trying to elude, those I knew. At times ——"

"You went to London?"

"Yes, that is how I have been absent for three days; I have hardly slept or eaten since last I saw you!"

Here Cecilia is distinctly conscious of a feeling of satisfaction; next to a man's dying for you, the sweetest thing is to hear of a man starving for you!

"Sometimes," goes on Cyril, piling up the agony higher and higher, and speaking in his gloomiest tones, "I thought it would be better if I put an end to it once for all, by blowing out my brains."

"How dare you speak to me like this?" Cecilia says in a trembling voice: "it is horrible. You would commit suicide!"

Am I not unhappy enough, that you must seek to make me more so? Why should you blow your brains out?" — with a shudder.

"Because I could not live without you. Even now" — reproachfully — "when I see you looking so coldly upon me, I almost wish I had put myself out of the way for good."

"Cyril, I forbid you to talk like this."

"Why? I don't suppose you care whether I am dead or alive." This artful speech, uttered in a heartbroken tone, does immense execution.

"If you were dead," begins she, forlornly, and then stops short, because her voice fails her, and two large tears steal silently down her cheeks.

"Would you care?" asks Cyril, going up to her and placing one arm gently round her; being unrepulsed, he gradually strengthens this arm with the other. "Would you?"

"I hardly know."

"Darling, don't be cruel. I was wrong, terribly, unpardonably wrong ever to doubt your sweet truth; but when one has stories perpetually dinned into one's ears, one naturally grows jealous of one's shadow, when one loves as I do."

"And pray who told you all these stories?"

"Never mind."

"But I do mind," with an angry sob. "What! you are to hear lies of me, and to believe them, and I am not even to know who told you them! I do mind, and I insist on knowing."

"Surely it cannot signify now, when I tell you I don't believe them."

"It does signify, and I should be told. But, indeed, I need not ask," with exceeding bitterness; "I know. It was your brother, Sir Guy. He has always (why, I know not) been a cruel enemy of mine."

"He only repeated what he heard. He is not to be blamed!"

"It *was* he, then?" quickly. "But 'blamed'? — of course not; no one is in the wrong, I suppose, but poor me! I think, sir" — tremulously — "it would be better you should go home, and forget you ever knew any one so culpable as I am. I should be afraid to marry into a family that could so misjudge me as yours does. Go, and learn to forget me."

"I can go, of course, if you desire it," laying hold of his hat; "that is a simple matter: but I cannot promise to forget. To some people it may be easy; to me impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. The going is the first step. Oblivion"—with a sigh—"will quickly follow."

"I do not think so. But, since you wish my absence——"

He moves toward the door with lowered head and dejected manner.

"I did not say I wished it," in faltering tones; "I only requested you to leave me for your own sake, and because I would not make your people unhappy. Though"—piteously—"it should break my heart, I would still bid you go."

"Would it break your heart?" flinging his hat into a corner (for my own part, I don't believe he ever meant going); coming up to her he folds her in his arms. "Forgive me, I entreat you," he says, "for what I shall never forgive myself."

The humbleness of this appeal touches Cecilia's tender heart. She makes no effort to escape from his encircling arms; she even returns one out of his many caresses.

"To think you could behave so badly to me!" she whispers reproachfully.

"I am a brute! I know it."

"Oh, no! indeed you are not," says Mrs. Arlington. "Well, yes"—drawing a long breath—"I forgive you; but *promise*, promise you will never distrust me again."

Of course he gives the required promise, and peace is once more restored.

"I shall not be content with an engagement any longer," Cyril says presently. "I consider it eminently unsatisfactory. Why not marry me at once? I have nine hundred a year, and a scrap of an estate a few miles from this—by the bye, you have never yet been to see your property—and, if you are not afraid to venture, I think we might be very happy, even on that small sum."

"I am not afraid of anything with you," she says in her calm, tender fashion: "and money has nothing to do with it. If," with a troubled sigh, "I ever marry you, I shall not come to you empty-handed."

"If: dost thou answer me with ifs?" quotes he, gayly. "I tell you, sweet, there is no such word in the dictionary. I shall only wait a favorable opportunity to ask my mother's consent to our marriage."

"And if she refuses it?"

"Why, then I shall marry you without hers, or yours, or the consent of any one in the world."



H. RIDER HAGGARD

"You jest," she says, tears gathering in her large appealing eyes. "I would not have you make your mother miserable."

"Above all things, do not let me see tears in your eyes again," he says quickly. "I forbid it. For one thing it makes me wretched, and"—softly—"it makes me feel sure *you* are wretched, which is far worse. Cecilia, if you don't instantly dry those tears I shall be under the painful necessity of kissing them away. I tell you I shall get my mother's consent very readily. When she sees you, she will be only too proud to welcome such a daughter."

Soon after this they part, more in love with each other than ever.



LIFE.

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
— Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.



THE ADVENTURE IN THE CAVE.¹

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(From "She.")

[HENRY RIDER HAGGARD, English novelist, was born at Bradenham, Norfolk, June 22, 1856. He entered the colonial service in 1875 as private secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer at Natal, and subsequently served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, special commissioner to the Transvaal, during the temporary annexation of that territory in 1877. Returning to England, he practiced law for a time, and then gave his attention to authorship. His first

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literary productions, "Cetewayo and his White Neighbors" (1882) and the novels "Dawn" and "The Witch's Head," attracted little notice, but "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" were phenomenally successful and firmly established the author's reputation. Subsequent novels are: "Jess," "Allan Quatermain," "Maiwa's Revenge," "Cleopatra," "The World's Desire" (with Andrew Lang), "Nada the Lily," "Montezuma's Daughter," "People of the Mist," and "The Wizard." Mr. Haggard is a magistrate for Norfolk and Suffolk, and since 1896 has been chairman of the committee of the Society of Authors.]

I. THE FEAST, AND AFTER!

ON the day following this remarkable scene, a scene calculated to make a deep impression upon anybody who beheld it, more because of what it suggested, and seemed to foreshadow, than for what it revealed, it was announced to us that a feast would be held that evening in our honor. I did my best to get out of it, saying that we were modest people, and cared little for feasts, but my remarks being received with the silence of displeasure, I thought it wisest to hold my tongue.

Accordingly, just before sundown, I was informed that everything was ready, and, accompanied by Job, went into the cave, where I met Leo, who was, as usual, followed by Ustane. These two had been out walking somewhere, and knew nothing of the projected festivity till that moment. When Ustane heard of it, I saw an expression of horror spring up upon her handsome features. Turning, she caught a man who was passing up the cave by the arm, and asked him something in an imperious tone. His answer seemed to reassure her a little, for she looked relieved, though far from satisfied. Next she appeared to attempt some remonstrance with the man, who was a person in authority, but he spoke angrily to her, and shook her off, and then changing his mind, led her by the arm, and sat her down between himself and another man in the circle round the fire, and I perceived that for some reason of her own she thought it best to submit.

The fire in the cave was an unusually big one that night, and in a large circle round it were gathered about thirty-five men and two women, Ustane and the woman to avoid whom Job had played the rôle of another Scriptural character. The men were sitting in perfect silence, as was their custom, each with his great spear stuck upright behind him, in a socket cut in the rock for that purpose. Only one or two wore the yellowish linen garment of which I have spoken; the rest had nothing on except the leopard's skin about the middle.

"What's up now, sir?" said Job, doubtfully. "Bless us and save us, there's that woman again! Now surely she can't be after me, seeing that I have given her no encouragement. They give me the creeps, the whole lot of them, and that's a fact. Why, look, they have asked Mahomed to dine, too. There, that lady of mine is talking to him in as nice and civil a way as possible. Well, I'm glad it isn't me, that's all."

We looked up, and sure enough the woman in question had risen, and was escorting the wretch Mahomed from the corner, where, overcome by some acute prescience of horror, he had been seated, shivering and calling on Allah. He appeared unwilling enough to come, if for no other reason, perhaps, because it was an unaccustomed honor, for hitherto his food had been given to him apart. Anyway, I could see that he was in a state of great terror, for his tottering legs would scarcely support his stout, bulky form, and I think it was rather owing to the resources of barbarism behind him, in the shape of a huge Amahagger with a proportionately huge spear, than to the seduction of the lady who led him by the hand, that he consented to come at all.

"Well," I said to the others, "I don't at all like the look of things, but I suppose that we must face it out. Have you fellows got your revolvers on? because, if so, you had better see that they are loaded."

"I have, sir," said Job, tapping his Colt, "but Mr. Leo has only got his hunting knife, though that is big enough, surely."

Feeling that it would not do to wait while the missing weapon was fetched, we advanced boldly, and seated ourselves in a line, with our backs against the side of the cave.

As soon as we were seated, an earthenware jar was passed round containing a fermented fluid, of by no means unpleasant taste, though apt to turn upon the stomach, made of crushed grain—not Indian corn, but a small brown grain that grows upon the stem in clusters, not unlike that which in the southern part of Africa is known by the name of Kaffir corn. The vase in which this liquid was handed round was very curious, and as it more or less resembled many hundreds of others in use among the Amahagger, I may as well describe it. These vases are of a very ancient manufacture, and of all sizes. None such can have been made in the country for hundreds, or rather thousands, of years. They are found in the rock tombs, of which I shall give a description in their proper place, and my own be-

lief is that, after the fashion of the Egyptians, with whom the former inhabitants of this country may have had some connection, they were used to receive the viscera of the dead. Leo, however, is of the opinion that, like the Etruscan amphoræ, they were merely placed there for the spiritual use of the deceased. They are mostly two-handled, and of all sizes, some being nearly three feet in height, and running from that down to as many inches. In shape they vary, but are all exceedingly beautiful and graceful, being made of a very fine black ware, not lustrous, but slightly rough. On this groundwork were inlaid figures much more graceful and lifelike than any others I have seen on antique vases. Some of these inlaid pictures represented love scenes with a childlike simplicity and freedom of manner which would not commend itself to the taste of the present day. Others again were pictures of maidens dancing, and others again were hunting scenes. For instance, the very vase from which we were now drinking had on one side a most spirited drawing of men, apparently white in color, attacking a bull elephant with spears, while on the reverse was a picture, not quite so well done, of a hunter shooting an arrow at a running antelope, I should say from the look of it either an eland or a koodoo.

This is a digression at a critical moment, but it is not too long for the occasion, for the occasion itself was very long. With the exception of the periodical passing of the vase, and the movement necessary to throw fuel on to the fire, nothing happened for the best part of a whole hour. Nobody spoke a word. There we all sat in perfect silence, staring at the glare and glow of the large fire, and at the shadows thrown by the flickering earthenware lamps (which, by the way, were not ancient). On the open space between us and the fire lay a large wooden tray, with four short handles to it, exactly like a butcher's tray, only not hollowed out. By the side of the tray was a great pair of long-handled iron pincers, and on the other side of the fire was a similar pair. Somehow I did not at all like the appearance of the tray and the accompanying pincers. There I sat and stared at them and at the silent circle of the fierce moody faces of the men, and reflected that it was all very awful, and that we were absolutely in the power of this alarming people, who, to me at any rate, were all the more formidable because their true character was still very much of a mystery to us. They might be better than I thought them, or they might be worse. I feared that they were worse, and I was

not wrong. It was a curious sort of a feast, I reflected, in appearance—indeed, an entertainment of the Barn eeide stamp, for there was absolutely nothing to eat.

At last, just as I was beginning to feel as though I were being mesmerized, a move was made. Without the slightest warning, a man from the other side of the circle called out in a loud voice:—

“Where is the flesh that we shall eat?”

Thereon everybody in the circle answered in a deep measured tone, and stretching out the right arm toward the fire as they spoke:—

“The flesh will come.”

“Is it a goat?” said the same man.

“It is a goat without horns, and more than a goat, and we shall slay it,” they answered with one voice, and turning half round, they one and all grasped the handles of their spears with the right hand, and then simultaneously let them go.

“Is it an ox?” said the man again.

“It is an ox without horns, and more than an ox, and we shall slay it,” was the answer, and again the spears were grasped, and again let go.

Then came a pause, and I noticed, with horror and a rising of the hair, that the woman next to Mahomed began to fondle him, patting his cheeks, and calling him by names of endearment, while her fierce eyes played up and down his trembling form. I don't know why the sight frightened me so, but it did frighten us all dreadfully, especially Leo. The caressing was so snakelike, and so evidently a part of some ghastly formula that had to be gone through. I saw Mahomed turn white under his brown skin, sickly white with fear.

“Is the meat ready to be cooked?” asked the voice, more rapidly.

“It is ready; it is ready.”

“Is the pot hot to cook it?” it continued, in a sort of scream that echoed painfully down the great recesses of the cave.

“It is hot; it is hot.”

“Great heavens!” roared Leo, “remember the writing, ‘The people who put pots upon the heads of strangers.’”

As he said the words, before we could stir, or even take the matter in, two great ruffians jumped up, and seizing the long pincers, plunged them into the heart of the fire, and the woman

who had been caressing Mahomed suddenly produced a fiber noose from under her girdle, or moocha, and slipping it over his shoulders, ran it tight, while the men next him seized him by the legs. The two men with the pincers gave a heave, and scattering the fire this way and that upon the rocky floor, lifted from it a large earthenware pot, heated to a white heat. In an instant, almost with a single movement, they had reached the spot where Mahomed was struggling. He fought like a fiend, shrieking in the abandonment of his despair, and notwithstanding the noose round him, and the efforts of the men who held his legs, the advancing wretches were for the moment unable to accomplish their purpose, which, horrible and incredible as it seems, was to put the red-hot pot upon his head.

I sprung to my feet with a yell of horror, and drawing my revolver, fired it by a sort of instinct straight at the diabolical woman who had been caressing Mahomed, and was now gripping him in her arms. The bullet struck her in the back and killed her, and to this day I am glad that it did, for, as it afterward transpired, she had availed herself of the anthropophagous customs of the Amahagger to organize the whole thing in revenge of the slight put upon her by Job. She fell dead, and as she did so, to my terror and dismay, Mahomed, by a superhuman effort, burst from his tormentors, and springing high into the air, fell dying upon her corpse. The heavy bullet from my pistol had driven through the bodies of both at once, striking down the murderess, and saving her victim from a death a hundred times more horrible. It was an awful and yet a most merciful accident.

For a moment there was a silence of astonishment. They had never heard the report of a firearm before, and its effects dismayed them. But the next a man close to us recovered himself, and seized his spear preparatory to making a lunge with it at Leo, who was the nearest to him.

"Run for it!" I hallooed, setting the example by going up the cave as hard as my legs would carry me. I would have bolted for the open air if it had been possible, but there were men in the way, and besides, I had caught sight of the forms of a crowd of people standing out clear against the sky line beyond the entrance to the cave. Up the cave I went, and after me came the others, and after them thundered the whole crowd of cannibals, mad with fury at the death of the woman. With a bound I cleared the prostrate form of Mahomed. As I flew over

him I felt the heat from the red-hot pot, which was lying close by, strike upon my legs, and by its glow saw his hands—for he was not quite dead—still feebly moving. At the top of the cave was a little platform of rock three feet or so high by about eight deep, on which two large lamps were placed at night. Whether this platform had been left as a seat, or as a raised point afterward to be cut away when it had served its purpose as a standing place from which to carry on the excavations, I do not know—at least I did not then. At any rate, we all three reached it, and jumping on it, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as we could. For a few minutes the crowd that was pressing on our heels hung back when they saw us face round upon them. Job was on one side of the rock to the left, Leo in the center, and I to the right. Behind us were the lamps. Leo bent forward and looked down the long lane of shadows, terminated in the fire and lighted lamps, through which the quiet forms of our would-be murderers flitted to and fro, with the faint light glinting on their spears, for even their fury was silent as a bulldog's. The only other thing visible was the red-hot pot still glowing angrily in the gloom. There was a curious light in Leo's eyes, and his handsome face was set like a stone. In his right hand was his heavy hunting knife. He shifted its thong a little up his wrist, and then put his arm around me and gave me a good hug.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said; "my dear friend—my more than father. We have no chance against those scoundrels; they will finish us in a few minutes, and eat us afterward, I suppose. Good-by. I led you into this. I hope you will forgive me. Good-by, Job."

"God's will be done," I said, setting my teeth, as I prepared for the end. At that moment, with an exclamation, Job lifted his revolver and fired, and hit a man—not the man he had aimed at, by the way; anything that Job shot at was perfectly safe.

On they came with a rush, and I fired too as fast as I could, and checked them—between us, Job and I killed or mortally wounded five men with our pistols before they were emptied, besides the woman. But we had no time to reload, and they still came on in a way that was almost splendid in its recklessness, seeing that they did not know but that we could go on firing forever.

A great fellow bounded up upon the platform, and Leo

struck him dead with one blow of his powerful arm, sending the knife right through him. I did the same by another, but Job missed his stroke, and I saw a brawny Amahagger grip him by the middle and whirl him off the rock. The knife, not being secured by a thong, fell from his hand as he did so, and, by a most happy accident for Job, lighted upon its handle on the rock, just as the body of the Amahagger, being undermost, hit upon its point, and was transfixed upon it. What happened to Job after that I am sure I do not know, but my own impression is that he lay still upon the corpse of his deceased assailant, "playing 'possum," as the Americans say. As for myself, I was soon involved in a desperate encounter with two ruffians, who, luckily for me, had left their spears behind them; and for the first time in my life the great physical power with which Nature has endowed me stood me in good stead. I had hacked at the head of one man with my hunting knife, which was almost as big and heavy as a short sword, with such vigor that the sharp steel had split his skull down to the eyes, and was held so fast by it that as he suddenly fell sideways the knife was twisted right out of my hand.

Then it was that the two others sprang upon me. I saw them coming and got an arm round the waist of each, and down we all fell upon the floor of the cave together, rolling over and over. They were strong men, but I was mad with rage and that awful lust for slaughter which will creep into the hearts of the most civilized of us when blows are flying, and life and death tremble on the turn. My arms were round the two swarthy demons, and I hugged them till I heard their ribs crack and crunch up beneath my grip. They twisted and writhed like snakes, and clawed and battered at me with their fists, but I held on. Lying on my back there, so that their bodies should protect me from spear thrusts from above, I slowly crushed the life out of them, and as I did so, strange as it may seem, I thought of what the amiable Head of my College at Cambridge and my brother Fellows would say if by clairvoyance they could see me, of all men, playing such a bloody game. Soon my assailants grew faint, and almost ceased to struggle; their breath had left them, and they were dying, but still I dared not leave them, for they died very slowly. I knew that if I relaxed my grip, they would revive. The other ruffians probably thought—for we were all three lying in the shadow of the ledge—that we were all dead

together; at any rate they did not interfere with our little tragedy.

I turned my head, and as I lay gasping in the throes of that awful struggle I could see that Leo was off the rock now, for the lamplight fell full upon him. He was still on his feet, but in the center of a surging mass of struggling men, who were striving to pull him down as wolves pull down a stag. Up above them towered his beautiful pale face crowned with its bright curls (for Leo was six feet two high), and I saw that he was fighting with a desperate abandonment and energy that was at once splendid and hideous to behold. He drove his knife through one man—they were so close to him and mixed up with him that they could not get at him to kill him with their big spears, and they had no knives or sticks. The man fell, and then somehow the knife was wrenched from his hand, leaving him defenseless, and I thought the end had come. But no; with a desperate effort he broke loose from them, seized the body of the man he had just slain, and lifting it high in the air, hurled it right at the mob of his assailants, so that the shock and weight of it swept some five or six more of them to the earth. But in a minute they were all up again, except one, whose skull was smashed, and had once more fastened upon him. And then slowly, and with infinite labor and struggling, the wolves bore the lion down. Once even then he recovered himself, and felled an Amahagger with his fist, but it was more than man could do to hold his own for long against so many, and at last he came crashing down upon the rock, falling as an oak falls, and bearing with him to the earth all those who clung about him. They gripped him by his arms and legs, and then cleared off his body.

“A spear,” cried a voice — “a spear to cut his throat, and a vessel to catch his blood.”

I shut my eyes, for I saw the man coming with a spear, and myself, I could not stir to Leo's help, for I was growing weak, and the two men on me were not yet dead, and a deadly sickness came over me.

Then suddenly there was a disturbance, and involuntarily I opened my eyes again, and looked toward the scene of murder. The girl Ustane had suddenly thrown herself on the top of Leo's prostrate form, covering his body with her body, and fastening her arms about his neck. They tried to drag her from him, but she twisted her legs round his, and hung on like a bull-

dog, or rather like a creeper to a tree, and they could not. Then they tried to stab him in the side without hurting her, but somehow she shielded him, and he was only wounded.

At last they lost patience.

"Drive the spear through the man and the woman together," said a voice, the same voice that had asked the questions at that ghastly feast, "so of a verity shall they be wed."

Then I saw the man with the weapon straighten himself for the effort. I saw the cold steel gleam on high, and once more I shut my eyes.

As I did so — I heard a voice of a man thunder out in tones that rang and echoed down the rocky ways —

"Cease!"

Then I fainted, and as I did so it flashed through my darkening mind that I was passing down into the last oblivion of death.

II. THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Our preparations did not take us very long. We put a change of clothing apiece and some spare boots into my Gladstone bag, also we took our revolvers and an express rifle each, together with a good supply of ammunition — a precaution to which, under Providence, we subsequently owed our lives over and over again. The rest of our gear, together with our heavy rifles, we left behind us.

A few minutes before the appointed time we once more attended in Ayesha's boudoir, and found her also ready, her dark cloak thrown over her winding sheet like wrappings.

"Are ye prepared for the great venture?" she said.

"We are," I answered, "though for my part, Ayesha, I have no faith in it."

"Ah, my Holly," she said, "thou art of a truth like those old Jews — of whom the memory plagues me so sorely — unbelieving, and hard to accept that which they have not seen. But thou shalt see; for unless my mirror yonder lies" — and she pointed to the font of crystal water — "the path is yet open as it was of old time. And now let us start upon the new life which shall end — who knoweth where?"

"Ah," I echoed, "who knoweth where?" and we passed down into the central cave, and out into the light of day. At the mouth of the cave we found a single litter with six bearers, all of them mutes, waiting, and with them I was relieved to

see our old friend, Billali, for whom I had conceived a sort of affection. It appeared that, for reasons not necessary to explain at length, Ayesha had thought it best that, with the exception of herself, we should proceed on foot, and this we were nothing loath to do, after our long confinement in caves, which, however suitable they might be for sarcophagi — a singularly inappropriate word, by the way, for those particular tombs, which certainly did not consume the bodies given to their keeping — were depressing habitations for breathing mortals like ourselves. Either by accident, or by the orders of She, the space in front of the cave where we had beheld that awful dance was perfectly clear of spectators. Not a soul was to be seen, and consequently I do not believe that our departure was known to anybody except perhaps the mutes who waited on She, and they were, of course, in the habit of holding their tongues as to what they saw.

In a few minutes we were stepping out sharply across the great cultivated plain or lake bed framed like a vast emerald in its setting of frowning cliff, and had another opportunity of wondering at the extraordinary nature of the site chosen by these old people of Kôr for their capital, and at the marvelous amount of labor, ingenuity, and engineering skill that must have been brought into requisition by the founders of the city to drain so huge a sheet of water, and to keep it clear of subsequent accumulations. It is, indeed, so far as my experience goes, an unequaled instance of what man can do in the face of nature, for in my opinion such achievements as the Suez Canal or even the Mont Cenis tunnel do not approach this ancient undertaking in magnitude.

When we had been walking for half an hour, enjoying ourselves exceedingly in the delightful cool which about this time of the day always appeared to descend upon the great plain of Kôr, and in some degree atoned for the want of any land or sea breeze, for all wind was kept off by the rocky mountain wall, we began to get a clear view of what Billali had informed us were the ruins of a great city. And even from that distance we could see how wonderful those ruins were, a fact that with every step we took became more evident. The city was not very large if compared to Babylon or Thebes, or other cities of remote antiquity; perhaps its outer wall contained some twelve square miles of ground, or a little more. Nor had the walls, so far as we could judge when we reached them, been

very high, probably not more than forty feet, which was about their present height where they had not, through the sinking of the ground or some such cause, fallen into ruin. The reason of this, no doubt, was that the people of Kôr, being protected from any outside attack by far more tremendous ramparts than any that the hand of man could rear, only required them for show, and to guard against civil discord. But on the other hand they were as broad as they were high, built entirely of dressed stone, hewn, no doubt, from the vast caves, and surrounded by a great moat about sixty feet in width, some portions of which were still filled with water. About ten minutes before the sun finally sank we reached this moat, and passed down and through it, clambering across what evidently were the piled-up fragments of a great bridge in order to do so, and then with some little difficulty up the slope of the wall to its summit. I wish that it lay within the power of my pen to give some idea of the grandeur of the sight that then met our view. There, all bathed in the red glow of the sinking sun, were miles upon miles of ruins—columns, temples, shrines, and the palaces of kings, varied with patches of green bush. Of course the roofs of these buildings had long since fallen into decay and vanished, but owing to the extreme massiveness of the style of building, and to the hardness and durability of the rock employed, most of the party walls and great columns still remained standing.

Presently we came to an enormous pile, which we rightly took to be a temple, covering at least four acres of ground, apparently arranged in a series of courts, each one inclosing another of smaller size, on the principle of a Chinese nest of boxes, and separated one from the other by rows of huge columns. And whilst I think of it I may as well state a remarkable thing about the shape of these columns, which resembled none that I have ever seen or heard of, being made with a kind of waist in the center, and swelling out above and below. At first we thought that the shape was meant to roughly symbolize or suggest the female form, as was a common habit amongst the ancient religious architects of all creeds. On the following day, however, as we went up the slopes of the mountain, we discovered a large quantity of the most stately-looking palms, of which the trunks grew exactly in this shape, and I have now no doubt that the first designer of those columns drew his inspiration from the graceful bends of those very palms, or rather their

ancestors, which then, some eight or ten thousand years ago as now, beautified the slopes of the mountain that had once formed the shores of the volcanic lake.

At the *façade* of this huge temple, which, I should imagine, is almost as large as that of El-Karnac at Luxor, some of the largest columns, which I measured, being between eighteen and twenty feet in diameter at the base, by some sixty feet in height, our little procession was halted, and Ayesha descended from her litter.

"There used to be a spot here, Kallikrates," she said to Leo, who had run up to lift her down, "where one might sleep. Two thousand years ago did thou and I and that Egyptian snake rest therein, but since then have I not set foot here, nor any man, and perchance it has fallen;" and, followed by the rest of us, she passed up a vast flight of broken and ruined steps into the outer court, and looked round into the gloom. Presently she seemed to recollect, and, walking a few paces along the wall to the left, halted.

"It is here," she said, and at the same time beckoned to the two mutes who were loaded with provisions and our little belongings, to advance. One of them came forward, and soon produced a lamp and lit it from his brasier, for the Amahagger when on a journey nearly always carried with them a little lighted brasier, from which to provide fire. The tinder of this brasier was made of broken fragments of mummy carefully damped, and if the admixture of moisture was properly managed, this unholy compound would smolder away for hours. As soon as the lamp was lit, we entered the place before which Ayesha had stopped. It turned out to be a chamber hollowed in the thickness of the wall, and, from the fact of there still being a massive stone table in it, I should think that it had probably served as a living room, perhaps for one of the door-keepers of the great temple.

Here we stopped, and after cleaning the place out and making it as comfortable as circumstances and the darkness would permit, we ate some cold meat, at least Leo, Job, and I did, for Ayesha, as I think I have said elsewhere, never touched anything except fruit and water. Whilst we were eating, the moon, which was at her full, rose above the mountain wall and began to flood the place with silver.

"Wot ye why I have brought ye here to-night, my Holly?" said Ayesha, leaning her head upon her hand and watching the

great orb as she rose, like some heavenly queen, above the solemn pillars of the temple. "I brought ye — nay, it is strange, but knowest thou, Kallikrates, that thou liest at this moment upon the very spot where thy dead body lay when I bore thee back to those caves of Kôr so many years ago? It all returns to my mind now. I can see it, and horrible is it to my sight," and she shuddered.

Here Leo jumped up, and hastily changed his seat. However the reminiscence might affect Ayesha, it clearly had few charms for him.

"I brought ye," went on Ayesha, presently, "that ye might look upon the most wonderful sight that ever the eye of man beheld — the full moon shining over ruined Kôr. When ye have done your eating — I would that I could teach thee to eat naught but fruit, Kallikrates, but that will come after thou hast laved in the fire; once I too ate flesh like a brute beast — when ye have done we will go out, and I will show you this great temple, and the God that men once worshiped therein."

Of course we got up at once and started. And here again my pen fails me. To give a string of measurements and details of the various courts of the temple would only be wearisome, supposing that I had them, and yet I know not how I am to describe what we saw, magnificent as it was even in its ruin, almost beyond the power of realization. Court upon dim court, row upon row of mighty pillars — some of them (especially at the gateways) sculptured from pedestal to capital — space upon space of empty chambers that spoke more eloquently to the imagination than any crowded streets. And over all, the dead silence of the dead, the sense of utter loneliness, and the brooding spirit of the Past! How beautiful it was, and yet how drear! We did not dare to speak aloud. Ayesha herself was awed in the presence of an antiquity compared to which even her length of days was but a little thing; we only whispered, and our whispers seemed to run from column to column till they were lost in the quiet air. Bright fell the moonlight on pillar and court and shattered wall, hiding all their rents and imperfections in its silver garment, and clothing their hoar majesty with the peculiar glory of the night. It was a wonderful sight to see the full moon looking down on the ruined fane of Kôr. It was a wonderful thing to think for how many thousands of years the dead orb above and the dead city below had gazed thus upon each other, and in the utter solitude of

space poured forth each to each the tale of their lost life and long-departed glory. The weird light fell, and minute by minute the quiet shadows crept across the grass-grown courts like the spirits of old priests haunting the habitations of their worship—the weird light fell, and the long shadows grew till the beauty and grandeur of the scene and the untamed majesty of its present Death seemed to sink into our very souls, and speak more loudly than the tongues of trumpets concerning the pomp and splendor that the grave had swallowed and even memory had forgotten.

“Come,” said Ayesha, after we had gazed and gazed, I know not for how long, “and I will show you the stony flower of Loveliness and Wonder’s very crown, if yet it stands to mock time with its beauty and fill the heart of man with longing for that which is behind the veil;” and, without waiting for an answer, she led us through two more pillared courts into the inner shrine of the old fane.

And there, in the center of the inmost court, that might have been some fifty yards square, or a little more, we stood face to face with what is perhaps the grandest allegorical work of Art that the genius of her children has ever given to the world. For in the exact center of the court, placed upon a thick square slab of rock, was a huge round ball of dark stone, some forty feet in diameter, and standing on the ball was a colossal winged figure of a beauty so entrancing and divine that when I first gazed upon it, illumined and shadowed as it was by the soft light of the moon, my breath stood still, and for an instant my heart ceased its beating.

III. WALKING THE PLANK.

Next day the mutes awoke us before the dawn; and by the time that we had got the sleep out of our eyes, and gone through a very perfunctory wash at a spring which still welled up into the remains of a marble basin in the center of the north quadrangle of the vast outer court, we found She standing by the latter, ready to start, while old Billali and the two bearer mutes were busy collecting the baggage. As usual, Ayesha was veiled like the marble Truth (by the way, I wonder if she originally got the idea of covering up her beauty from that statue?). I noticed, however, that she seemed very depressed, and had

none of that proud and buoyant bearing which would have betrayed her among a thousand women of the same stature, even if they had been veiled like herself. She looked up as we came—for her head was bowed—and greeted us. Leo asked her how she had slept.

"Ill, my Kallikrates," she answered—"ill. This night have strange and hideous dreams come creeping through my brain, and I know not what they portend. Almost do I feel as though some evil overshadowed me; and yet how can evil touch me? I wonder," she went on, with a sudden outbreak of womanly tenderness—"I wonder if, should aught happen to me, so that I slept and left thee waking, wouldst thou think gently of me? I wonder, my Kallikrates, if thou wouldst tarry till I came again, as for so many centuries I have tarried for thy coming?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "Come, let us be setting forth, for we have far to go, and before another day is born in yonder blue should we stand in the place of Life."

In five minutes more we were once more on our way through the vast ruined city, that loomed at us on either side in the gray dawning in a way that was at once grand and oppressive. Just as the first ray of the rising sun shot like a golden arrow athwart this storied desolation, we gained the further gateway of the outer wall, and having given one more glance at the hoar and pillared majesty through which we had passed, and (with the exception of Job, for whom ruins had no charms) breathed a sigh of regret that we had not had more time to explore it, passed through the great moat, and on to the plain beyond.

As the sun rose so did Ayesha's spirits, till by breakfast time they had regained their normal level, and she laughingly set down her previous depression to the associations of the spot where she had slept.

"These barbarians declare that Kôr is haunted," she said, "and of a truth I do believe their saying, for never did I know so ill a night, save once. I remember it now. It was on that very spot when thou didst lie dead at my feet, Kallikrates. Never will I visit it again; it is a place of evil omen."

After a very brief halt for breakfast we pressed on with such good will that by two o'clock in the afternoon we were at the foot of the vast wall of rock that formed the lip of the volcano, and which at this point towered up precipitously

above us for fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. Here we halted, certainly not to my astonishment, for I did not see how it was possible that we should go any further.

"Now," said Ayesha, as she descended from her litter, "doth our labor but commence, for here do we part with these men, and henceforward must we bear ourselves;" and then, addressing Billali, "Do thou and these slaves remain here, and abide our coming. By to-morrow at the midday we shall be with thee; if not, wait."

Billali bowed humbly, and said that her august bidding should be obeyed if they stopped there till they grew old.

"And this man, O Holly!" said She, pointing to Job, "best is it that he should tarry also, for if his heart be not high and his courage great, perchance some evil might overtake him. Also, the secrets of the place whither we go are not fit for common eyes."

I translated this to Job, who instantly and earnestly entreated me, almost with tears in his eyes, not to leave him behind. He said that he was sure that he could see nothing worse than he had already seen, and that he was terrified to death at the idea of being left alone with those "dumb folk," who, he thought, would probably take the opportunity to hot-pot him.

I translated what he said to Ayesha, who shrugged her shoulders and answered, "Well, let him come, it is naught to me; on his own head be it, and he will serve to bear the lamp and this," and she pointed to a narrow plank, some sixteen feet long, which had been bound above the long bearing pole of her hammock, as I had thought to make the curtains spread out better, but, as it now appeared, for some unknown purpose connected with our extraordinary undertaking.

Accordingly, the plank, which, though tough, was very light, was given to Job to carry, and also one of the lamps. I slung the other on to my back, together with a spare jar of oil, while Leo loaded himself with the provisions and some water in a kid's skin. When this was done, She made Billali and the six bearer mutes to retreat behind a grove of flowering magnolias about a hundred yards away, and remain there under the pain of death till we had vanished. They bowed humbly and went, and, as he departed, old Billali gave me a friendly shake of the hand, and whispered that he had rather that it was I than he who was going on this wonderful expedition with "She-

who-must-be-obeyed," and upon my word I felt inclined to agree with him. In another minute they were gone, and then, having briefly asked us if we were ready, Ayesha turned, and gazed up the towering cliff.

"Goodness me, Leo," I said, "surely we are not going to climb that!"

Leo shrugged his shoulders, being in a condition of half-fascinated, half-expectant mystification, and, as he did so, Ayesha, with a sudden move, began to climb the cliff, and of course we had to follow her. It was perfectly marvelous to see the ease and grace with which she sprang from rock to rock, and swung herself along the ledges. The ascent was not, however, so difficult as it looked, although there were one or two nasty places where it did not do to look behind you, the fact being that the rock still sloped here, and was not absolutely precipitous as it was higher up. In this way we, with no great labor, mounted to a height of some fifty feet above our last standing place, the only really troublesome thing to manage being Job's board, and in doing so drew some fifty or sixty paces to the left of our starting point, for we went up like a crab, sideways. Presently we reached a ledge, narrow enough at first, but which widened as we followed it, and what is more, sloped inward like the petal of a flower, so that as we followed it we gradually got into a kind of rut or fold of rock that grew deeper and deeper, till at last it resembled a Devonshire lane in stone, and hid us perfectly from the gaze of anybody on the slope below, if there had been anybody to gaze. This lane (which appeared to be a natural formation) continued for some fifty or sixty paces, and then suddenly ended in a cave, also natural, running at right angles to it. I am sure that it was a natural cave, and not hollowed by the hand of man, because of its irregular and contorted shape and course, which gave it the appearance of having been blown bodily in the mountain by some frightful eruption of gas following the line of the least resistance. All the caves hollowed by the ancients of Kôr, on the contrary, were cut out with the most perfect regularity and symmetry. At the mouth of this cave Ayesha halted, and bade us light the two lamps, which I did, giving one to her and keeping the other myself. Then, taking the lead, she advanced down the cavern, picking her way with great care, as, indeed, it was necessary to do, for the floor was most irregular—strewn with bowlders like the bed of a stream, and in

some places pitted with deep holes, in which it would have been easy to break one's leg.

This cavern we pursued for twenty minutes or more, it being, so far as I could form a judgment, — owing to its numerous twists and turns, no easy task, — about a quarter of a mile long.

At last, however, we halted at its further end, and whilst I was still trying to pierce the gloom a great gust of air came tearing down it, and extinguished both the lamps.

Ayesha called to us, and we crept up to her, for she was a little in front, and were rewarded with a view that was positively appalling in its gloom and grandeur. Before us was a mighty chasm in the black rock, jagged and torn and splintered through it in a far past age by some awful convulsion of Nature, as though it had been cleft by stroke upon stroke of the lightning. This chasm, which was bounded by a precipice on the hither, and presumably, though we could not see it, on the further side also, may have measured any width across, but from its darkness I do not think that it can have been very broad. It was impossible to make out much of its outline, or how far it ran, for the simple reason that the point where we were standing was so far from the upper surface of the cliff, at least fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, that only a very dim light struggled down to us from above. The mouth of the cavern gave on to a most curious and tremendous spur of rock, which jutted out in the gulf before us in mid-air for a distance of some fifty yards, coming to a sharp point at its termination, and resembling nothing that I can think of so much as the spur upon the leg of a cock in shape. This huge spur was attached only to the parent precipice at its base, which was, of course, enormous, just as the cock's spur is attached to its leg. Otherwise it was utterly unsupported.

"Here must we pass," said Ayesha. "Be careful lest giddiness overcome ye, or the wind sweep ye into the gulf beneath, for of a truth it hath no bottom;" and, without giving us any further time to get scared, she started walking along the spur, leaving us to follow her as best we might. I was next to her, then came Job, painfully dragging his plank, while Leo brought up the rear. It was a wonderful sight to see this intrepid woman gliding fearlessly along that dreadful place. For my part, when I had gone but a very few yards, what between the pressure of the air and the awful sense of the consequences that

a slip would entail, I found it necessary to go down on my hands and knees and crawl, and so did the other two.

But She never condescended to this. On she went, leaning her body against the gusts of wind, and never seeming to lose her head or her balance.

In a few minutes we had crossed some twenty paces of this awful bridge, which got narrower at every step, and then all of a sudden a great gust came tearing along the gorge. I saw Ayesha lean herself against it, but the strong draught got under her dark cloak, and tore it from her, and away it went down the wind, flapping like a dying bird. It was dreadful to see it go, till it was lost in the blackness. I clung to the saddle of rock, and looked round, while the great spur vibrated with a humming sound beneath us, like a living thing. The sight was a truly awesome one. There we were poised in the gloom, between heaven and earth. Beneath us were hundreds upon hundreds of feet of emptiness that gradually grew darker and darker, till at last it was absolutely black, and at what depth it ended is more than I can guess. Above were space upon space of giddy air, and far, far away a line of blue sky. And down this vast gulf upon which we were pinnaled the great draught dashed and roared, driving clouds and misty wreaths of vapor before it, till we were half blinded and utterly confused.

The whole position was so tremendous and so absolutely unearthly, that I believe it actually lulled our sense of terror, but to this hour I often see it in my dreams, and wake up covered with cold perspiration at its mere fantasy.

"On! on!" cried the white form before us, for now the cloak had gone. She was robed in white, and looked more like a spirit riding down the gale than a woman; "on, or ye will fall and be dashed to pieces. Keep your eyes fixed upon the ground and closely hug the rock."

We obeyed her, and crept painfully along the quivering path, against which the wind shrieked and wailed as it shook it, causing it to murmur like a vast tuning fork. On we went, I do not know for how long, only gazing round now and again, when it was absolutely necessary, until at last we saw that we were on the very tip of the spur, a slab of rock little larger than an ordinary table, and that throbbed and jumped like any overengined steamer. There we lay on our stomachs, clinging to the ground, and looked about, while Ayesha stood leaning out against the wind, down which her long hair streamed, and,

absolutely heedless of the hideous depth that yawned beneath, pointed before her. Then we saw why the narrow plank, which Job and I had painfully dragged along between us, had been provided. Before us was an empty space, on the other side of which was something, as yet we could not see what, for here — either owing to the shadow of the opposite cliff, or from some other cause — the gloom was that of night.

“We must wait awhile,” called Ayesha; “soon there will be light.”

At the moment I could not imagine what she meant. How could more light than there was ever come to this dreadful spot? Whilst I was still debating in my mind, suddenly, like a great sword of flame, a beam from the setting sun pierced the Stygian gloom, and smote upon the point of rock whereon we lay, illuminating Ayesha’s lovely form with an unearthly splendor. I only wish that I could describe the wild and marvelous beauty of that sword of fire, laid across the darkness and rushing mist-wreaths of the gulf. How it got there I do not to this moment know, but I presume there was some cleft or hole in the opposing cliff through which it pierced when the setting orb was in a direct line with it. All I can say is that the effect was the most wonderful that I ever saw. Right through the heart of the darkness that flaming sword was stabbed, and where it lay there was the most surpassingly vivid light, so vivid that even at a distance one could see the grain of the rock, while, outside of it, yes, within a few inches of its keen edge — there was naught but clustering shadows.

And now, by this ray of light, for which She had been waiting, and timed our arrival to meet, knowing that at this season, for thousands of years, it had always struck thus at sunset, we saw what lay before us. Within eleven or twelve feet of the very tip of the tongue-like rock whereon we lay there arose, presumably from the far bottom of the gulf, a sugar-loaf-shaped cone, of which the summit was exactly opposite to us. But had there been a summit only it would not have helped us much, for the nearest point of its circumference was some forty feet from where we were. On the lip of this summit, however, which was circular and hollow, rested a tremendous flat stone, something like a glacier stone — indeed, perhaps it was one for all I know to the contrary — and the end of this stone approached to within twelve feet or so of us. This huge boulder was nothing more or less than a gigantic rock-

ing stone accurately balanced upon the edge of the cone or miniature crater, like a half-crown on the rim of a wine glass ; for in the fierce light that played upon it and us we could see it oscillating in the gusts of wind.

"Quick !" said Ayesha ; "the plank — we must cross while the light endures ; presently it will be gone."

"Oh, Lord, sir !" groaned Job, "surely she don't mean us to walk across that there place on that there thing," as in obedience to my direction he pushed the long board toward me.

"That's it, Job," I hallooed in ghastly merriment, though the idea of the plank was no pleasanter to me than to him.

I pushed the plank on to Ayesha, who deftly ran it across the gulf so that one end of it rested on the rocking stone, the other remaining on the extremity of our trembling spur. Then placing her foot upon it to prevent it from being blown away, she turned to me.

"Since last I was here, O Holly !" she called, "the support of the moving stone hath lessened somewhat, so that I am not sure if it will bear our weight and fall or no. Therefore will I cross the first, because no harm will come unto me ;" and, without further ado, she trod lightly but firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon the heaving stone.

"It is safe," she called. "See, hold thou the plank ! I will stand on the further side of the stone so that it may not overbalance with your greater weights. Now come, O Holly ! for presently the light will fail us."

I struggled to my knees, and if ever I felt sick in my life, I felt sick then, and I am not ashamed to say that I hesitated and hung back.

"Surely thou art not afraid," called this strange creature in a lull of the gale, from where she stood poised like a bird, on the highest point of the rocking stone. "Make then way for Kallikrates."

This settled me ; it is better to fall down a precipice and die than be laughed at by such a woman ; so I clinched my teeth, and in another instant I was on that horrible, narrow, bending plank, with bottomless space beneath and around me. I have always hated a great height, but never before did I realize the full horrors of which such a position is capable. Oh, the sickening sensation of that yielding board resting on the two moving supports ! I grew dizzy, and thought that I

must fall; my spine *crept*; it seemed to me that I was falling, and my delight at finding myself sprawling upon that stone, which rose and fell beneath me like a boat in a swell, cannot be expressed in words. All I know is that briefly, but earnestly enough, I thanked Providence for preserving me so far.

Then came Leo's turn, and, though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope dancer. Ayesha stretched out her hand to clasp his own, and I heard her murmur, "Bravely done, my love—bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor Job remained on the further side of the gulf. He crept up to the plank, and yelled out, "I can't do it, sir. I shall fall into that beastly place."

"You must," I said—"you must; Job, it's as easy as catching flies." I suppose that I said this to satisfy my conscience—because expression conveys a wonderful idea of facility—as a matter of fact I know no more difficult operation in the whole world than catching flies—that is, in warm weather, when they have all their faculties—unless, indeed, it is catching mosquitoes.

"I can't, sir—I can't, indeed."

"Let the man come, or let him stop and perish there. See, the light is dying! In a minute it will be gone!" said Ayesha.

I looked. She was right. The sun was passing below the level of the hole or cleft in the precipice through which the ray came.

"If you stop there, Job, you will die alone," I hallooed; "the light is going."

"Come, be a man, Job," roared Leo; "it's quite easy."

Thus adjured, the miserable Job, with, I think, the most awful yell that I ever heard, precipitated himself face downward on the plank—he did not dare, small blame to him, to try to walk it, and commenced to draw himself across in little jerks, his poor legs hanging down on either side into the nothingness beneath.

His violent jerks at the frail board made the great stone, which was only balanced on a few inches of rock, oscillate in a most sickening manner; and, to make matters worse, just as he was halfway across, the flying ray of lurid light suddenly went out just as though a lamp had been extinguished in a curtained room, leaving the whole howling wilderness of air in blackness.

"Come on, Job, for God's sake," I shouted, in an agony of fear, while the stone, gathering motion with every swing, rocked so violently that it was difficult to hang on to it. It was a truly awful position.

"Lord have mercy on me!" hallooed poor Job from the darkness. "Oh, the plank's slipping!" and I heard a violent struggle, and thought that he was gone.

But just at that moment his outstretched hand, clasping in agony at the air, met my own, and I hauled — ah, how I did haul, putting out all the strength that it has pleased Providence to give me in such abundance — and to my joy in another minute Job was gasping on the rock beside me. But the plank! I felt it slip, and heard it knock against a projecting knob of rock, and it was gone.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "How are we going to get back?"

"I don't know," answered Leo, out of the gloom. "'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' I am thankful enough to be here."

But Ayesha merely called to me to take her hand and creep after her.

IV. THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

I did as I was bid, and in fear and trembling felt myself drawn over the edge of the stone. I sprawled my legs out, but could touch nothing.

"I am going to fall!" I gasped.

"Nay, let thyself go and trust to me," answered Ayesha.

Now if the position is considered, it will be easily understood that this was a greater demand upon my confidence than was justified by my knowledge of Ayesha's character. For all I knew she might be in the very act of consigning me to a horrible doom. But in life we sometimes have to lay our faith upon strange altars, and so it was now.

"Let thyself go!" she cried, and, having no choice, I did.

I felt myself slide a pace or two down the sloping surface of the rock, and then pass into the air, and the thought flashed through my brain that I was lost. But no. In another instant my feet struck against a rocky floor, and I felt that I was standing on something solid, and out of reach of the wind, which I

could hear singing away overhead. As I stood there thanking my stars for these small mercies, there was a slip and a scuffle, and down came Leo alongside of me.

"Halloo, old fellow!" he called out, "are you there? This is getting interesting, is it not?"

Just then, with a terrific yell, Job arrived right on the top of us, knocking us both down. By the time that we had struggled to our feet again, Ayesha was standing among us and bidding us light the lamps, which fortunately remained uninjured, as did the spare jar of oil.

I got out my box of Bryant and May's wax matches, and they struck as merrily there in that awful place as in a London drawing-room.

In a couple of minutes both the lamps were alight, and a curious scene they revealed. We were huddled up in a rocky chamber, some twelve feet square, and scared enough we looked; that is, except Ayesha, who was standing calmly with her arms folded, and waiting for the lamps to burn up. The chamber appeared to be partly natural and partly hollowed out of the top of the cone. The roof of the natural part was formed of the swinging stone, and that of the back part of the chamber, which sloped downward, was hewn from the live rock. For the rest, the place was warm and dry — a perfect haven of rest compared to the giddy pinnacle above, and the quivering spur that shot out to meet it in mid-air.

"There," said She, "safely have we come, though once I feared that the rocking stone would fall with ye, and precipitate ye into the bottomless deeps beneath, for I do believe that the cleft goeth down to the very womb of the world. The rock whereon the stone resteth hath crumbled beneath the swinging weight. And now that he," nodding toward Job, who was sitting on the floor, feebly wiping his forehead with a red cotton pocket handkerchief, "whom they rightly call the 'Pig,' for as a pig is he stupid, hath let fall the plank, it will not be easy to return across the gulf, and to that end must I make a plan. But now rest awhile, and look at this place. What think ye that it is?"

"We know not," I answered.

"Wouldst thou believe that once a man did choose this airy nest for a daily habitation, and did here endure for many years, leaving it only but one day in every ten to seek food and water and oil that the people brought, more than he could carry, and

laid as an offering in the mouth of the tunnel through which we passed hither?"

We looked up wonderingly, and she continued: —

"Yet so it was. There was a man — Noot, he named himself — who, though he lived in the latter days, had of the wisdom of the sons of Kôr. A hermit was he, and a philosopher, skilled in the secrets of Nature, and he it was who discovered the Fire that I shall show ye, which is Nature's blood and life, and also that he who bathed therein and breathed thereof should live while Nature lives. But like unto thee, O Holly, this man, Noot, would not turn his knowledge to account. 'Ill,' he said, 'was it for man to live, for man was born to die.' Therefore did he tell his secret to none, and therefore did he come and live here, where the seeker after Life must pass, and was revered of the Amahagger of the day as holy, and a hermit. And when first I came to this country — knowest thou how I came, Kallikrates? Another time will I tell thee — it is a strange tale — I heard of this philosopher, and waited for him when he came to fetch his food, and returned with him hither, though greatly did I fear to tread the gulf. Then did I beguile him with my beauty and my wit, and flatter him with my tongue, so that he led me down and showed me the Fire, and told me the secrets of the Fire, but he would not suffer me to step therein; and, fearing lest he should slay me, I refrained, knowing that the man was very old, and soon would die. And I returned, having learned from him all that he knew of the wonderful Spirit of the World, and that was much, for the man was wise and very ancient, and by purity and abstinence, and the contemplations of his innocent mind, had worn thin the veil between that which we see and the great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings at times we hear as they sweep through the gross air of the world. Then it was but a very few days after I met thee, my Kallikrates, who had wandered hither with the Egyptian Aménartas, and I learned to love for the first and last time, once and forever, so that it entered into my mind to come hither with thee, and receive the gift of Life for thee and me. Therefore came we, with that Egyptian who would not be left behind, and, behold, we found the old man Noot lying but newly dead. There he lay, and his white beard lay on him like a garment," and she pointed to a spot near where I was sitting; "but surely he hath long since crumbled into dust, and the wind hath borne his ashes hence."

Here I put out my hand and felt in the dust, and presently my fingers touched something. It was a single human tooth, very yellow, but sound. I held it up and showed it to Ayesha, who laughed.

"Yes," she said, "it is his without a doubt. Behold what remaineth of Noot and the wisdom of Noot — one little tooth. And yet that man had all life at his command, and for his conscience' sake would have none of it. Well, he lay there newly dead, and we descended whither I shall lead ye, and then, gathering up all my courage, and courting death that I might perchance win so glorious a crown of life, I stepped into the flames, and behold ! life such as ye can never know until ye feel it also flowed into me, and I came forth undying, and lovely beyond imagining. Then did I stretch out mine arms to thee, Kallikrates, and bid thee take thine immortal bride ; and behold, as I spoke, thou, blinded by my beauty, didst turn from me, and throw thine arms about the neck of Amenartas. And then a great fury filled me, and made me mad, and I seized the javelin that thou didst bear, and stabbed thee, so that there, at my very feet, in the place of Life, thou didst groan and go down into death. I knew not then that I had power to slay with mine eyes and will, therefore in my madness slew I with the javelin.

"And when thou wast dead, ah ! I wept, because I was undying and thou wast dead. I wept there in the place of Life so that had I been mortal any more my heart had surely broken. And she, the swart Egyptian — she cursed me by her gods. By Osiris did she curse me and by Isis, by Nephthys and by Hekt, by Sekhet, the lioness-headed, and by Set, calling down evil on me, evil and everlasting desolation. Ah ! I can see her dark face now lowering o'er me like a storm, but she could not hurt me, and I — I know not if I could hurt her. I did not try ; it was naught to me then ; so between us we bore thee hence. And afterward I sent her — the Egyptian — away through the swamps, and it seems that she lived to bear a son and to write the tale that should lead thee, her husband, back to me, her rival and thy murderess.

"Such is the tale, my love, and now is the hour at hand that shall set a crown upon it. Like all things on the earth, it is compounded of evil and of good — more of evil than of good, perchance — and writ in letters of blood. It is the truth ; naught have I hidden from thee, Kallikrates. And now one

thing before the final moment of thy trial. We go down into the presence of Death, for Life and Death are very near together, and — who knows? that might happen which should separate us for another space of waiting. I am but a woman, and no prophetess, and I cannot read the future. But this I know — for I learned it from the lips of the wise man Noot — that my life is but prolonged and made more bright. It cannot live for aye. Therefore before we go, tell me, O Kallikrates, that of a truth thou dost forgive me, and dost love me from thy heart. See, Kallikrates; much evil have I done — perchance it was evil but two nights gone to strike that girl who loved thee cold in death — but she disobeyed me and angered me, prophesying misfortune to me, and I smote. Be careful when power comes to thee also lest thou also shouldst smite in thine anger or thy jealousy, for unconquerable strength is a sore weapon in the hands of erring man. Yes, I have sinned — out of the bitterness born of a great love have I sinned — but yet do I know the good from the evil, nor is my heart altogether hardened. Thy love, O Kallikrates, shall be the gate of my redemption, even as aforetime my passion was the path down which I ran to evil. For deep love unsatisfied is the hell of noble hearts and a portion for the accursed, but love that is mirrored back more perfect from the soul of our desires doth fashion wings to lift us above ourselves, and make us what we might be. Therefore, Kallikrates, take me by the hand, and lift my veil with no more fear than though I were some peasant girl, and not the wisest and most beauteous woman in this world, and look me in the eyes, and tell me that thou dost forgive me with all thine heart, and that with all thine heart thou dost worship me.”

She paused, and the strange tenderness in her voice seemed to hover round us like a memory. I know that the sound of it moved me more even than her words, it was so very human — so very womanly. Leo, too, was strangely touched. Hitherto he had been fascinated against his better judgment, something as a bird is fascinated by a snake, but now I think that all this passed away, and he realized that he really loved this strange and glorious creature, as, alas! I loved her also. At any rate, I saw his eyes fill with tears, and he stepped swiftly to her and undid the gauzy veil, and then took her by the hand, and, gazing into her deep eyes, said aloud: —

“Aysha, I love thee with all my heart, and so far as for-

givenness is possible, I forgive thee the death of Ustane. For the rest, it is between thee and thy Maker; I know naught of it. I only know that I love thee as I never loved before, and that I will cleave to thee to the end."

"Now," answered Ayesha, with proud humility — "now when my lord doth speak thus royally and give with so free a hand, it cannot become me to lag behind in words and be beggared of my generosity. Behold!" and she took his hand and placed it upon her shapely head, and then bent herself slowly down till one knee for an instant touched the ground — "behold, in token of submission do I bow me to my lord. Behold," and she kissed him on the lips, "in token of my wifely love do I kiss my lord. Behold," and she laid her hand upon his heart, "by the sin I sinned, by my lonely centuries of waiting wherewith it was wiped out, by the great love wherewith I love, and by the Spirit — the Eternal Thing that doth beget all life, from whom it ebbs, to whom it doth return — I swear.

"I swear, even in this first most holy hour of completed Womanhood, I swear that I will abandon Evil and cherish Good. I swear that I will be ever guided by thy voice in the straightest path of Duty. I swear that I will eschew Ambition, and through all my length of endless days set Wisdom over me as a guiding star to lead me unto truth and a knowledge of the Right. I swear also that I will honor and will cherish thee, Kallikrates, who hath been swept by the wave of time back into my arms, ay, till the very end, come it soon or late. I swear — nay, I will swear no more, for what are words? Yet shalt thou learn that Ayesha hath no false tongue. So I have sworn, and thou, my Holly, art witness to my oath. Here, too, are we wed, my husband — wed till the end of all things; here do we write our marriage vows upon the rushing winds which shall bear them up to heaven, and round and continually round the rolling world, with the gloom for bridal canopy.

"And for a bridal gift to thee my beauty's starry crown, and enduring life and wisdom without measure, and wealth that none can count. Behold! the great ones of the earth shall creep about thy feet, and their fair women shall cover up their eyes because of the shining glory of thy face, and their wise ones shall be abased before thee. Thou shalt read the hearts of men as an open writing, and hither and thither shalt thou lead them as thy pleasure listeth. Like that old Sphinx of Egypt shalt thou sit aloft from age to age, and ever shall

they cry to thee to solve the riddle of thy greatness that doth not pass away, and ever shalt thou mock them with thy silence.

"Behold! once more I kiss thee, and by that kiss I give thee dominion over sea and earth, over the peasant in his hovel, over the monarch in his palace halls, and cities crowned with towers, and those who breathe therein. Where'er the sun shakes out his spears, where'er the lonesome waters mirror up the moon, where'er storms roll, and Heaven's painted bows arch in the sky—from the pure North shrouded in her snows, across the middle spaces of the world, to where the amorous South, lying like a bride upon her azure seas, breathes in sighs made sweet with myrtle bloom—there shall thy power pass, and thy dominion find a home. Nor sickness, nor icy finger fear, nor sorrow and pale waste of form and mind hovering ever o'er humanity shall so much as shadow thee with the shadow of their wings. As a God shalt thou be, holding good and evil in the hollow of thy hand, and I, even I, I humble myself before thee. Such is the power of Love, and such is the bridal gift I give unto thee, Kallikrates, royal son of Ra, my Lord and Lord of All.

"And now it is done—and come storm, come shine, come good, come evil, come life, come death, it never, never can be undone. For of a truth, that which is, is, and being done, is done for aye, and cannot be altered. I have said.—Let us hence, that all things may be accomplished in their order;" and, taking one of the lamps, she advanced toward the end of the chamber that was roofed in by the swaying stone, where she halted.

We followed her, and perceived that in the wall of the cone there was a stair, or, to be more accurate, that some projecting knobs of rock had been so shaped as to form a good imitation of a stair. Down this Ayesha began to climb, springing from step to step like a chamois, and after her we followed with less grace. When we had descended some fifteen or sixteen steps, we found that they ended in a tremendous rocky slope, running first outward and then inward, like the slope of an inverted cone or tunnel. The slope was very steep, and often precipitous, but it was nowhere impassable, and by the light of the lamps we went down it with no great difficulty, though it was gloomy work enough traveling on thus, no one of us knew whither, in the dead heart of a volcano. As we went, however, I took the precaution of noting our route as well as I could; and this

was not difficult, owing to the extraordinary and most fantastic shape of the rocks that were strewn about, many of which in that dim light looked more like the grim faces carved upon mediæval gargoyles than ordinary bowlders.

For a long period we traveled on thus, half an hour, I should say, till, after we had descended for many hundreds of feet, I perceived that we were reaching the point of the inverted cone. In another minute we were there, and found that at the very apex of the funnel was a passage so low and narrow that we had to stoop as we crept along it in Indian file. After some fifty yards of this creeping, the passage suddenly widened into a cave, so huge that we could see neither the roof nor the sides. We only knew that it was a cave by the echo of our tread and the perfect quiet of the heavy air. On we went for many minutes in absolute awed silence, like lost souls in the depth of Tartarus, Ayesha's white and ghostlike form flitting in front of us, till once more the cavern ended in a passage which opened into a second cavern much smaller than the first. Indeed, we could clearly make out the arch and stony banks of this second cave, and, from their rent and jagged appearance, discovered that, like the first long passage through which we had passed in the cliff, before we came to the quivering spur, it had to all appearance been torn in the bowels of the rock by the terrific force of some explosive gas. At length this cave ended in a third passage, through which gleamed a faint glow of light.

I heard Ayesha give a sigh of relief as this light dawned upon us.

"It is well," she said; "prepare to enter the very womb of the Earth, wherein she doth conceive the Life that ye see brought forth in man and beast—ay, and in every tree and flower."

Swiftly she sped along, and after her we stumbled as best we might, our hearts filled like a cup with mingled dread and curiosity. What were we about to see? We passed down the tunnel; stronger and stronger the light beamed, reaching us in great flashes like the rays from a lighthouse, as one by one they are thrown wide upon the darkness of the waters. Nor was this all, for with the flashes came a soul-shaking sound like that of thunder and of crashing trees. Now we were through it, and—oh, heavens!

We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by,

perhaps, as great a height, and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others, it was filled with a soft glow of rose-colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes, and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing at the wonderful sight, and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern with a grinding and crashing noise—a noise so dreadful and awe-inspiring that we all trembled, and Job actually sank to his knees—there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-colored, and, like the lightning, bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away—I know not whither—leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

“Draw near, draw near!” cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. “Behold the very Fountain and Heart of Life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright Spirit of the Globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength—not as it now feebly glows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very fount and seat of Being.”

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed. And as we went we became sensible of a wild and splendid exhilaration, of a glorious sense of such a fierce intensity of Life that the most buoyant moments of our strength seemed flat and tame and feeble beside it. It was the mere effluvium of the flame, the subtle ether that it cast off as it passed, working on us, and making us feel strong as giants and swift as eagles.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud—even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week—in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that

I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearean beauty, all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind, it was as though the bonds of my flesh had been loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtler thought than ever it had been my lot to do before. I was another and most glorified self, and all the avenues of the Possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the Real.

Then suddenly, whilst I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new-found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like all the thunder wheels of Heaven behind the horses of the lightning. On it came, and with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many-colored light, and stood before us for a space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound, passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save She, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sank down before it and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Thou must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that thou lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but of a truth — I am no coward — but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless will I do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said: —

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud; "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly. See now, I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days if that be possible. If it be not possible, at least it cannot harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "is there another and a deeper cause why I would once again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue, full was my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that sad hour to this. But now it is otherwise. Now is my mood a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of thought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire, empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings, and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation; ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept on silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what thou art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what thou shalt be for all unreckoned time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour was at hand, and thou wast about to cross to the land of shadows, and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

V. WHAT WE SAW.

Then came a few moments' pause during which Ayesha seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial, while we clung to each other, and waited in utter silence.

At last, from far, far away came the first murmur of sound, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow in the distance. As she heard it, Ayesha swiftly threw off her gauzy wrapping, loosened the golden snake from her kirtle, and then,

shaking her lovely hair about her like a garment, beneath its cover slipped the kirtle off, and replaced the snaky belt around her and outside the masses of falling hair. There she stood before us as Eve might have stood before Adam, clad in nothing but her abundant locks, held round by her golden band; and no words of mine can tell how sweet she looked — and yet how divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder wheels of fire, and as they came she pushed one ivory arm through the dark masses of her hair and flung it round Leo's neck.

"Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, "wilt thou ever know how I have loved thee!" and she kissed him on the forehead, and then went and stood in the pathway of the flame of Life.

There was, I remember, to my mind something very touching about the words and that embrace upon the forehead. It was like a mother's kiss, and seemed to convey a benediction with it.

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof was as though a forest were being swept flat by a mighty wind, and then tossed up by it like so much grass, and thundered down a mountain side. Nearer and nearer it came; now flashes of light, forerunners of the revolving pillar of flame, were passing like arrows through the rosy air, and now the edge of the pillar itself appeared. Ayesha turned toward it, and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came, very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. I saw the fire run up her form. I saw her lift it with both her hands as though it were water, and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth and draw it down into her lungs, and a dread and wonderful sight it was.

Then she paused and stretched out her arms, and stood there quite still, with a heavenly smile upon her face, as though she were the very Spirit of the Flame.

The mysterious fire played up and down her dark and rolling locks, twining and twisting itself through and around them like threads of golden lace; it gleamed upon her ivory breast and shoulder, from which the hair had slipped aside; it slid along her pillared throat and delicate features, and seemed to find a home in the glorious eyes that shone and shone more brightly even than the spiritual essence.

Oh, how beautiful she looked there in the flame! No angel out of heaven could have worn a greater loveliness. Even now

my heart faints before the recollection of it, as she stood and smiled at our awed faces, and I would give half my remaining time upon this earth to see her once like that again.

But suddenly — more suddenly than I can describe — a kind of change came over her face, a change which I could not define or explain on paper, but none the less a change. The smile vanished and in its place there came a dry, hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon it. The glorious eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its perfect shape and erectness.

I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I was the victim of some hallucination, or that the refraction from the intense light produced an optical delusion; and as I did so, the flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off whithersoever it passes to in the bowels of the great earth, leaving Ayesha standing where it had been.

As soon as it was gone she stepped forward to Leo's side — it seemed to me that there was no spring in her step — and stretched out her hand to lay it on his shoulder. I gazed at her arm. Where was its wonderful roundness and beauty? It was getting thin and angular. And her face — by Heaven! — *her face was growing old before my eyes!* I suppose that Leo saw it also; certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"What is it, my Kallikrates?" she said, and her voice — what was the matter with those deep and thrilling notes? They were quite high and cracked.

"Why, what is it — what is it?" she said confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the quality of the fire hath not altered. Can the principle of Life alter? Tell me, Kallikrates, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear," and she put her hand to her head and touched her hair — and, oh, *horror of horrors!* — it all fell off upon the floor, leaving her utterly bald.

"Oh, *look! look! look!*" shrieked Job, in a shrill falsetto of terror, his eyes nearly dropping out of his head, and foam upon his lips. "*Look! look! look!* she's shriveling up! she's turning into a monkey!" and down he fell upon the floor, foaming and gnashing in a fit.

True enough — I faint even as I write it in the living presence of that terrible recollection — she *was* shriveling up; the golden snake that had encircled her gracious form slipped over

her hips and fell upon the ground ; smaller and smaller she grew ; her skin changed color, and in place of the perfect whiteness of its luster it turned dirty brown and yellow, like an old piece of withered parchment. She felt at her bald head ; the delicate hand was nothing but a claw now, a human talon, like that of a badly preserved Egyptian mummy, and then she seemed to realize what kind of change was passing over her, and she shrieked — ah, she shrieked ! — she rolled upon the floor and shrieked !

Smaller she grew, and smaller yet, till she was no larger than a she baboon. Now the skin was puckered into a million wrinkles, and on the shapeless face was the stamp of unutterable age. I never saw anything like it ; nobody ever saw anything like the frightful age that was graven on that fearful countenance, no bigger now than that of a two months' child, though the skull remained the same size, or nearly so, — and let all men pray to God they never may, if they wish to keep their reason.

At last she lay still, or only feebly moving. She who but two minutes before had gazed upon us the loveliest, noblest, most splendid woman the world had ever seen, she lay still before us, near the masses of her own dark hair, no larger than a big monkey, and hideous — ah, too hideous for words. And yet think of this — at that very moment I thought of it — it was the same woman !

She was dying ; we saw it, and thanked God — for while she lived she could feel, and what must she have felt ? She raised herself upon her bony hands, and blindly gazed around her, swaying her head slowly from side to side as a tortoise does. She could not see, for her whitish eyes were covered with a horny film. Oh, the horrible pathos of the sight ! But she could still speak.

"Kallikrates," she said in husky, trembling notes. "Forget me not, Kallikrates. Have pity on my shame ; I shall come again, and shall once more be beautiful, I swear it — it is true ! Oh — h — h — h ! " and she fell upon her face and was still.

On the very spot where twenty centuries before she had slain the old Kallikrates, she herself fell down and died.

Overcome with the extremity of horror, we, too, fell on the sandy floor of that dread place, and swooned away.

I know not how long we lay thus. Many hours, I suppose.

When at last I opened my eyes, the other two were still outstretched upon the floor. The rosy light still beamed like a celestial dawn, and the thunder wheels of the Spirit of Life still rolled upon their accustomed track, for as I awoke the great pillar was passing away. There, too, lay the hideous little monkey frame, covered with crinkled yellow parchment, that once had been the glorious She. Alas! it was no hideous dream — it was an awful and unparalleled fact!

What had happened to bring this shocking change about? Had the nature of the life-giving Fire changed? Did it perhaps from time to time send forth an essence of Death instead of an essence of Life? Or was it that the frame once charged with its marvelous virtue could bear no more, so that were the process repeated — it mattered not at what lapse of time — the two impregnations neutralized each other, and left the body on which they acted as it was before it ever came into contact with the very essence of life? This, and this alone, would account for the sudden and terrible aging of Ayesha, as the whole length of her two thousand years took effect upon her. I have not the slightest doubt myself but that the frame now lying before me was just what the frame of a woman would be if by any extraordinary means life could be preserved in her till she at length died at the age of twenty-two centuries.

But who can tell what had happened? There was the fact. Often since that awful hour I have reflected that it required no great stretch of imagination to see the finger of Providence in the matter. Ayesha locked up in her living tomb, waiting from age to age for the coming of her lover, worked but a small change in the order of the World. But Ayesha strong and happy in her love, clothed in immortal youth and godlike beauty, and the wisdom of the centuries, would have revolutionized society, and even perchance have changed the destiny of Mankind. Thus she opposed herself against the eternal Law, and strong though she was, by it was swept back to nothingness, swept back with shame and hideous mockery.

For some minutes I lay faintly turning these terrors over in my mind, while my physical strength came back to me, which it soon did in that buoyant atmosphere. Then I bethought me of the others, and staggered to my feet, to see if I could arouse them. But first I took up Ayesha's kirtle and the gauzy scarf with which she had been wont to hide her dazzling loveliness from the eyes of men, and, averting my head so that I might

not look upon it, covered up that dreadful relic of the glorious dead, that shocking epitome of human beauty and human life. I did this hurriedly, fearing lest Leo should recover and see it again.

Then, stepping over the perfumed masses of dark hair that lay upon the sand, I stooped down by Job, who was lying upon his face, and turned him over. As I did so, his arm fell back in a way that I did not like, and which sent a chill through me, and I glanced sharply at him. One look was enough. Our old and faithful servant was dead. His nerves, already shattered by all he had seen and undergone, had utterly broken down beneath this last dire sight, and he had died of terror, or in a fit brought on by terror. One had only to look at his face to see it.

It was another blow ; but perhaps it may help people to understand how overwhelmingly awful was the experience through which we had passed—we did not feel it much at the time. It seemed quite natural that the poor old fellow should be dead. When Leo came to himself, which he did with a groan and trembling of the limbs about ten minutes afterwards, and I told him that Job was dead, he merely said, "Oh!" And, mind you, this was from no heartlessness, for he and Job were much attached to each other ; and he often talks of him now with the deepest regret and affection. It was only that his nerves would bear no more. A harp can only give out a certain quantity of sound, however heavily it is smitten.

Well, I set myself to recovering Leo, who, to my infinite relief, I found was not dead, but only fainting, and in the end I succeeded, as I have said, and he sat up ; and then I saw another dreadful thing. When we entered that awful place his curling hair had been of the ruddiest gold, now it was turning gray, and by the time we gained the outer air it was snow-white. Besides, he looked twenty years older.

"What is to be done, old fellow?" he said in a hollow, dead sort of voice, when his mind had cleared a little, and a recollection of what had happened forced itself upon it.

"Try and get out, I suppose," I answered ; "that is, unless you would like to go in there," and I pointed to the column of fire that was once more rolling by.

"I would go in there if I were sure that it would kill me," he said with a little laugh. "It was my cursed hesitation that did

this. If I had not been afraid, she might never have tried to show me the road. But I am not sure. The fire might have the opposite effect upon me. It might make me immortal; and, old fellow, I have not the patience to wait a couple of thousand years for her to come back again as she did for me, I had rather die when my hour comes—and I should fancy that it isn't far off either—and go my ways to look for her. Do you go in, if you like."

But I merely shook my head; my excitement was as dead as ditch water, and my distaste for the prolongation of my mortal span had come back on me more strongly than ever. Besides, we neither of us knew what the effects of the fire might be. The result upon She had not been of an encouraging nature, and of the exact causes that produced that result we were, of course, ignorant.

"Well, my boy," I said, "we can't stop here till we go the way of those two," and I pointed to the little heap under the white garment and to the stiffening corpse of poor Job. "If we are going we had better go. But, by the way, I expect that the lamps have burned out;" and I took one up and looked at it, and sure enough it had.

"There is some more oil in the vase," said Leo, indifferently, "if it is not broken, at least."

I examined the vessel in question—it was intact. With a trembling hand I filled the lamps—luckily there was still some of the linen wick unburned. Then I lit them with one of our wax matches. While I did so we heard the pillar of fire approaching once more as it went on its never-ending journey, if, indeed, it was the same pillar that passed and repassed in a circle.

"Let's see it come once more," said Leo; "we shall never look upon its like again in this world."

It seemed a bit of idle curiosity, but somehow I shared it, and so we waited till, turning slowly round upon its own axis, it had flamed and thundered by; and I remember wondering for how many thousands of years this same phenomenon had been taking place in the bowels of the earth, and for how many more thousands it would continue to take place. I wondered also if any mortal eyes would ever again mark its passage, or any mortal ears be thrilled and fascinated by the swelling volume of its majestic sound. I do not think that they will. I believe that we are the last human beings who will ever see

that unearthly sight. Presently it had gone, and we, too, turned to go.

But before we did so we each took Job's cold hand in ours and shook it. It was a rather ghastly ceremony, but it was the only means in our power of showing our respect to the faithful dead and of celebrating his obsequies. The heap beneath the white garment we did not uncover. We had no wish to look upon that terrible sight again. But we went to the pile of rippling hair that had fallen from her in the agony of the hideous change which was worse than a thousand natural deaths, and each of us drew from it a shining lock, and these locks we still have, the sole memento that is left to us of Ayesha as we knew her in the fullness of her grace and glory. Leo pressed the perfumed hair to his lips.

"She called to me not to forget her," he said hoarsely—"and swore that we should meet again. By Heaven! I never will forget her. Here I swear that, if we live to get out of this, I will not for all my days have anything to say to another living woman, and that wherever I go I will wait for her as faithfully as she waited for me."

"Yes," I thought to myself, "if she comes back beautiful as we knew her. But supposing she came back like that!"

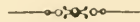
Well, and then we went. We went, and left those two in the presence of the very well and spring of life, but gathered to the cold company of death. How lonely they looked as they lay there, and how ill sorted! That little heap had been for two thousand years the wisest, loveliest, proudest creature—I can hardly call her woman—in the whole universe. She had been wicked, too, in her way; but, alas! such is the frailty of the human heart, her wickedness had not detracted from her charm. Indeed, I am by no means certain that it did not add to it. It was, after all, of a grand order; there was nothing mean or small about Ayesha.

And poor Job, too! His presentiment had come true, and there was an end of him. Well, he had a strange burial place—no Norfolk hind ever had a stranger, or ever will; and it is something to lie in the same sepulcher with the poor remains of the imperial She.

We looked our last upon them and the indescribable rosy glow in which they lay, and then with hearts far too heavy for words we left them, and crept thence broken-down men—so broken-down that we even renounced the chance of practically

immortal life, because all that made life valuable had gone from us, and we knew even then that to prolong our days indefinitely would only be to prolong our sufferings. For we felt — yes, both of us — that having once looked Ayesha in the eyes we could not forget her forever and ever while memory and identity remained. We both loved her now and for always; she was stamped and carven on our hearts, and no other woman could ever raze that splendid die. And I — there lies the sting — I had and have no right to think thus of her. As she told me, I was naught to her, and never shall be through the unfathomed depths of time, unless, indeed, conditions alter, and a day comes at last when two men may love one woman, and all three be happy in the fact. It is the only hope of my broken-heartedness, and a rather faint one. Beyond it I have nothing. I have paid down this heavy price, all that I am worth here and hereafter, and that is my sole reward. With Leo it is different, and often and often I bitterly envy him his happy lot, for if She was right, and her wisdom and knowledge did not fail her at the last, which arguing from the precedent of her own case I think unlikely, he has some future to look forward to. But I have none, and yet — mark the folly and the weakness of the human heart, and let him who is wise learn wisdom from it — yet I would not have it otherwise. I mean that I am content to give what I have given and must always give, and take in payment those crumbs that fall from my mistress' table, the memory of a few kind words, the hope one day in the far undreamed future of a sweet smile or two of recognition, and a little show of thanks for my devotion to her — and Leo.

If that does not constitute true love, I do not know what does, and all I have to say is that it is a very bad state of mind for a man on the wrong side of middle age to fall into.



SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

By HENRY CAREY.

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely —
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:

I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley;
 But when my seven long years are out
 O then I'll marry Sally,—
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley!



HEMAN'S MA.

By ALICE BROWN.

(From "Meadow Grass." By permission of Copeland & Day.)

[ALICE BROWN, of Boston, is the author of "Fools of Nature," "Meadow Grass," "By Oak and Thorn," and lives of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mercy Otis Warren.]

It was half-past nine of a radiant winter's night, and the Widder Poll's tooth still ached, though she was chewing cloves, and had applied a cracker poultice to her cheek. She was walking back and forth through the great low-studded kitchen, where uncouth shadows lurked and brooded, still showing themselves ready to leap aloft with any slightest motion of the flames that lived behind the old black firedogs. At every trip across the room, she stopped to look from the window into the silver paradise without, and at every glance she groaned, as if groaning were a duty. The kitchen was unlighted save by the fire and one guttering candle; but even through such inadequate illumination the Widder Poll was a figure calculated to stir rich merriment in a satirical mind. Her contour was rather square than oblong, and she was very heavy. In fact, she had begun to announce that her ankles wouldn't bear her much longer, and she should "see the day when she'd have to set by, from mornin' to night, like old Anratty Green that had the dropsy so many years afore she was laid away." Her face, also, was cut upon the broadest pattern in common use, and her small, dull eyes and closely shut mouth gave token of that firmness which, save in ourselves, we call obstinacy. To-night, however, her features were devoid of even their wonted dignity,

compressed, as they had been, by the bandage encircling her face. She looked like a caricature of her unprepossessing self. On one of her uneasy journeys to the window, she caught the sound of sleigh bells; and staying only to assure herself of their familiar ring, she hastily closed the shutter, and, going back to the fireplace, sank into a chair there, and huddled over the blaze. The sleigh drove slowly into the yard, and after the necessary delay of unharnessing, a man pushed open the side door, and entered the kitchen. He, too, was short and square of build, though he had no superfluous flesh. His ankles would doubtless continue to bear him for many a year to come. His face was but slightly accented; he had very thin eyebrows, light hair, and only a shaggy fringe of whisker beneath the chin. This was Heman Blaisdell, the Widder Poll's brother-in-law, for whom she had persistently kept house ever since the death of his wife, four years ago. He came in without speaking, and after shaking himself out of his greatcoat, sat silently down in his armchair by the fire. The Widder Poll held both hands to her face, and groaned again. At length, curiosity overcame her, and, quite against her judgment, she spoke. She was always resolving that she would never again take the initiative; but every time her resolution went down before the certainty that if she did not talk, there would be no conversation at all, — for Heman had a staying power that was positively amazing.

"Well?" she began interrogatively.

Heman only stirred slightly in his chair.

"*Well!* ain't you going to tell me what went on at the meetin'?"

Her quarry answered patiently, yet with a certain dogged resistance of her: —

"I dunno's there's anything to tell."

"How'd it go off?"

"'Bout as usual."

"Did you speak?"

"No."

"Lead in prayer?"

"No."

"Wa'n't you *asked*?"

"No."

"Well, my soul! Was Roxy Cole there?"

"Yes."

"Did you fetch her home?"

"No, I didn't!" Some mild exasperation animated his tone at last. The Widder detected it, and occupied herself with her tooth.

"My soul an' body! I wonder if it's goin' to grumble all night long!" she exclaimed, bending lower over the blaze. "I've tried everything but a roasted raisin, an' I b'lieve I shall come to that."

Heman rose, and opened the clock on the mantle; he drew forth the key from under the pendulum, and slowly wound up the time-worn machinery. In another instant, he would be on his way to bed; the Widder knew she must waste no time in hurt silence, if she meant to find out anything. She began hastily: —

"Did they say anything about the church fair?"

"They ain't goin' to have it."

"Not have it! Well, how *be* they goin' to git the shinglin' paid for?"

"They've got up the idee of an Old Folks' Concert."

"Singin'?"

"Singin' an' playin'."

"Who's goin' to play?"

"Brad Freeman an' Jont Marshall agreed to play fust an' second fiddle." Heman paused a moment, and straightened himself with an air of conscious pride; then he added: —

"They've asked me to play the bass viol."

The Widder had no special objections to this arrangement, but it did strike her as an innovation; and when she had no other reason for disapproval, she still believed in it on general principles. So altogether effective a weapon should never rust from infrequent use!

"Well!" she announced. "I never heard of such carry-in's-on, — never!"

Heman was lighting a small kerosene lamp. The little circle of light seemed even brilliant in the dusky room; it affected him with a relief so sudden and manifest as to rouse also a temporary irritation at having endured the previous gloom even for a moment.

"Ain't you got no oil in 'the house?" he exclaimed testily. "I wish you'd light up, evenin's, an' not set here by one taller candle!"

He had ventured on this remonstrance before, the only one

he permitted himself against his housekeeper's ways, and at the instant of making it, he realized its futility.

"The gre't lamp's all full," said the Widder, warming her apron and pressing it to her poulticed face. "You can light it, if you've got the heart to. That was poor Mary's lamp, an' hard as I've tried, I never could bring myself to put a match to that wick. How many evenin's I've seen her set by it, rockin' back'ards an' for'ards, — an' her needle goin' in an' out! She was a worker, if ever there was one, poor creatur'! At it all the time, jes' like a silkworm."

Heman was perfectly familiar with this explanation; from long repetition, he had it quite by heart. Possibly that was why he did not wait for its conclusion, but tramped stolidly away to his bedroom, where he had begun to kick off his shoes by the time his sister-in-law reached a period.

The Widder had a fresh poultice waiting by the fire. She applied it to her cheek, did up her face in an old flannel petticoat, and then, having covered the fire, toiled up to bed. It was a wearisome journey, for she carried a heavy soapstone which showed a tendency to conflict with the candle, and she found it necessary to hold together most of her garments; these she had "loosened a mite by the fire," according to custom on cold nights, after Heman had left her the field.

Next day, Heman went away into the woods chopping, and carried his dinner of doughnuts and cheese, with a chunk of bean porridge frozen into a ball, to be thawed out by his noon-time fire. He returned much earlier than usual, and the Widder was at the window awaiting him. The swelling in her cheek had somewhat subsided; and the bandage, no longer distended by a poultice beneath, seemed, in comparison, a species of holiday device. She was very impatient. She watched Heman, as he went first to the barn; and even opened the back door a crack to listen for the rattling of chains, the signal of feeding or watering.

"What's he want to do that now for!" she muttered, closing the door again, as the cold struck her cheek. "He'll have to feed 'em agin, come night!"

But at last he came, and, according to his silent wont, crossed the kitchen to the sink, to wash his hands. He was an unobservant man, and it did not occur to him that the Widder had on her Tycoon rep, the gown she kept "for nice." Indeed, he was so unused to looking at her that he might well have for-

gotten her outward appearance. He was only sure of her size; he knew she cut off a good deal of light. One sign, however, he did recognize; she was very cheerful, with a hollow good nature which had its meaning.

"I got your shavin' water all ready," she began. "Don't you burn ye when ye turn it out."

It had once been said of the Widder Poll that if she could hold her tongue, the devil himself couldn't get ahead of her. But fortune had not gifted her with such endurance, and she always spoke too often and too soon.

"Brad Freeman's been up here," she continued, eying Heman, as she drew out the supper table and put up the leaves. "I dunno's I ever knew anybody so took up as he is with that concert, an' goin' to the vestry to sing to-night, an' all. He said he'd call here an' ride 'long o' you, an' I told him there'd be plenty o' room, for you'd take the pung."

If Heman felt any surprise at her knowledge of his purpose, he did not betray it. He poured out his shaving water, and looked about him for an old newspaper.

"I ain't goin' in the pung," he answered, without glancing at her. "The shoe's most off'n one o' the runners now."

The Widder Poll set a pie on the table with an emphasis unconsciously embodying her sense that now, indeed, had come the time for remedies.

"I dunno what you can take," she remarked, with that same foreboding liveliness. "Three on a seat, an' your bass viol, too!"

Heman was lathering his cheeks before the mirror, where a sinuous Venus and a too-corpulent Cupid disported themselves in a green landscape above the glass. "There ain't goin' to be three," he said patiently. "T'others are goin' by themselves."

The Widder took up her stand at a well-chosen angle, and looked at him in silence. He paid no attention to her, and it was she who, of necessity, broke into speech.

"Well! I've got no more to say. Do you mean to tell me you'd go off playin' on fiddles an' bass viols, an' leave me, your own wife's sister, settin' here the whole evenin' long, all swelled up with the toothache?"

Heman often felt that he had reached a state of mind where nothing could surprise him, but this point of view was really unexpected. He decided, however, with some scorn, that the

present misunderstanding might arise from a confusion of terms in the feminine mind.

"This ain't the concert," he replied, much as if she had proposed going to the polls. "It's the rehearsal. That means where you play the tunes over. The concert ain't comin' off for a month."

And now the Widder Poll spoke with the air of one injured almost beyond reparation.

"I'd like to know what difference that makes! If a man's goin' where he can't take his women folks, I say he'd better stay to home! an' if there's things goin' on there't you don't want me to git hold of, I tell you, Heman Blaisdell, you'd better by half stop shavin' you now, an' take yourself off to bed at seven o'clock! Traipsin' round playin' the fiddle at your age! Ain't I fond o' music?"

"No, you ain't!" burst forth Heman, roused to brief revolt where his beloved instrument was concerned. "You don't know 'Old Hunderd' from 'Yankee Doodle'!"

The Widder walked round the table and confronted him as he was turning away from the glass, shaving mug in hand.

"You answer me one question! I know who's goin' to be there, an' set in the chorus an' sing alto. Brad Freeman told me, as innercent as a lamb. Heman Blaisdell, you answer me! Be you goin' to bring anybody here to this house, an' set her in poor Mary's place? If you be, I ought to be the fust one to know it."

Heman looked at the shaving mug for a moment, as if he contemplated dashing it to the floor. Then he tightened his grasp on it, like one putting the devil behind him.

"No, I ain't," he said doggedly, adding under his breath, "not unless I'm drove to't."

"I dunno who could ha' done more," said the Widder, so patently with the air of continuing for an indefinite period that Heman reached up for his hat. "Where you goin'? Mercy sakes alive! don't you mean to eat no supper, now I've got it all ready?"

But Heman pushed his way past her and escaped, muttering something about "feedin' the critters." Perhaps the "critters" under his care were fed oftener than those on farms where the ingle nook was at least as cozy as the barn.

These slight skirmishes always left Heman with an uneasy

sense that somehow he also must be to blame, though he never got beyond wondering what could have been done to avert the squall. When he went back into the kitchen, however, — the “critters” fed, and his own nerves soothed by pitchforking the haymow with the vigor of one who assaults a citadel, — he was much relieved at finding the atmosphere as clear as usual; and as the early twilight drew on, he became almost happy at thought of the vivid pleasure before him. Never, since his wife died, had he played his bass viol in public; but he had long been in the habit of “slying off” upstairs to it, as to a tryst with lover or friend whom the world denied. The Widder Poll, though she heard it wailing and droning thence, never seriously objected to it; the practice was undoubtedly “shal-ler,” but it kept him in the house.

They ate supper in silence; and then, while she washed the dishes, Heman changed his clothes, and went to the barn to harness. He stood for a moment, irresolute, when the horse was ready, and then backed him into the old blue pung. A queer little smile lurked at the corners of his mouth.

“I guess the shoe’ll go once more,” he muttered. “No, I ain’t goin’ to marry agin! I said I ain’t, an’ I ain’t. But I guess I can give a neighbor a lift, if I want to!”

Brad Freeman was waiting near the back door when Heman led the horse out of the barn. He was lank and lean, and his thick red hair strayed low over the forehead. His army overcoat was rent here and there beyond the salvation which lay in his wife’s patient mending, and his old fur cap showed the skin in moth-eaten patches; yet Heman thought, with a wondering protest, how young he looked, how free from care.

“Hullo, Heman!” called Brad.

“How are ye?” responded Heman, with a cordiality Brad never failed to elicit from his brother man.

Heman left the horse standing, and opened the back door.

He stopped short. An awful vision confronted him, — the Widder Poll, clad not only in the Tycoon rep, but her best palm-leaf shawl, her fitch tippet, and pumpkin hood; her face was still bandaged, and her head gear had been enwound by a green *barège* veil. She stepped forward with an alertness quite unusual in one so accustomed to remembering her weight of mortal flesh.

“Here!” she called, “you kind o’ help me climb in. I ain’t so spry as I was once. You better give me a real boost.

But, land ! I mustn't talk. I wouldn't git a mite of air into that tooth for a dollar bill."

Heman stepped into the house for his bass viol, and brought it out with an extremity of tender care ; he placed it, enveloped in its green-baize covering, in the bottom of the pung. Some ludicrous association between the baize and the green *barège* veil struck Brad so forcibly that he gave vent to a chuckle, sliding cleverly into a cough. He tried to meet Heman's eye, but Heman only motioned him to get in, and took his own place without a word. Brad wondered if he could be ill ; his face had grown yellowish in its pallor, and he seemed to breathe heavily.

Midway in their drive to the vestry, they passed a woman walking briskly along in the snowy track. She was carrying her singing books under one arm, and holding her head high with that proud lift which had seemed, more than anything else, to keep alive her girlhood's charm.

"There's Roxy," said Brad. "Here, Heman, you let me jump out, an' you give her a lift." But Heman looked straight before him, and drove on.

By the time they entered Tiverton Street, the vestry was full of chattering groups. Heman was the last to arrive. He made a long job of covering the horse, inside the shed, resolved that nothing should tempt him to face the general mirth at the Widder's entrance. For he could not deceive himself as to the world's amused estimate of her guardianship and his submission. He had even withdrawn from the School Board, where he had once been proud to figure, because, entering the school-room one day at recess, he had seen, on a confiscated slate at the teacher's desk, a rough caricature representing "Heman and his Ma." The Ma was at least half the size of the slate, while Heman was microscopic ; but, alas ! his inflamed consciousness found in both a resemblance which would mightily have surprised the artist. He felt that if he ever saw another testimony of art to his unworthiness, he might commit murder.

When he did muster courage to push open the vestry door, the Widder Poll sat alone by the stove, still unwinding her voluminous wrappings, and the singers had very pointedly withdrawn by themselves. Brad and Jont had begun to tune their fiddles, and the first prelusive snapping of strings at once awakened Heman's nerves to a pleasant tingling ; he was excited at the nearness of the coming joy. He drew a full breath

when it struck home to him, with the warm certainty of a happy truth, that if he did not look at her, even the Widder Poll could hardly spoil his evening. Everybody greeted him with unusual kindness, though some could not refrain from coupling their word with a meaning glance at the colossal figure near the stove. One even whispered:—

“She treed ye, didn’t she, Heman?”

He did not trust himself to answer, but drew the covering from his own treasure, and began his part of the delicious snapping and screwing.

“Where’s Roxy?” called Jont Marshall. “Can’t do without her alto. Anybody seen her?”

Roxy was really very late, and Heman could not help wondering whether she had delayed in starting because she had expected a friendly invitation to ride. “All right,” he reflected bitterly. “She must get used to it.”

The door opened, and Roxy came in. She had been walking fast, and her color was high. Heman stole one glance at her, under cover of the saluting voices. She was forty years old, yet her hair had not one silver thread, and at that instant of happy animation, she looked strikingly like her elder sister, to whom Heman used to give lozenges when they were boy and girl together, and who died in India. Then Roxy took her place, and Heman bent over his bass viol. The rehearsal began. Heman forgot all about his keeper sitting by the stove, as the old, familiar tunes swelled up in the little room, and one antique phrase after another awoke nerve cells all unaccustomed nowadays to thrilling. He could remember just when he first learned “The Mellow Horn,” and how his uncle, the sailor, had used to sing it. “Fly like a youthful hart or roe!” Were there spices still left on the hills of life? Ah, but only for youth to smell and gather! Boldly, with a happy bravado, the choir sang:—

“The British yoke, the Gallic chain,
Were placed upon our necks in vain!”

And then came the pious climax of “Coronation,” “America,” and the Doxology. Above the tumult of voices following the end of rehearsal, some one announced the decision to meet on Wednesday night; and Heman, his bass viol again in its case, awoke, and saw the Widder putting on her green veil. Rosa

Tolman nudged her intimate friend, Laura Pettis, behind Heman's back and whispered : —

"I wonder if she's had a good time ! There ain't been a soul for her to speak to, the whole evenin' long !"

The other girl laughed, with a delicious sense of fun in the situation, and Heman recoiled ; the sound was like a blow in the face.

"Say, Heman," said Brad, speaking in his ear, "I guess I'll walk home, so't you can take in Roxy."

But Heman had bent his head, and was moving along with the rest, like a man under a burden.

"No," said he, drearily. "I can't. You come along."

His tone was quite conclusive ; and Brad, albeit wondering, said no more. The three packed themselves into the pung, and drove away. Heman was conscious of some dull relief in remembering that he need not pass Roxy again on the road, for he heard her voice ring out clearly from a group near the church. He wondered if anybody would go home with her, and whether she minded the dark "spell o' woods" by the river. No matter ! It was of no use. She must get used to her own company.

The Widder was almost torpid from her long sojourn by the stove ; but the tingling air roused her at last, and she spoke, though mumblingly, remembering her tooth : —

"Proper nice tunes, wa'n't they ? Was most on 'em new ?"

But Brad could not hear, and left it for Heman to answer ; and Heman gave his head a little restive shake, and said "No." At his own gate, he stopped.

"I guess I won't car' you down home," he said to Brad.

It was only a stone's throw. Brad hesitated.

"No, I didn't mean for ye to," answered he, "but I'll stop an' help unharness."

"No," said Heman, gently. "You better not. I'd ruther do it." Even a friendly voice had become unbearable in his ears.

So Brad stepped down, lifted out his fiddle case, and said good night. Heman drove into the yard, and stopped before the kitchen door. He took the reins in one hand, and held out the other to the Widder.

"You be a mite careful o' your feet," he said. "That bass viol slipped a little for'ard when we come down Lamson's Hill."

She rose ponderously. She seemed to sway and hesitate ;

then she set one foot cautiously forward in the pung. There was a rending crash. The Widder Poll had stepped into the bass viol. She gave a little scream, and plunged forward.

"My foot's ketched!" she cried. "Can't you help me out?"

Heman dropped the reins; he put his hands on her arms, and pulled her forward. He never knew whether she reached the ground on her feet or her knees. Then he pushed past her, where she floundered, and lifted out his darling. He carried it into the kitchen, and lighted the candle, with trembling hands. He drew back the cover. The bass viol had its mortal wound; he could have laid both fists into the hole. He groaned.

"My God Almighty!" he said aloud.

The Widder Poll had stumbled into the room. She threw back her green veil, and her face shone ivory white under its shadow; her small eyes were starting. She looked like a culprit whom direst vengeance had overtaken at last. At the sound of her step, Heman lifted his hurt treasure, carried it tenderly into his bedroom, and shut the door upon it. He turned about, and walked past her out of the house. The Widder Poll followed him, wringing her mittened hands.

"O Heman!" she cried, "don't you look like that! Oh, you'll do yourself some mischief, I know you will!"

But Heman had climbed into the pung, and given Old Gameleg a vicious cut. Swinging out of the yard they went; and the Widder Poll ran after until, just outside the gate, she reflected that she never could overtake him and that her ankles were weak; then she returned to the house, groaning.

Heman was conscious of one thought only: if any man had come home with Roxy, he should kill him with his own hands. He drove on, almost to the vestry, and found no trace of her. He turned about, and, retracing his way, stopped at her mother's gate, left Old Gameleg, and strode into the yard. There was no light in the kitchen, and only a glimmer in the chamber above. Heman went up to the kitchen door and knocked. The chamber window opened.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Cole. "Why, that you, Heman? Anybody sick?"

"Where's Roxy?" returned Heman, as if he demanded her at the point of the bayonet.

"Why, she's been abed as much as ten minutes. The Tuckers brought her home."

"You tell her to come here! I want to see her."

"What! down there? Law, Heman! you come in the mornin'. She'll ketch her death o' cold gittin' up an' dressin', now she's got all warmed through."

"What's he want, mother?" came Roxy's clear voice from within the room. "That's Heman Blaisdell's voice."

"Roxy, you come down here!" called Heman, masterfully.

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Cole was apparently pulled away from the window. Then Roxy, her head enveloped in a shawl, appeared in her mother's place.

"Well!" she said impatiently. "What is it?"

Heman's voice found a pleading level.

"Roxy, will you marry me?"

"Why, Heman, you're perfectly ridiculous! At this time o' night, too!"

"You answer me!" cried Heman, desperately. "I want you! Won't you have me, Roxy? Say?"

"Roxy!" came her mother's muffled voice from the bed. "You'll git your death o' cold. What's he want? Can't you give him an answer an' let him go?"

"Won't you, Roxy?" called Heman. "Oh, won't you?"

Roxy began to laugh hysterically. "Yes," she said, and shut the window.

When Heman had put up the horse, he walked into the kitchen, and straight up to the Widder Poll, who stood awaiting him, clinging to the table by one fat hand.

"Now, look here!" he said, good-naturedly, speaking to her with a direct address he had not been able to use for many a month. "You listen to me. I don't want any hard feelin', but to-morrer mornin' you've got to pick up your things an' go. You can have the house down to the Holler, or you can go out nussin', but you come here by your own invitation, an' you've got to leave by mine. I'm goin' to be married as soon as I can git a license." Then he walked to the bedroom, and shut himself in with his ruined bass viol and the darkness.

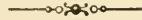
And the Widder Poll did not speak.

There are very few cozy evenings when Heman and Roxy do not smile at each other across the glowing circle of their hearth, and ask, the one or the other, with a perplexity never to be allayed: —

"Do you s'pose she tumbled, or did she put her foot through it a purpose?"

But Heman is sure to conclude the discussion with a glowing tribute to Brad Freeman, his genius and his kindliness.

"I never shall forget that o' Brad," he announces. "There wa'n't another man in the State o' New Hampshire could ha' mended it as he did. Why, you never'd know there was a brack in it!"

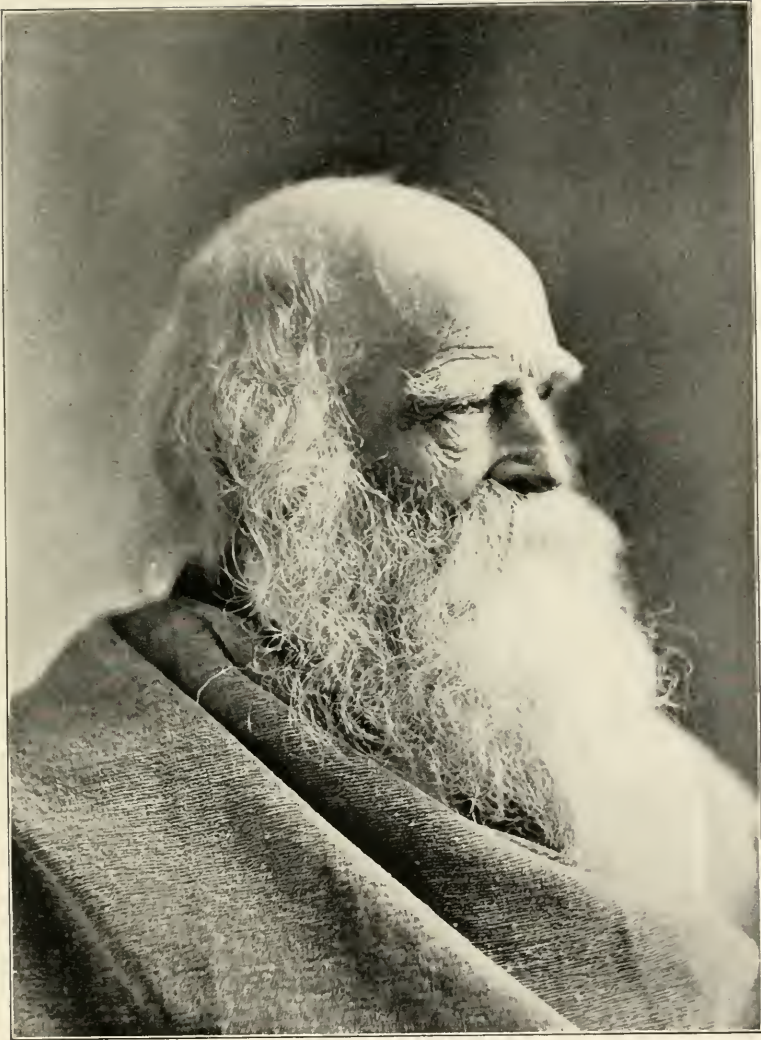


FOREST HYMN.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American poet, was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. After attending Williams College for one year, he adopted law as a profession, but gradually abandoned it for literary and journalistic work. He became a voluminous contributor of prose and verse to periodicals, and for more than half a century was editorially connected with the *New York Evening Post*, in which he opposed the extension of slavery and supported the Union. He began to write poetry at an early age, and first won recognition with "*Thanatopsis*" (1816). His other notable compositions are: "*The Ages*," "*The Flood of Years*," "*To a Waterfowl*," and translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. His complete poetical works, edited by Parke Godwin, were published in 1883. Bryant died in New York, June 12, 1878.]

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show,
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; — thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; — the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; — nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,

With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me — the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die — but see, again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his archenemy Death — yea, seats himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulcher,
 And of the triumph of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; — and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,

Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
 In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works,
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE NET OF DEATH.¹

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(FROM "THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE.")

[ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

GIRDLESTONE SENDS FOR THE DOCTOR.

WHEN Kate came to herself after the terrible incident which frustrated her attempt at escape she found herself in bed in her own little room. By the light which shone in through the window she knew that it must be well on in the day. Her head was throbbing violently, and she was so weak that she could hardly raise herself in bed. When she looked round she found that Rebecca had brought a chair in from her room and was sitting by the fire. At the sound of her movement the maid glanced up and perceived that her mistress had recovered consciousness.

¹ By permission of Chatto & Windus. (Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.)

"Lor' bless me!" she cried, "you've given us a pretty fright. We thought you wasn't coming back to your senses no more. You've been a lyin' there since the middle of the night, and now it's close on to twelve o'clock."

Kate lay silent for some little time putting together all that had occurred. "Oh, Rebecca," she said at last, shivering at the recollection, "I have seen the most dreadful sight. Either I am going mad, or I have seen a ghost."

"We all thought you were a ghost yourself," said the girl, reproachfully. "What with the screechin' and you lying so white in the middle of the passage, it was enough to make any one's 'air turn gray. Mister Girdlestone, he lifted you up, an' carried you back into your room. He was cut to the heart, the good gentleman, when he saw what you'd been after, a tryin' to give him the slip."

"Oh, this dreadful house will kill me—it will kill me!" Kate moaned. "I cannot stay in it any longer. What shall I do? Oh, Rebecca, Rebecca, what shall I do?"

The fresh-colored maid came across with a simper upon her pretty, vulgar face, and sat on the side of the bed. "What's the matter, then?" she asked. "What is it that you have seen?"

"I have seen—oh, Rebecca, it is too dreadful to talk of. I have seen that poor monk who was killed in the cellars. It was not fancy. I saw him as plainly as I see you now, with his tall, thin figure, and long loose gown, and the brown cowl drawn down over his face."

"God preserve us!" cried Rebecca, nervously glancing over her shoulder. "It is enough to give one the creeps."

"I pray that I may never see such a sight again. Oh, Rebecca, if you have the heart of a woman help me to get away from this place. They mean that I should never go from it alive. I have read it in my guardian's eyes. He longs for my death. Do, do tell me what I should do for the best."

"I'm surprised at you!" the maid said with dignity. "When Mister Girdlestone and Mister Ezra is so good to you, and provides you with a country house and every convenience as 'eart could wish; all you can find to do is to go screamin' about at night, and then talk as if you was a goin' to be murdered in the day. I really am surprised. There's Mister Girdlestone a callin'. He'd be shocked, poor gentleman, if he knew how you was abusin' of him." Rebecca's face assumed

an expression of virtuous indignation, as she swept out of the room, but her black eyes shone with the unholy light of cruelty and revenge.

Left to herself, Kate rose and dressed as well as her weakness would permit. Her nerves were so shaken that she started at the least sound, and she could hardly recognize the poor pale face which she saw in the glass as her own. She scarcely finished her toilet before her guardian came up into her room.

"You are better, then?" he said.

"I am very ill," she answered gently.

"No wonder, after rushing about the corridors in that absurd fashion in the dead of the night. Rebecca tells me that you imagine you met with some apparition. You are crying. Are you so unhappy, then?"

"Very, very miserable," Kate answered, sinking her face upon her hands.

"Ah," said Girdlestone, softly, "it is only in some higher life that we shall find entire peace and contentment." His voice had altered so that a little warm spring of hope began to rise in the girl's heart that perhaps the sight of her many miseries was beginning to melt this iron man.

"Beyond the grave is rest," he continued, in the same gentle tones. "It has seemed to me sometimes that if it were not for the duties which I have to perform in this world, and the many who are dependent upon me, I should be tempted to shorten my existence in order to attain the peace which is to come. Some precisians have pronounced it to be sinful to cut the thread of life. For my part I have never thought it so, and yet my view of morals has been a strict one. I hold that of all things in this world one's life is the thing which belongs most entirely to oneself, and may therefore most freely be terminated when it seems good to us." He picked up the phial from the mantelpiece, and gazed thoughtfully at it. "How strange," he said, "to think that within the compass of this tiny bottle lies a cure for every earthly evil. One draught and the body slips off like a garment, while the soul walks forth in all its beauty and freedom. Trouble is over. One draught, and—— Ah, let go, I say! What have you done!"

Kate had snatched the bottle from him, and with a quick feminine gesture had hurled it against the wall, where it splintered to pieces, sending a strong turpentiney odor through the

apartment. Her strength was so impaired that she staggered back after this feat, and sat down on the side of the bed, while her guardian, grim and threatening, stood over her with his long, bony fingers opening and shutting as though he found it difficult to keep them from her throat.

"It will not help you in it," she said, in a low but firm voice. "You would kill my soul as well."

The mask had fairly dropped from Girdlestone. No gaunt old wolf could have glared down with fiercer eyes or a more cruel mouth. "You fool!" he hissed.

"I am not afraid to die," she said, looking up at him with brave, steadfast eyes.

Girdlestone recovered his self-possession by an effort. "It is clear to me," he said calmly, "that your reason is unhinged. What is all this nonsense about death? There is nothing that will harm you except your own evil actions." He turned abruptly and strode out of the room with the firm and decided step of a man who has taken an irrevocable resolution.

With a set and rigid face he ascended the steps which led to his bedroom, and, rummaging in his desk, produced a telegram form. This he filled up and took with him downstairs. There he put on his hat and started off to the Bedsworth Post Office at full speed.

At the avenue gate he met his sentinel, who was sitting on his camp stool as grim as ever.

"She is very bad, Stevens," Girdlestone said, stopping and jerking his head in the direction of the house. "She is going downhill. I am afraid that she can't last long. If any one asks you about her, you can say that she was despaired of. I am just sending off a telegram to a doctor in London, so that she may have the best advice."

Stevens touched his greasy peaked cap as a token of respect. "She was down here behavin' outrageous the other day," said he. "'Let me pass,' says she, 'and you shall have ten golden guineas.' Them's her very words. 'Not for ten hundred golden guineas,' I answers, 'would William Stevens, hesquire, do what he didn't ought to.'"

"Very proper, very proper indeed," said Girdlestone, approvingly. "Every man in his own station has his own duties to fulfill, and he will be judged as he has fulfilled them, well or ill. I shall see that you are no loser by your stanchness."

"Thank ye, guv'nor."

"She is wild and delirious, and can get about in spite of her low state of health. It is possible that she may make some effort to get away, so be vigilant. Good day to you."

"Good day, sir." William Stevens stood at the gate looking pensively after his employer; then he reseated himself upon his camp stool, and, lighting his pipe, resumed his meditations. "I can't make naught of it," he muttered, scratching his head. "It do seem uncommon queer, to be sure. The boss, he says, 'she is very low,' says he, and then next minute he says, 'she may be comin' down and tryin' to escape.' I've seen diers o' all shapes and sizes, but I've never seed one as went a galivantin' about like this—at least, not among them as died a nat'ral death. It do seem uncommon strange. Then, again, he's off telegraphin' for a doctor in Lunnon, when there's Doctor Corbett, o' Claxton, or Doctor Hutton, o' Bedsworth, would come quick enough if he wanted them. I can't make no sense of it. Why, bust my buttons!" he continued, taking his pipe out of his mouth in a paroxysm of astonishment, "if here bain't the dier herself!"

It was, indeed, Kate, who, learning that her guardian was gone, had come out with some vague idea of making a last struggle for her life and freedom. With the courage of despair, she came straight down to the avenue to the sole spot where escape seemed possible.

"Good mornin', missy," cried Stevens, as she approached. "You don't look extra bright this mornin', but you ain't as bad as your good guardian made me think. You don't seem to feel no difficulty in gettin' about."

"There is nothing the matter with me," the girl answered earnestly. "I assure you there is not. My mind is as sound as yours."

"That's what they all says," said the ex-warder, with a chuckle.

"But it is so. I cannot stay in that house longer. I cannot, Mr. Stevens, I cannot! It is haunted, and my guardian will murder me. He means to. I read it in his eyes. He as good as tried this morning. To die without one word to those I love—without any explanation of what has passed—that would give a sting to death."

"Well, if this ain't outragis!" cried the one-eyed man. "perfectly outragis! Going to murder you, says you! What's he a goin' to do that for?"

"God knows! He hates me for some reason. I have never gone against his wishes, save in one respect, and in that I can never obey him, for it is a matter in which he has no right to command."

"Quite so!" said Stevens, winking his one eye. "I knows the feeling myself, cuss me, but I do! 'Thine for once and thine for never,' as the song says."

"Why won't you let me pass?" pleaded Kate. "You may have had daughters of your own. What would you do if they were treated as I have been? If I had money you should have it, but I have none. Do, do let me go! God will reward you for it. Perhaps when you are on your last bed of sickness the memory of this one good deed may outweigh all the evil that you have done."

"Lor' don't she speak!" said Stevens, appealing confidentially to the nearest tree. "It's like a dictionary."

"And you won't lose by it in this life," the girl added eagerly. "See, here is my watch and my chain. You shall have that if you will let me through."

"Let's see it." He opened it and examined it critically. "Eighteen carat—it's only a Geneva though. What can you expect for a Geneva?"

"And you shall have fifty pounds when I get back to my friends. Do let me pass, good Mr. Stevens, for my guardian may return at any moment."

"See here, missy," Stevens said solemnly, "dooty is dooty, and if every hair of your 'ead was tagged wi' a jewel, and you offered to make me your barber, I wouldn't let you through that gate. As to this 'ere watch, if so be as you would like to write a line to your friends, I'll post it for you at Bedsworth in exchange for it, though it be only a Geneva."

"You good, kind man," cried Kate, all excitement and delight. "I have a pencil in my pocket. What shall I do for paper?" She looked eagerly round and spied a small piece which lay among the brushwood. With a cry of joy she picked it out. It was very coarse and very dirty, but she managed to scrawl a few lines upon it, describing her situation and asking for aid. "I will write the address upon the back," she said. "When you get to Bedsworth you must buy an envelope and ask the post-office people to copy the address on to it."

"I bargained to post it for the Geneva," he said. "I didn't bargain to buy envelopes and copy addresses. That's a nice

pencil case of yourn. Now I'll make a clean job of it if you'll throw that in."

Kate handed it over without a murmur. At last a small ray of light seemed to be finding its way through the darkness which had so long surrounded her. Stevens put the watch and pencil case in his pocket, and took the little scrap of paper on which so much depended. As Kate handed it to him she saw over his shoulder that coming up the lane was a small pony carriage, in which sat a buxom lady and a very small page. The sleek little brown pony which drew it ambled along at a methodical pace which showed that it was entirely master of the situation, while the whole turn-out had an indescribable air of comfort and good nature. Poor Kate had been so separated from her kind that the sight of people who, if not friendly, were at least not hostile to her, sent a thrill of pleasure into her heart. There was something wholesome and prosaic, too, about this homely equipage, which was inexpressibly soothing to a mind so worn by successive terrors.

"Here's some one a comin'," cried Stevens. "Clear out from here—it's the governor's orders."

"Oh, do let me stay and say one word to the lady!"

Stevens seized his great stick savagely. "Clear out!" he cried in a hoarse, angry voice, and made a step towards her as if he would strike her. She shrank away from him, and then a sudden thought seizing her, she turned and ran through the woods as fast as her feeble strength would allow. The instant that she was out of sight, Stevens very deliberately and carefully tore up the little slip of paper with which she had intrusted him, and scattered the pieces to the wind.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

Kate Harston fled as quickly as she could through the wood, stumbling over the brambles and crashing through the briers, regardless of pain or scratches or anything else which could stand between her and the possibility of safety. She soon gained the shed and managed to mount on the top of it by the aid of the barrel. Craning her neck she could see the long dusty lane, with the bare withered hedges upon either side, and the dreary line of the railway embankment beyond. There was no pony carriage in sight.

She hardly expected that there would be, for she had taken

a short cut, and the carriage would have to go some distance round. The road along which it was traveling ran at right angles to the one which she was now overlooking, and the chances were equal as to whether the lady would turn round or go straight on. In the latter case, it would not be possible for her to attract her attention. Her heart seemed to stand still with anxiety as she peered over the high wall at the spot where the two roads crossed.

Presently she heard the rattle of wheels, and the brown pony trotted round the corner. The carriage drew up at the end of the lane, and the driver seemed to be uncertain how to proceed. Then she shook the reins, and the pony lumbered on along the road. Kate gave a cry of despair, and the last ray of hope died away from her heart.

It chanced, however, that the page in the carriage was just at that happy age when the senses are keen and on the alert. He heard the cry, and glancing round he saw through a break in the hedge that a lady was looking over the wall which skirted the lane they had passed. He mentioned the fact to his mistress. "Maybe we'd better go back, ma'am," he said.

"Maybe we'd better not, John," said the buxom lady. "People can look over their garden walls without our interfering with them, can't they?"

"Yes, ma'am, but she was a hollerin' at us."

"No, John, was she though? Maybe this is a private road and we have no right to be on it."

"She gave a holler as if some one was a hurtin' of her," said John, with decision.

"Then we'll go back," said the lady, and turned the pony round.

Hence it came about that just as Kate was descending with a sad heart from her post of observation, she was electrified to see the brown pony reappear, and come trotting round the curve of the lane with a rapidity which was altogether foreign to that quadruped's usual habits. Indeed, the girl turned so very white at the sight, and her face assumed such an expression of relief and delight, that the lady who was approaching saw at once that it was no common matter which had caused her to summon them.

"What is it, my dear?" she cried, pulling up when she came abreast of the place. Her good, kind heart was touched already by the pleading expression upon the girl's sweet face.

"Oh, madam, whoever you may be," said Kate, in a low, rapid voice, "I believe God has sent you here this day. I am shut up in these grounds, and shall be murdered unless help comes."

"Be murdered!" cried the lady in the pony carriage, dropping back in her seat and raising her hands in astonishment.

"It is only too true," Kate said, trying to speak concisely and clearly so as to enforce conviction, but feeling a choking sensation about her throat, as though an hysterical attack were impending. "My guardian has shut me up here for some weeks, and I firmly believe that he will never let me out alive. Oh, don't, pray don't think me mad! I am as sane as you are, though God knows what I have gone through has been enough to shake my reason."

This last appeal of Kate's was in answer to an expression of incredulity and doubt which had passed over the face of the lady below. It was successful in its object, for the ring of truth with which she spoke and the look of anxiety and terror upon her face were too genuine to be mistaken. The lady drew her rein so as to bring the carriage as near the wall as was possible without losing sight of Kate's face.

"My dear," she said, "you may safely tell me everything. Whatever I can do to help you shall be done, and where I am powerless there are others who are my friends and may be of assistance. Scully is my name — Mrs. Lavinia Scully, of London. Don't cry, my poor girl, but tell me all about it, and let us see how we can put matters right."

Thus encouraged, Kate wiped away the tears which had been brought to her eyes by the unwonted sound of a friendly voice. Leaning forward as far as she could, and preventing herself from falling by passing her arm round a great branch which shot across the top of the shed, she gave in as few words as she could a detailed account of all that had befallen her. She described her guardian's anxiety that she should marry his son, her refusal, their sudden departure from London, their life at the Priory, the manner in which she was cut off from all human aid, and the reasons which made her believe that an attempt would be made upon her life. In conclusion, she narrated the scene which had occurred that very morning, when her guardian had tempted her to commit suicide. The only incident which she omitted from her story was that which had occurred the night before, for she felt that it might put too

severe a tax upon Mrs. Scully's credulity. Indeed, looking back at it she almost persuaded herself that the sight which she had seen might be some phantom conjured up by her own imagination, weakened as she was in mind and in body.

Having concluded her narrative, she wound up by imploring her new-found friend to assist her by letting her friends in London know what had become of her and where she was. Mrs. Scully listened with a face which expressed alternately the most profound pity and the most burning indignation. When Kate had finished she sat silent for a minute or more entirely absorbed in her own thoughts. She switched her whip up and down viciously, and her usually placid countenance assumed an expression so fierce that Kate, looking down at her, feared that she had given her offense. When she looked up at last, however, she smiled so pleasantly that the poor girl was reassured, and felt instinctively that she had really found a true and effective friend at last.

"We must act promptly," she said, "for we don't know what they may be about, or what their plans are for the future. Who did you say your friends were?"

"Dr. Dimsdale, of Phillimore Gardens, Kensington."

"Hasn't he got a grown-up son?"

"Yes," said Kate, with a slight flush on her pale cheeks.

"Ah!" cried the good lady, with a very roguish smile.

"I see how the land lies. Of course, of course, why shouldn't it? I remember hearing about that young man. I have heard about the Girdlestones also. African merchants they were in the city. You see I know all about you."

"You know Tom?" Kate cried in astonishment.

"Oh, don't let us get talking of 'Tom,'" said Mrs. Scully, good-humoredly. "When girls get on a subject of that sort there's an end to everything. What I want now is business. In the first place, I shall drive down to Bedsworth, and I shall send to London."

"God bless you!" ejaculated Kate.

"But not to Phillimore Gardens. Hot-headed young men do foolish things under such circumstances as these. This is a case that wants careful management. I know a gentleman in London who is just the man, and who I know would be only too proud to help a lady in distress. He is a retired officer, and his name is Major Clutterbuck — Major Tobias Clutterbuck."

"Oh, I know him very well, and I have heard of you, too,"

said Kate, with a smile. "I remember your name now in connection with his."

It was Mrs. Scully's turn to blush now. "Never mind that," she said. "I can trust the major, and I know he will be down here at a word from me. I shall let him have the facts, and he can tell the Dimsdales if he thinks it best. Good-by, dear, don't be unhappy any more, but remember that you have friends outside who will very quickly set all right. Good-by!" and waving her hand in encouragement, the good widow woke up the pony, which had fallen fast asleep, and rattled away down the lane in the direction from which she had come.

THE MAJOR HAS A LETTER.

At four o'clock Mr. Girdlestone stepped into the Bedsworth telegraph office and wired his short message. It ran thus: "Case hopeless. Come on to-morrow with a doctor." On receipt of this he knew by their agreement that his son would come down, bringing with him the man of violence whom he had spoken of at their last interview. There was nothing for it now but that his ward should die. If he delayed longer the crash might come before her money was available, and then how vain all regrets would be.

It seemed to him that there was very little risk in the matter. The girl had had no communication with any one. Even of those around her Mrs. Jorrocks was in her dotage, Rebecca Taylforth was stanch and true, and Stevens knew nothing. Every one on the country side had heard of the invalid young lady at the Priory. Who would be surprised to hear that she had passed away? He dare not call in any local medical man, but his inventive brain had overcome the difficulty, and had hit upon a device by which he might defy both doctors and coroner. If all went as he had planned it, it was difficult to see any chance of detection. In the case of a poorer man the fact that the girl's money reverted to him might arouse suspicion, but he rightly argued that with his great reputation no one would ever dream that such a consideration could have weight with him.

Having sent the telegram off and so taken a final step, John Girdlestone felt more at his ease. He was proud of his own energy and decision. As he walked very pompously and gravely down the village street his heart glowed within him at

the thought of the long struggle which he had maintained against misfortune. He passed over in his mind all the successive borrowings and speculations and makeshifts and ruses which the firm had resorted to.

Yet in spite of every danger and difficulty it still held up its head with the best, and would weather the storm at last. He reflected proudly that there was no other man in the City who would have had the dogged tenacity and the grim resolution which he had displayed during the last twelve months. "If ever any one should put it all in a book," he said to himself, "there are few who would believe it possible. It is not by my own strength that I have done it."

The man had no consciousness of blasphemy in him as he revolved this thought in his mind. He was as thoroughly in earnest as were any of those religious fanatics who, throughout history, have burned, sacked, and destroyed, committing every sin under heaven in the name of a God of mercy and peace.

When he was halfway to the Priory he met a small pony carriage which was rattling towards Bedsworth at a great pace, driven by a good-looking middle-aged lady with a small page by her side. The merchant encountered this equipage in a narrow country lane without a footpath, and as it approached him he could not help observing that the lady wore an indignant and gloomy look upon her features which was out of keeping with their general contour. Her forehead was contracted into a very decided frown, and her lips were gathered into what might be described as a negative smile. Girdlestone stood aside to let her pass, but the lady by a sudden twitch of her right-hand rein brought the wheels across in so sudden a manner that they were within an ace of going over his toes. He only saved himself by springing back into a gap of the hedge. As it was, he found on looking down that his pearl-gray trousers were covered with flakes of wet mud. What made the incident more perplexing was that both the middle-aged lady and the page laughed very heartily as they rattled away to the village. The merchant proceeded on his way marveling in his heart at the uncharitableness and innate wickedness of unregenerated human nature.

Good Mrs. Scully little dreamed of the urgency of the case. Had she seen the telegram which John Girdlestone had just dispatched, it is conceivable that she might have read between the words, and by acting more promptly have prevented a

terrible crime. As a matter of fact, with all her sympathy the worthy woman had taken a large part of Kate's story with the proverbial grain of salt. It seemed to her to be incredible and impossible that in this nineteenth century such a thing as deliberate and carefully planned murder should occur in Christian England. That these things occur in the abstract we are ready to admit, but we find it very difficult to realize that they may come within the horizon of our own experience. Hence Mrs. Scully set no importance upon Kate's fears for her life, and put them down to the excited state of the girl's imagination. She did consider it, however, to be a very iniquitous and unjustifiable thing that a young girl should be cooped up and separated from all the world in such a very dreary place of seclusion as the Priory. This consideration and nothing more serious had set that look of wrath upon her pleasant face, and had stirred her up to frustrate Girdlestone and to communicate with Kate's friends.

Her intention had been to telegraph to London, but as she drove to Bedsworth she bethought her how impossible it would be for her within the limits of a telegram to explain to her satisfaction all that she wanted to express. A letter, she reflected, would, if posted now, reach the major by the first post on Saturday morning. It would simply mean a few hours' delay in the taking of steps to relieve Kate, and what difference could a few hours more or less make to the girl. She determined, therefore, that she would write to the major, explaining all the circumstances and leave it to him what course of action should be pursued.

Mrs. Scully was well known at the post office, and they quickly accommodated her with the requisites for correspondence. Within a quarter of an hour she had written, sealed, stamped, and posted the following epistle: —

DEAREST TOBY, — I am afraid you must find your period of probation very slow. Poor boy, what does he do? No billiards, no cards, no betting — how does he manage to get through the day at all? Smokes, I suppose, and looks out of the window, and tells all his grievances to Mr. Von Baumser. Aren't you sorry that ever you made the acquaintance of Morrison's second floor front? Poor Toby!

Who do you think I have come across down here? No less a person than that Miss Harston who was Girdlestone's ward. You used to talk about her, I remember, and indeed you were a great

admirer of hers. You would be surprised if you saw her now, so thin and worn and pale. Still her face is very sweet and pretty, so I won't deny your good taste—how could I after you have paid your addresses to me?

Her guardian has brought her down here and has locked her up in a great bleak house called the Priory. She has no one to speak to, and is not allowed to write letters. She seemed to be heart-broken because none of her friends know where she is, and she fears that they may imagine that she has willingly deserted them. Of course, by her friends she means that curly-headed Mr. Dimsdale that you spoke of. The poor girl is in a very low, nervous state, and told me over the wall of the park that she feared her guardian had designs on her life. I can hardly believe that, but I do think that she is far from well, and that it is enough to drive her mad to coop her up like that. We must get her out somehow or another. I suppose that her guardian is within his rights, and that it is not a police matter. You must consider what must be done, and let young Dimsdale know if you think best. He will want to come down to see her, no doubt, and if Toby were to come too I should not be sorry.

I should have telegraphed about it, but I could not explain myself sufficiently. I assure you that the poor girl is in a very bad way, and we can't be too energetic in what we do. It was very sad to hear the positive manner in which she declared that her guardian would murder her, though she did not attempt to give any reason why he should commit such a terrible crime. We saw a horrid one-eyed man at the gate who appeared to be on guard to prevent any one from coming out or in. On our way to Bedsworth we met no less a person than the great Mr. Girdlestone himself, and we actually drove so clumsily that we splashed him all over with mud. Wasn't that a very sad and unaccountable thing? I fancy I see Toby smiling over that.

Good-by, my dear lad. Be as good as you can. I know you've got rather out of the way of it, but practice works wonders.

Ever yours,

LAVINIA SCULLY.

It happened that on the morning on which this missive came to Kennedy Place Von Baumser had not gone to the city. The major had just performed his toilet, and was marching up and down with a cigarette in his mouth and the *United Service Gazette* in his hand, descanting fluently, as is the habit of old soldiers, on the favoritism of the Horse Guards and the deterioration of the service.

"Look at this fellow Carmoichael!" he cried excitedly, slapping the paper with one hand while he crumpled it up

with the other. "They've made him lieutenant-gineral! The demndest booby in the rigiment, sir! A fellow who's seen no service and never heard a shot fired in anger. They promoted him on the strength of a sham fight bedad. He commanded a defending force operating along the Thames and opposing an invading army that was advancing from Guildford. Did iver ye hear such infernal nonsense in your life? And there's Stares, and Knight, and Underwood, and a dozen more I could mintion, that have volunteered for everything since the Sikh war of '46, all neglected, sir — neglected! The British Army is going straight to the divil."

"Dat's a very bad lookout for the devil," said Von Baumser, filling up a cup of coffee.

The major continued to stride angrily about the room. "That's why we niver have a satisfactory campaign with a European foe," he broke out. "Our success is always half and half, and leads to nothing. Yet we have the finest raw material and the greatest individual fighting power and divilment of any army in the world."

"Always, of course, not counting de army of his most grace-worthy majesty the Emperor William," said Von Baumser, with his mouth full of toast. "Here is a girl mit a letter. Let us hope that it is my Frankfort money."

"Two to one it's for me."

"Ah, he must not bet!" cried Von Baumser, with upraised finger. "You are right, though. It is for you, and from the proper quarter, too, I think."

It was the letter which we have already quoted. The major broke the seal and read it over very carefully, after which he read it again. Von Baumser, watching him across the table, saw a very anxious and troubled look upon his ruddy face.

"I hope dere is nothing wrong mit my good vriend, Madame Scully?" he remarked at last.

"No, nothing wrong with her. There is with some one else, though," and with that he read to his companion all that part of his letter which referred to Miss Harston.

"Dat is no joke at all," the German remarked, and the two sat for some little time lost in thought, the major with the letter still lying open upon his knee.

"What d'ye think of it?" he asked at last.

"I think dat it is a more bad thing than the good madame seems to think. I think that if Miss Harston says that Herr

Girdlestone intends to kill her, it is very likely dat he has dat intention."

"Ged, he's not a man to stick at troifles," the major said, rubbing his chin reflectively. "Here's a nice kettle of fish! What the deuce could cause him to do such a thing?"

"Money, of course. I have told you, my good vriend, dat since a year de firm has been in a very bad way indeed. It is not generally known, but I know it, and so do others. Dis girl, I have heard, has money which would come to the old man in case of her death. It is as plain as de fingers on my hand."

"Be George, the thing looks very ugly!" said the major, pacing up and down the room. "I believe that fellow and his beauty of a son are game for anything. Lavinia takes the matter too lightly. Fancy any one being such a scoundrel as to lay a hand on that dear girl, though. Ged, Baumser, it makes ivery drop of blood in me body tingle in me veins!"

"My dear vriend," Von Baumser answered, "it is very good of your blood for to tingle, but I do not see how dat vill help the mees. Let us be practical, and make up our brains what we should do."

"I must find young Dimsdale at once. He has a right to know."

"Yes, I should find him. Dere is no doubt dat you and he should at once start off for dis place. I know dat young man. Dere vill be no holding him at all when he has heard of it. You must go too, to prevent him from doing dummheiten, and also because good Madame Scully has said so in her letter."

"Certainly. We shall go down together. One of us will manage to see the young lady and find out if she requoires assistance. Bedad, if she does she shall have it, guardian or no guardian. If we don't whip her out in a brace of shakes me name's not Clutterbuck."

"You must remember," remarked Baumser, "dat dese people are desperate. If dey intend to murder a voman dey would certainly not stick at a man or two men. You have no knowledge of how many dere may be. Dere is certainly Herr Girdlestone and his son and de man mit de eye, but madame does not know how many may be at de house. Remember also dat de police are not on your side, but rather against you, for as yet dere is no evidence dat any erime is intentioned. Ven you think of all dis I am sure dat you vill agree mit me dat it would be vell to take mit you two or tree men dat would stick by you through thin and broad."

The major was so busy in making his preparations for departure that he could only signify by a nod that he agreed with his friend's remarks. "What men could I git?" he asked.

"Dere is I myself," said the German, counting upon his big red fingers, "and dere are some of our society who vould very gladly come on such an errand, and are men who are altogether to be relied upon. Dere is little Fritz Bulow, of Kiel, and a Russian man whose name I disremember, but he is a good man. He was a Nihilist at Odessa, and is sentenced to death suppose dey could him catch. Dere are others as good, but it might take me time to find dem. Dese two I can very easily get. Dey are living together, and have neither of dem nothing to do."

"Bring them then," said the major. "Git a cab and run them down to Waterloo Station. That's the one for Bedsworth. I'll bring Dimsdale down with me and meet you there. In me opinion there's no time to be lost."

The major was ready to start, so Von Baumser threw on his coat and hat, and picked out a thick stick from a rack in the corner. "We may need something of de sort," he said.

"I have me derringer," the soldier answered. They left the house together, and Von Baumser drove off to the East End, where his political friends resided. The major called a cab and rattled away to Phillimore Gardens and thence to the office, without being able to find the man of whom he was in search. He then rushed down the Strand as quickly as he could, intending to catch the next train and go alone, but on his way to Waterloo Station he fell in with Tom Dimsdale.

The letter was a thunderbolt to Tom. In his worst dreams he had never imagined anything so dark as this. He hurried back to the station at such a pace that the poor major was reduced to a most asthmatical and wheezy condition. He trotted along pluckily, however, and as he went heard the account of Tom's adventures in the morning, and of the departure of Ezra Girdlestone and of his red-bearded companion. The major's face grew more anxious still when he heard of it. "Pray God we may not be too late!" he panted.

KATE HAS A LETTER.

As the light faded and the gray of evening deepened into darkness Kate sat patiently in her bare little room. A coal fire sputtered and sparkled in the rusty grate, and there was a

tin bucket full of coals beside the fender from which to replenish it. She was very cold, so she drew her single chair up to the blaze and held her hands over it. It was a lonesome and melancholy vigil, while the wind whistled through the branches of the trees and moaned drearily in the cracks and crannies of the old house. When were her friends coming? Perhaps something had occurred to detain them to-day. This morning such a thing would have appeared to her to be an impossibility, but now that the time had come when she had expected them, it appeared probable enough that something might have delayed them. To-morrow at latest they could not fail to come. She wondered what they would do if they did arrive. Would they come boldly up the avenue and claim her from the Girdlestones, or would they endeavor to communicate with her first? Whatever they decided upon would be sure to be for the best.

She went to the window once and looked out. It promised to be a wild night. Far away in the southwest lay a great cumulus of rugged clouds from which dark streamers radiated over the sky, like the advance guard of an army. Here and there a pale star twinkled dimly out through the rifts, but the greater part of the heavens was black and threatening. It was so dark that she could no longer see the sea, but the crashing, booming sound of the great waves filled the air and the salt spray came driving in through the open window. She shut it and resumed her seat by the fire, shivering partly from cold and partly from some vague presentiment of evil.

An hour or more had passed when she heard a step upon the stairs and a knock came to her door. It was Rebecca, with a cup of tea upon a tray and some bread and butter. Kate was grateful at this attention, for it saved her from having to go down to the dining room and face Ezra and his unpleasant-looking companion. Rebecca laid down the tray, and then to her mistress' surprise turned back and shut the door. The girl's face was very pale, and her manner was wild and excited.

"Here's a note for you," she said. "It was given Mrs. Jorrocks to give you, but I am better at climbing stairs than she is, so I brought it up." She handed Kate a little slip of paper as she spoke.

A note for her! Could it be that her friends had arrived and had managed to send a message to her? It must be so. She took it from the maid. As she did so she noticed that her hands were shaking as though she had the ague.

"You are not well, Rebecca," said Kate, kindly.

"Oh, yes, I am. You read your note and don't mind me," the girl answered in her usual surly fashion. Instead of leaving the room she was bustling about the bed as though putting things in order. Kate's impatience was too great to allow her to wait, so she untwisted the paper, which had no seal or fastening. She had hoped in her heart to see the name of her lover at the end of it. Instead of that her eye fell upon the signature of Ezra Girdlestone. What could he have to say to her? She moved the solitary candle on to the mantelpiece, and read the following note roughly scribbled upon a coarse piece of paper: —

MY DEAR MISS HARSTON, — I am afraid your confinement here has been very irksome to you. I have repeatedly requested my father to alleviate or modify it, but he has invariably refused. As he still persists in his refusal, I wish to offer you my aid, and to show you that I am your sincere friend in spite of all that has passed, if you could slip out to-night at nine o'clock and meet me by the withered oak at the head of the avenue, I shall see you safe to Bedsworth, and you can, if you wish, go on to Portsmouth by the next train. I shall manage so that you may find the door open by that time. I shall not, of course, go to Portsmouth with you, but shall return here after dropping you at the station. I do this small thing to show you that, hopeless as it may be, the affection which I bear you is still as deep as ever.

Yours,

E. GIRDLESTONE.

Our heroine was so surprised at this epistle that she sat for some time dangling the slip of paper between her fingers and lost in thought. When she glanced round, Rebecca had left the room. She rolled the paper up and threw it into the fire. Ezra, then, was not so hard-hearted as she had thought him. He had used his influence to soften his father. Should she accept this chance of escape, or should she await some word from her friends! Perhaps they were already in Bedsworth, but did not know how to communicate with her. If so, this offer of Ezra's was just what was needed. In any case, she could go on to Portsmouth and telegraph from there to the Dimsdales. It was too good an offer to be refused. She made up her mind that she would accept it. It was past eight now and nine was the hour. She stood up with the intention of putting on her cloak and her bonnet.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

This conversation with Rebecca had suggested to Ezra that he might still have influence enough with his father's ward to induce her to come out of doors, and so put herself within the reach of Burt. He had proposed the plan to his father, who approved of it heartily. The only weak point in his scheme had been the difficulty which might arise in inducing the girl to venture out of the Priory on that tempestuous winter's night. There was evidently only one incentive strong enough to bring it about, and that was the hope of escape. By harping skillfully upon this string they might lure her into the trap. Ezra and his father composed the letter together, and the former handed it to Mrs. Jorrocks, with a request that she should deliver it.

It chanced, however, that Rebecca, keenly alive to any attempt at communication between the young merchant and mistress, saw the crone hobbling down the passage with the note in her hand.

"What's that, mother?" she asked.

"It's a letter for her," wheezed the old woman, nodding her tremulous head in the direction of Kate's room.

"I'll take it up," said Rebecca, eagerly. "I am just going up there with her tea."

"Thank ye. Them stairs tries my rheumatiz something cruel."

The maid took the note and carried it upstairs. Instead of taking it straight to her mistress she slipped into her own room and read every word of it. It appeared to confirm her worst suspicions. Here was Ezra asking an interview with the woman whom he had assured her that he hated. It was true that the request was made in measured words and on a plausible pretext. No doubt that was merely to deceive any other eye which might rest upon it. There was an understanding between them, and this was an assignation. The girl walked swiftly up and down the room like a caged tigress, striking her head with her clenched hands in her anger, and biting her lip until blood came. It was some time before she could overcome her agitation sufficiently to deliver the note, and when she did so her mistress, as we have seen, noticed that her manner was nervous and wild. She little dreamed of the struggle which was going on in the dark-eyed girl's mind against the impulse which urged her to seize

her imagined rival by the white throat and choke the life out of her.

THE MURDER.

Burt crouched down behind the withered oak with his weapon in his hand and waited for the coming of his victim.

Ezra, though usually resolute and daring, had completely lost his nerve, and his teeth were chattering in his head. His father, on the other hand, was as emotionless and impassive as ever.

"It's close upon nine o'clock," Ezra whispered.

"Ten minutes to," said the other, peering at his great golden chronometer through the darkness.

"What if she fails to come?"

"We must devise other means of bringing her out."

From the spot where they stood they had a view of the whole of the Priory. She could not come out without being seen. Above the door was a long narrow window which opened upon the staircase. On this Girdlestone and his son fixed their eyes, for they knew that on her way down she would be visible at it. As they looked, the dim light which shone through it was obscured and then reappeared.

"She has passed!"

"Hush!"

Another moment and the door was stealthily opened. Once again the broad golden bar shot out across the lawn almost to the spot where the confederates were crouching. In the center of the zone of light there stood a figure—the figure of the girl. Even at that distance they could distinguish the pearl-gray mantle which she usually wore and the close-fitting bonnet. She had wrapped a shawl round the lower part of her face to protect her from the boisterous wind. For a minute or more she stood peering out into the darkness of the night, as though uncertain whether to proceed or to go back. Then, with a quick, sudden gesture she closed the door behind her. The light was no longer there, but they knew that she was outside the house, and that the appointment would be kept.

What an age it seemed before they heard her footsteps. She came very slowly, putting one foot gingerly before the other, as if afraid of falling over something in the darkness. Once or twice she stopped altogether, looking round, no doubt, to make sure of her whereabouts. At the instant the moon

shone out from behind a cloud, and they saw her dark figure a short distance off. The light enabled her to see the withered oak, for she came rapidly towards it. As she approached she satisfied herself apparently that she was the first on the ground, for she slackened her pace once more and walked in the listless way that people assume when they are waiting. The clouds were overtaking the moon again, and the light was getting dimmer.

"I can see her still," said Ezra, in a whisper, grasping his father's wrist in his excitement.

The old man said nothing, but he peered through the darkness with eager, straining eyes.

"There she is, standing out a little from the oak," the young merchant said, pointing with a quivering finger. "She's not near enough for him to reach her."

"He's coming out from the shadow now," the other said huskily. "Don't you see him crawling along the ground?"

"I see him," returned the other in the same subdued, awe-struck voice. "Now he has stopped; now he goes on again! My God, he's close behind her! She is looking the other way."

A thin ray of light shot down between the clouds. In its silvery radiance two figures stood out hard and black, that of the unconscious girl and of the man who crouched like a beast of prey behind her. He made a step forward, which brought him within a yard of her. She may have heard the heavy footfall above the shriek of the storm, for she turned suddenly and faced him. At the same instant she was struck down with a crashing blow. There was no time for a prayer, no time for a scream. One moment had seen her a magnificent woman in all the pride of her youthful beauty, the next left her a poor battered senseless wreck. The navvy had earned his blood money.

At the sound of the blow and the sight of the fall both the old man and the young ran out from their place of concealment. Burt was standing over the body, his bludgeon in his hand.

"Not even a groan!" he said. "What d'ye think of that?"

Girdlestone wrung his hand and congratulated him warmly. "Shall I light the lantern?" he asked.

"For God's sake, don't!" Ezra said earnestly.

"I had no idea that you were so faint-hearted, my son," the merchant remarked. "However, I know the way to the gate well enough to go there blindfold. What a comfort it is to know that there is no blood about! That's the advantage of a stick over a knife."

"You're correct there, guv'nor," Burt said, approvingly.

"Will you kindly carry one end and I'll take the other. I'll go first, if you don't mind, because I know the way best. The train will pass in less than half an hour, so we have not long to wait. Within that time every chance of detection will have gone."

Girdlestone raised up the head of the murdered girl, and Burt took her feet. Ezra walked behind as though he were in some dreadful dream. He had fully recognized the necessity for the murder, but he had never before realized how ghastly the details would be. Already he had begun to repent that he had ever acquiesced in it. Then came thoughts of the splendid possibilities of the African business, which could only be saved from destruction by this woman's death. How could he, with his luxurious tastes, bear the squalor and poverty which would be his lot were the firm to fail! Better a rope and a long drop than such a life as that! All these considerations thronged into his mind as he plodded along the slippery footpath which led through the forest to the wooden gate.

THE INVASION OF HAMPSHIRE.

When Tom and the major arrived at Waterloo Station, the latter in the breathless condition described in a preceding chapter, they found the German waiting for them with his two fellow-exiles. The gentleman of Nihilistic proclivities was somewhat tall and thin, with a long frock coat buttoned almost up to his throat, which showed signs of giving at the seams every here and there. His grizzly hair fell over his collar behind, and he had a short bristling beard. He stood with one hand stuck into the front of his coat and the other upon his hip, as though rehearsing the position in which his statue would be some day erected in the streets of his native Russia, when the people had their own, and despotism was no more. In spite of his worn attire there was something noble and striking about the man. His bow, when Baumser introduced him to the major and Tom, would have graced any Court in

Europe. Round his neck he had a coarse string from which hung a pair of double eyeglasses. These he fixed upon his aquiline nose, and took a good look at the gentlemen whom he had come to serve.

Bulow, of Kiel, was a small, dark-eyed, clean-shaven fellow, quick and energetic in his movements, having more the appearance of a Celt than of a Teuton. He seemed to be full of amiability, and assured the major in execrable English how very happy he was to be able to do a service to one who had shown kindness to their esteemed colleague and persecuted patriot, Von Baumser. Indeed both of the men showed great deference to the German, and the major began to perceive that his friend was a very exalted individual in Socialistic circles. He liked the look of the two foreigners, and congratulated himself upon having their coöperation in the matter on hand.

Ill luck was in store for the expedition, however. On inquiry at the ticket office they found that there was no train for upwards of two hours, and then it was a slow one, which would not land them until eight o'clock at Bedsworth. At this piece of information Tom Dimsdale fairly broke down, and stamped about the station, raving and beseeching the officials to run a special, be the cost what it might. This, however, could by no means be done, owing to the press of Saturday traffic. There was nothing for it but to wait. The three foreigners went off in search of something to eat, and having found a convenient cookshop they disappeared therein and feasted royally at Von Baumser's expense. Major Tobias Clutterbuck remained with the young man, who resolutely refused to leave the platform. The major knew of a snug little corner not far off where he could have put in the time very comfortably, but he could not bring himself to desert his companion even for a minute. I have no doubt that that wait of two hours in the draughty station is marked up somewhere to the old sinner's credit account.

Indeed, it was well that day that young Dimsdale had good friends at his back. His appearance was so strange and wild that the passers-by turned back to have another look at him. His eyes were open and staring, giving a fear-inspiring character to his expression. He could not sit still for an instant, but paced up and down and backwards and forwards under the influence of the fierce energy which consumed him, while the major plodded along manfully at his side, suggesting every con-

sideration which might cheer him up, and narrating many tales, true and apocryphal, most of which fell upon heedless ears. . . .

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time they reached their destination. The station master directed them to the Flying Bull, where they secured the very vehicle in which Kate and her guardian had been originally driven up. By the time that the horse was put in it was close on to the half-hour.

"Drive as hard as you can go to the Priory, me man," said the major.

The sulky hostler made no remark, but a look of surprise passed over his phlegmatic countenance. For years back so little had been heard of the old monastery that its very existence had been almost forgotten in Bedsworth. Now, whole troops of Londoners were coming down in succession, demanding to be driven there. He pondered over the strange facts as he drove through the darkness, but the only conclusion to which his bucolic mind could come was that it was high time to raise the fare to that particular point.

It was a miserable night, stormy and wet and bitterly cold. None of the five men had a thought to spare for the weather, however. The two foreigners had been so infected by the suppressed excitement of their companions, or had so identified themselves with their comrades' cause, that they were as eager as the others.

"Are we near?" the major asked.

"The gate is just at the end o' the lane, sir."

"Don't pull up at the gate, but take us a little past it."

"There ain't no way in except the gate," the driver remarked.

"Do what you're ordered," said the major, sternly.

Once again the hostler's face betrayed unbounded astonishment. He slewed halfway round in his seat and took as good a look as was possible in the uncertain light at the faces of his passengers. It had occurred to him that it was more than likely that he would have to swear to them at some future date in a police court. "I'd know that thick 'un wi' the red face," he muttered to himself, "and him wi' the yellor beard and the stick."

They passed the stone pillars with the weather-beaten heraldic devices, and drove along by the high park wall. When they had gone a hundred yards or so the major ordered the driver to pull up, and they all got down. The increased fare

was paid without remonstrance, and the hostler rattled away homewards, with the intention of pulling up at the county police station and lodging information as to the suspicious visitors whom he had brought down.

"It is loikely that they have a watch at the gate," said the major. "We must keep away from there. This wall is a great hoight. We'd best keep on until we find the aisiest place to scale it."

"I could get over it here," Tom said eagerly.

"Wait a bit. A few minutes can make no difference one way or the other. Ould Sir Colin used to say that there were more battles lost by overhaste than by slowness. What's the high bank running along on the right here?"

"Dat's a railway bankment," said Von Baumser. "See the posts and the little red lights over yonder."

"So it is. The wall seems to me to be lower here. What's this dark thing? Hullo, here's a door lading into the grounds."

"It is locked, though."

"Give me a hoist," Tom said imploringly. "Don't throw a minute away. You can't tell what may be going on inside. At this very moment for all we know they may be plotting her murder."

"He has right," said Von Baumser. "We shall await here until we hear from you. Help him, my vriends—shove him up!"

Tom caught the coping of the wall, although the broken glass upon the top cut deeply into his hands. With a great heave he swung himself up, and was soon astride upon the top.

"Here's the whistle," said the major, standing on tiptoe to reach a down-stretched hand. "If you want us give a good blow at it. We'll be with you in a brace of shakes. If we can't get over the wall we'll have the door down. Divil a fear but we'll be there!"

Tom was in the act of letting himself drop into the wood, when suddenly the watchers below saw him crouch down upon the wall, and lie motionless as though listening intently.

"Hush!" he whispered, leaning over. "Some one is coming through the wood."

The wind had died away and the storm subsided. Even from the lane they could hear the sound of feet, and of muffled voices inside the grounds. They all crouched down in the shadow of the wall. Tom lay flat upon the glass-studded cop-

ing, and no one looking from below could distinguish him from the wall itself.

The voices and the footsteps sounded louder and louder, until they were just at the other side of the boundary. They seemed to come from several people walking slowly and heavily. There was the shrill rasping of a key and the wooden door swung back on its rusty hinges, while three dark figures passed out who appeared to bear some burden between them. The party in the shadow crouched closer still, and peered through the darkness with eager anxious eyes. They could discern little save the vague outlines of the moving men, and yet as they gazed at them an unaccountable and overpowering horror crept into the hearts of every one of them. They breathed an atmosphere of death.

The newcomers tramped across the road, and pushing through the thin hedge, ascended the railway embankment upon the other side. It was evident that their burden was a heavy one, for they stopped more than once while ascending the steep grassy slope, and once, when near the top, one of the party slipped, and there was a sound as though he had fallen upon his knees, together with a stifled oath. They reached the top, however, and their figures, which had disappeared from view, came into sight again standing out dimly against the murky sky. They bent down over the railway line, and placed the indistinguishable mass which they bore carefully upon it.

"We must have the light," said a voice.

"No, no; there's no need," another expostulated.

"We can't work in the dark," said a third, loudly and harshly. "Where's your lantern, guv'nor? I've got a lucifer."

"We must manage that the train passes over right," the first voice remarked. "Here, Burt, you light it."

There was the sharp sound of the striking of a match, and a feeble glimmer appeared in the darkness. It flickered and waned, as though the wind would extinguish it, but next instant the wick of the lantern had caught, and threw a strong yellow glare upon the scene. The light fell upon the major and his comrades, who had sprung into the road, and it lit up the group on the railway line. Yet it was not upon the rescuing party that the murderers fixed their terror-stricken eyes, and the major and his friends had lost all thought of the miscreants above them — for there standing in the center of the roadway, there with the light flickering over her pale sweet face, like a

spirit from the tomb, stood none other than the much-enduring, cruelly treated girl for whom Burt's murderous blow had been intended.

For a few moments she stood there without either party moving a foot or uttering a sound. Then there came from the railway line a cry so wild that it will ring forever in the ears of those who heard it. Burt dropped upon his knees and put his hand over his eyes to keep out the sight. John Girdlestone caught his son by the wrist and dashed away into the darkness, flying wildly, madly, with white faces and staring eyes, as men who have looked upon that which is not of this world. In the mean time, Tom had sprung down from his perch, and had clasped Kate in his arms, and there she lay, sobbing and laughing, with many pretty feminine ejaculations and exclamations and questions, saved at last from the net of death, which had been closing upon her so long.



THE OLIVE BOUGHS.

BY SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

THEY bear the hero from the fight, dying;

But the foe is flying:

They lay him down beneath the shade

By the olive branches made:

The olive boughs are sighing.

He hears the wind among the leaves, dying;

But the foe is flying:

He hears the voice that used to be

When he sat beneath the tree:

The olive boughs are sighing.

Comes the mist around his brow, dying;

But the foe is flying:

Comes that form of peace so fair, —

Stretch his hands unto the air:

The olive boughs are sighing.

Fadeth life as fadeth day, dying;

But the foe is flying:

There's an urn beneath the shade

By the olive branches made:

The olive boughs are sighing.

THE GLORY OF THE IMPERFECT.

By G. H. PALMER.

[GEORGE H. PALMER, born in 1842, is Professor of Moral Philosophy at Harvard. He is author of "The New Education," and a translation of the "Odyssey."]

THOUGH I have discussed the joy in perfecting, as is the habit of us metaphysicians, in dry and abstract fashion, I still want people to see that it is an extremely practical matter. In which direction are you going to seek the interests of your life? Are you going to demand that the things about you shall already possess their perfection? Are you going to demand from life that it shall be completed, finished, beautiful? If so, you are doomed to unhappy days. You are certain of disappointment. Or are you going to get your intellectual eyes open and see beauty in the making, and come to rejoice in it there, rather than after it is made? This is the question I want to present to you, dear reader, and I shall ask you to accompany me as we pass several of the provinces of life in survey, so that you may see how different they appear when surveyed from one of these points of view or from the other.

Are ex-students going to feel: "Ah! home is a dull place; I wish I were back in college again. I think I was made for college life. Possibly enough I was made for wealthy life; I am sure I was made for a comfortable life; and I do not find these things here. I will sit and wish I had them. Of course I ought not to rejoice in a home that is short of perfection, and I recognize that this is a good way from that"? Is this going to be their attitude? Or are they going to say: "How interesting this home! What an excellent struggle the dear people are making with the resources at their command! What kindness is shown by my tired mother; how ready to find out the many little wants of the household is she! How diligent my father! Should I, if I had only their narrow opportunities, be as intelligent, as kind, as self-sacrificing as they? What can I do to show them my gratitude? What can I contribute toward the furtherance, the enlargement, the perfecting of this home?" And, I ask, are they going to enter into this home not as a matter of loving duty, but are they going to find it interesting?

Are they going to say: "This home is not a perfect home, happily not a perfect home. I have something to do here. It is far more interesting than if it were already complete"?

I maintain, therefore, in regard to our land as a whole, that there is no land so interesting on the face of the earth; and I maintain this through the very reasoning which brought Mr. Arnold to a contrary opinion. I accept his judgment of the beauty of America. I accept his premise; but I read his conclusion in just the opposite way. In America we still are making; and that is why America, beyond any other country, awakens a noble interest. The beauty which I find in the old lands, and which is refreshing to me for a season, is after all a species of death. Those who dwell among such scenes are appeased; they are not quickened. Let them take their past; we have our future. We may do much; what they can do is largely ended.

In literature, I wish to bring these distinctions before my readers, these differences of standard, and perhaps for this purpose I cannot do better than give a few verses from the poet of the imperfect. I suppose if we were to try to mark out with precision the work of Mr. Browning—I mean not to mark it out as the Browning societies do, but to mark it out with precision—we might say that the distinctive feature of his work is that he has perceived the principle of which I am speaking; he has sought for beauty where there is seeming chaos; he has loved growth, has prized progress, has noted the advance of the spiritual, the pressing on of the finite soul through hindrance to its junction with the infinite. That it is which inspired his somewhat crabbed verses, and has made men willing to undergo the labor of reading them that they too may partake of his insight. In one of his poems—one which seems to me to contain some of his sublimest as well as some of his most commonplace lines, the poem on "Old Pictures in Florence"—he discriminates between the Greek and Christian art in much the same way I have done. I read you a few verses, that they may sum up the thoughts I have given you before I pass on.

"In Greek art," Mr. Browning says:—

You saw yourself as you wished you were,
As you might have been, as you cannot be;
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there;
And grew content in your poor degree

With your little power, by those statues' godhead;
And your little scope, by their eyes' full sway;
And your little grace, by their grace embodied;
And your little date, by their forms that stay.

You would fain be kinglier, say, than I am?
Even so, you will not sit like Theseus.
You would prove a model? The son of Priam
Has yet the advantage in arms' and knees' use.
You're wroth; can you slay your snake like Apollo?
You're grieved; still Niobe's the grander!
You live; there's the Racers' frieze to follow:
You die; there's the dying Alexander.

So testing your weakness by their strength,
Your meager charms by their rounded beauty,
Measured by art in your breadth and length,
You learned: To submit is a mortal's duty.

Growth came when, looking your last on them all,
You turned your eyes inwardly one fine day
And cried with a start: What if we so small
Be greater and grander the while than they!
Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?
In both, of such lower types are we
Precisely because of our wider nature;
For time, theirs — ours, for eternity.

To-day's brief passion limits their range;
It seethes with the morrow for us, and more.
They are perfect — how else? they shall never change;
We are faulty — why not? we have time in store.
The Artificer's hand is not arrested
With us; we are rough-hewn, nowise polished:
They stand for our copy, and, once invested
With all they can teach, we shall see them abolished.

My readers will notice that in this subtle study Mr. Browning points out how, through the comprehension of perfection, there comes content with our present lot. That I call the danger of perfection, the danger of comprehending beauty. For in the lives of all of you there should be a divine discontent; not devilish discontent, but divine discontent — a recognition that life may be larger than you have yet attained, that

you are to press beyond what you have reached, that joy lies in the future, in that which has not been found, rather than in the present, which has already been grasped. And it seems to me, if ever a people were called on to understand this glory of the imperfect, it is we of America.

If, then, the modes of accepting the passion for perfection are so contrasted as I have pointed out, it is possible to indicate methods by which men may discipline themselves in the nobler way of seeking the interest of life,—I mean by taking part with things in their beginnings, learning to reverence them there, and so finding an interest perpetually supported and carried forward. They may well look with some anxiety upon the doctrine which I have laid down.

I will reduce what I have to say to three rules, and the first rule shall be—observe! A simple matter—one, I dare say, which it will seem difficult not to follow. People have a pair of eyes; how can they fail to observe? Ah, but eyes can only look; that is not observing. They want to observe, not to look only. They want to penetrate into things, to find out what is there. There is nothing on earth which, when observed, is not of enormous interest. They cannot find anything so destitute of the principles of life that, when they come to study it, it will not disclose those principles. But it makes all the difference whether they do thus observe, whether they are willing to hold their attention to the thing in hand and see what it contains. After puzzling long about the charm of Homer, I once applied to a learned friend and said to him: “Can you tell me why Homer is so interesting? Why can’t you and I write as he wrote? Why is it that his art was lost with him, and that to-day it is impossible for us to quicken such interest as he?” “Well,” said my friend, “I have meditated on that a great deal, but it seems to me it comes to about this: Homer looked long at a thing. Why,” said he, “do you know that if you should hold up your thumb and look at it long enough, you would find it immensely interesting?” Homer looks a great while at his thumb; he sees precisely the thing he is dealing with. He does not confuse it with anything else. It is sharp to him; and because it is sharp to him it stands out sharply for us over all these thousands of years. Have men acquired that art? Do they see the thing exactly as it is? Do they strip away from it their own likings and dislikings, their own previous notions of what it ought to be?

Do they come face to face with things? If they do, I am sure the hardest situation in life will be to them a delight. They will not be interested in its hardships, but in its opportunities. Possibly they will feel: "Yes, here are just the difficulties I delight to throw myself into. How can one be interested in easy things? The hard things of life are the ones for which we ought to give thanks." Why, the things on which we have thus concentrated attention become our interests. For example, unluckily when I was trained I was not disciplined in botany. I cannot observe the rose. I have to look stupidly upon the total beauty of this lovely object; I can see it only as a whole: fine observers who have trained their powers to penetrate into it can go to its very structure and can see how exquisitely the blooming thing is put together. My eyes were dulled to that long ago; I cannot observe it. Beware, my readers, do not let yourselves grow dull. Observe, observe, observe in every direction! Keep your eyes open. Go forward, understanding that the world was made for your knowledge; that you are to enter into it and possess it.

And the second rule grows directly out of this one. It is: Sympathize with that which lies beyond you; sympathize, I say, with that which lies beyond you. It is easy to sympathize with that which lies within you. How many persons there are who pass through life sympathizing with themselves all the time! What unhappy persons! how unfit for anything whatever! They are full of themselves, and answer their own motion. But there beyond them lies all the beautiful world, in which they might have a share. For sympathy is feeling with; it is identifying yourself with that which at present is not yourself; it is claiming your own. It is going forth and joining yourself with many, not standing off and merely observing, as I said at first. When we observe, the object we observe is different from us; when we sympathize, we identify ourselves with it. You may go into your home and observe, and you will make every person in that home wretched. But go into a home and sympathize with it, find out what lies beyond you there, see how differently those persons are thinking and feeling from the ways in which you are accustomed to think and feel, and yet see how their modes of thinking and feeling supplement your own, that you are imperfect as you stand, and that it is necessary that persons should be constituted thus different from yourself if even your own completion is to

come ; then, I say, you will soon become large in yourself, and a large benefactor to others. Do not stunt sympathy ; do not allow walls to rise up and shut you around. Never say to yourself : " This is my way ; I don't do so and so. I know only this and that ; I don't want to know anything else. Oh, yes ; you other people can have that habit, but these are my habits, and I always do thus and thus." Don't say that. There is nothing more immoral than moral psychology. You ought to have no interest in yourself as you stand, because a larger selfhood lies beyond you, and you should be going forth and claiming your heritage there. Don't stand apart from the movements of the country, the political movements, however distastefully they may strike you. Identify yourself with them, always have a noble side ; seek it out and claim it as your own. Throw yourself into all life, and make it noble.

But I am afraid it would be impossible for people thus to observe, thus to sympathize, unless, thirdly, they bring within themselves some grounds of self-respect. They must bring to things if they would draw from things. They must already have acquired some sort of excellence in order to detect a larger excellence. They must have something which they can do, and do on the whole better than anybody else can do it. That is the moral aspect of competition, that one person can do a certain thing best, and so it is given him to do. The world is already full ; it has no place for some people, it never thought about their coming into it, and it has provided no corner for them. The only way they will find a corner will be by doing something better than the people who are already there. Then they will make a place for themselves. Now, that is what you, young reader, ought to be devoting yourself to ; you ought to be training yourself to do something well, it really does not matter much what it is. Can you make dresses well ? Can you cook a good loaf of bread ? Can you write a poem ? Can you run a typewriter ? Can you do anything well ? Are you a master somewhere ? If you are, the world will have a place for you ; and, more than that, you will have grounds to respect yourself. Indeed, what I have been saying is that the imperfect thing is only worthy to be respected in its connection with all the rest of life. Let not the college man say to himself when he goes out : " I know Greek ; that is a splendid thing to know : these people whom I am meeting do not know it, and obviously they are of a lower grade than I."

Manuscript of Charles Lamb.

Letter to John Clare, the peasant-poet, thanking him for a present of his poems and criticising his too frequent use of provincial phrases, with a receipt at the end for the cooking of frogs. Written at the India House, 31 August, 1822.

India House 31 Aug. 1822.

DEAR CLARE,—I thank you heartily for your present. I am an inveterate old Londoner but while I am among your choice collections I seem to be native to them, and free of the country. The quantity of your observation has astonished me. What have most pleased me have been Recollections after a Ramble, and those Grongar Hill kind of pieces in eight syllable lines, my favorite measure, such as Cowper Hill and Solitude. In some of your story telling Ballads the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry *slang* of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustick Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London. Transplant Arcadia to Helpstone. The true rustic style the Arcadian English style, I think is to be found in Shenstone. Would his School-mistress, the prettiest of poems, have been better if he had used quite the Goody's own language? Now and then a home rustication is fresh and startling but where nothing is gained in expression, it is out of tenor. It may make folks smile and stare, but the ungenial coalition of barbarous and refined phrases will prevent you in the end from being so generally tasted as you deserve to be. Excuse my freedom and take the same liberty with my *puns*.

I send you two little volumes of my spare hours. They are of all sorts: there is a Methodist hymn for Sundays, and a farce for Saturday night. Pray give them a place on your shelf. Pray accept a little volume of which I have a duplicate, that I may return in an equal number to your welcome presents. I think I am indebted to you for a sonnet in the London for August.

Since I saw you I have been in France and have eaten frogs. The nicest little rabbity things you ever tasted. Do look about for them. Make Mrs. Clare pick off the hind quarters, boil them plain, with parsley and butter. The fore quarters are not so good. She may let them hop off by themselves.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. LAMB.

Answered Mr. John Clare

as little,
Transpla
the true
English.
then stones
the prettier
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I send you two little volumes of
my spare hours. They are of all

sorts, there is a method! hymn

for Sundays, and a farce for

Saturday night. Pray give them

a place on your shelf. Pray accept a little
volume, of which I have deposited, that I may return in
an equal number for your welcome presents to you
I think I am indebted to you

for a sonnet on the London fog

August.

Since I saw you I

have been in France, and have

eaten frogs. The nicest little rabbits

things you ever tasted. Do look about

for them. Make Mr. Clare pick off the

bird gardeners, bid them plain, with

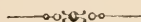
parody and ballet. The ~~four~~ four quarters
are not so good. She may let them hop off by
themselves. I was sincerely, that I am

CHARLES LAMB, 1822.

BRIT. MUS. EGERTON MS. 2,246, f. 99.

That will not be self-respectful, because it shows that he has not understood his proper place. This wide world is one's larger self. It is not too extravagant an expression. But if we are so to count it, then we must count that particular thing which we are capable of doing as merely our special contribution to the great self. And we must understand that many are making similar contributions. What I want people to feel, therefore, is that splendid conception of mutual helpfulness which St. Paul has set forth, where each of us is performing a special function in the common life, and that life of all is recognized as the divine life, the manifestation of the life of our Father. When they have come to that point, when they have seen in the imperfect a portion, an aspect, of the total, perfect, divine life, then I am not afraid life will be uninteresting to them. When man will have acquired the art of penetrating into the imperfect and finding in limited, finite life the infinite life, then all things will be interesting to them. "To apprehend thus," Shakespeare tells us, in his own exact fashion,

To apprehend thus draws us a profit from all things we see.



THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

By CHARLES LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me
 And some are taken from me; all are departed;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.



THE POWER OF 'THE WILD ASS' SKIN.¹

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

(From "La Peau de Chagrin.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 7817.]

"AND now for death!" cried the young man, awakened from his musings. His last thought had recalled his fate to him, as it led him imperceptibly back from the forlorn hopes to which he had clung.

"Ah, ha! then my suspicions were well founded!" said the other, and his hands held the young man's wrists in a grip like that of a vise.

The young man smiled wearily at his mistake, and said gently:—

"You, sir, have nothing to fear; it is not your life, but my own that is in question. . . . But why should I hide a harmless fraud?" he went on, after a look at the anxious old man. "I came to see your treasures, to while away the time till night should come and I could drown myself decently. Who would grudge this last pleasure to a poet and a man of science?"

While he spoke, the jealous merchant watched the haggard face of his pretended customer with keen eyes. Perhaps the mournful tones of his voice reassured him, or he also read the dark signs of fate in the faded features that had made the gamblers shudder; he released his hands, but, with a touch of caution, due to the experience of some hundred years at least, he stretched his arm out to a sideboard as if to steady himself, took up a little dagger, and said:—

"Have you been a supernumerary clerk of the Treasury for three years without receiving any perquisites?"

¹ By permission of J. M. Dent & Co.

The stranger could scarcely suppress a smile as he shook his head.

"Perhaps your father has expressed his regret for your birth a little too sharply? Or have you disgraced yourself?"

"If I meant to be disgraced I should live."

"You have been hissed perhaps at the Funambules? Or you have had to compose couplets to pay for your mistress' funeral? Do you want to be cured of the gold fever? Or to be quit of the spleen? For what blunder is your life a forfeit?"

"You must not look among the common motives that impel suicides for the reason of my death. To spare myself the task of disclosing my unheard-of sufferings, for which language has no name, I will tell you this—that I am in the deepest, most humiliating, and most cruel trouble, and," he went on in proud tones that harmonized ill with the words just uttered, "I have no wish to beg for either help or sympathy."

"Eh! eh!"

The two syllables which the old man pronounced resembled the sound of a rattle. Then he went on thus:—

"Without compelling you to entreat me, without making you blush for it, and without giving you so much as a French centime, a para from the Levant, a German heller, a Russian kopeck, a Scottish farthing, a single obolus or sestercius from the ancient world, or one piaster from the new, without offering you anything whatever in gold, silver or copper, notes or drafts, I will make you richer, more powerful, and of more consequence than a constitutional king."

The younger man thought that the older was in his dotage, and waited in bewilderment without venturing to reply.

"Turn round," said the merchant, suddenly catching up the lamp in order to light up the opposite wall; "look at that leathern skin," he went on.

The young man rose abruptly, and showed some surprise at the sight of a piece of shagreen which hung on the wall behind his chair. It was only about the size of a fox's skin, but it seemed to fill the deep shadows of the place with such brilliant rays that it looked like a small comet, an appearance at first sight inexplicable. The young skeptic went up to this so-called talisman, which was to rescue him from his woes, with a scoffing phrase in his thoughts. Still a harmless curiosity led him to bend over it and look at it from all points of view, and he soon found out the cause of its singular brilliancy.

The dark grain of the leather had been so carefully burnished and polished, the striped markings of the graining were so sharp and clear, that every particle of the surface of the bit of Oriental leather was in itself a focus which concentrated the light, and reflected it vividly.

He accounted for this phenomenon categorically to the old man, who only smiled meaningly by way of answer. His superior smile led the young scientific man to fancy that he himself had been deceived by some imposture. He had no wish to carry one more puzzle to his grave, and hastily turned the skin over, like some child eager to find out the mysteries of a new toy.

"Ah," he cried, "here is the mark of the seal which they call in the East the Signet of Solomon."

"So you know that, then?" asked the merchant. His peculiar method of laughter, two or three quick breathings through the nostrils, said more than any words, however eloquent.

"Is there anybody in the world simple enough to believe in that idle fancy?" said the young man, nettled by the spitefulness of the silent chuckle. "Don't you know," he continued, "that the superstitions of the East have perpetuated the mystical form and the counterfeit characters of the symbol, which represents a mythical dominion? I have no more laid myself open to a charge of credulity in this case than if I had mentioned sphinxes or griffins, whose existence mythology in a manner admits."

"As you are an Orientalist," replied the other, "perhaps you can read that sentence."

He held the lamp close to the talisman, which the young man held toward him, and pointed out some characters inlaid in the surface of the wonderful skin, as if they had grown on the animal to which it once belonged.

"I must admit," said the stranger, "that I have no idea how the letters could be engraved so deeply on the skin of a wild ass." And he turned quickly to the tables strewn with curiosities, and seemed to look for something.

"What is it that you want?" asked the old man.

"Something that will cut the leather, so that I can see whether the letters are printed or inlaid."

The old man held out his stiletto. The stranger took it and tried to cut the skin above the lettering; but when he had

removed a thin shaving of leather from them, the characters still appeared below, so clear and so exactly like the surface impression, that for a moment he was not sure that he had cut anything away after all.

"The craftsmen of the Levant have secrets known only to themselves," he said, half in vexation, as he eyed the characters of this Oriental sentence.

"Yes," said the old man, "it is better to attribute it to man's agency than to God's."

The mysterious words were thus arranged, as it runs in English : —

POSSESSING ME THOU SHALT POSSESS ALL THINGS.
BUT THY LIFE IS MINE, FOR GOD HAS SO WILLED IT.
WISH, AND THY WISHES SHALL BE FULFILLED ;
BUT MEASURE THY DESIRES, ACCORDING
TO THE LIFE THAT IS IN THEE.
THIS IS THY LIFE,
WITH EACH WISH I MUST SHRINK
EVEN AS THY OWN DAYS.
WILT THOU HAVE ME? TAKE ME.
GOD WILL HEARKEN UNTO THEE.
SO BE IT!

"So you read Sanskrit fluently," said the old man. "You have been in Persia, perhaps, or in Bengal?"

"No, sir," said the stranger, as he felt the emblematical skin curiously. It was almost as rigid as a sheet of metal.

The old merchant set the lamp back again upon the column, giving the other a look as he did so. "He has given up the notion of dying already," the glance said with phlegmatic irony.

"Is it a jest, or is it an enigma?" asked the young man.

The other shook his head and said soberly : —

"I don't know how to answer you. I have offered this talisman with its terrible powers to men with more energy in them than you seem to me to have ; but though they laughed at the questionable power it might exert over their futures, not one of them was ready to venture to conclude the fateful contract proposed by an unknown force. I am of their opinion, I have doubted and refrained, and ——"

"Have you never even tried its power?" interrupted the young stranger.

"Tried it!" exclaimed the old man. "Suppose that you

were on the column in the Place Vendôme, would you try flinging yourself into space? Is it possible to stay the course of life? Has a man ever been known to die by halves? Before you came here, you had made up your mind to kill yourself, but all at once a mystery fills your mind, and you think no more about death. You child! Does not any one day of your life afford mysteries more absorbing? Listen to me. I saw the licentious days of the Regency. I was like you then, in poverty; I have begged my bread; but for all that, I am now a centenarian with a couple of years to spare, and a millionaire to boot. Misery was the making of me, ignorance has made me learned. I will tell you in a few words the great secret of human life. By two instinctive processes man exhausts the springs of life within him. Two verbs cover all the forms which these two causes of death may take—To Will and To have your Will. Between these two limits of human activity the wise have discovered an intermediate formula, to which I owe my good fortune and long life. To Will consumes us, and To have our Will destroys us, but To Know steeps our feeble organisms in perpetual calm. In me Thought has destroyed Will, so that Power is relegated to the ordinary functions of my economy. In a word, it is not in the heart which can be broken, nor in the senses that become deadened, but it is in the brain that cannot waste away and survives everything else, that I have set my life. Moderation has kept mind and body unruffled. Yet, I have seen the whole world. I have learned all languages, lived after every manner. I have lent a Chinaman money, taking his father's corpse as a pledge, slept in an Arab's tent on the security of his bare word, signed contracts in every capital of Europe, and left my gold without hesitation in savage wigwams. I have attained everything, because I have known how to despise all things.

“My one ambition has been to see. Is not Sight in a manner Insight? And to have knowledge or insight, is not that to have instinctive possession? To be able to discover the very substance of fact and to unite its essence to our essence? Of material possession what abides with you but an idea? Think, then, how glorious must be the life of a man who can stamp all realities upon his thought, place the springs of happiness within himself, and draw thence uncounted pleasures in idea, unsoiled by earthly stains. Thought is a key to all treasures; the miser's gains are ours without his cares. Thus I have soared

above this world, where my enjoyments have been intellectual joys. I have reveled in the contemplation of seas, peoples, forests, and mountains ! I have seen all things, calmly, and without weariness ; I have set my desires on nothing ; I have waited in expectation of everything. I have walked to and fro in the world as in a garden round about my own dwelling. Troubles, loves, ambitions, losses, and sorrows, as men call them, are for me ideas, which I transmute into waking dreams ; I express and transpose instead of feeling them ; instead of permitting them to prey upon my life, I dramatize and expand them ; I divert myself with them as if they were romances which I could read by the power of vision within me. As I have never overtaxed my constitution, I still enjoy robust health ; and as my mind is endowed with all the force that I have not wasted, this head of mine is even better furnished than my galleries. The true millions lie here," he said, striking his forehead. "I spend delicious days in communings with the past ; I summon before me whole countries, places, extents of sea, the fair faces of history. In my imaginary seraglio I have all the women I have never possessed. Your wars and revolutions come up before me for judgment. What is a feverish fugitive admiration for some more or less brightly colored piece of flesh and blood ; some more or less rounded human form ; what are all the disasters that wait on your erratic whims compared with the magnificent power of conjuring up the whole world within your soul compared with the immeasurable joys of movement, unstrangled by the cords of time, unclogged by the fetters of space ; the joys of beholding all things, of comprehending all things, of leaning over the parapet of the world to question the other spheres, to hearken to the voice of God ? There," he burst out vehemently, "there are To Will and To have your Will, both together," — he pointed to the bit of shagreen ; "there are your social ideas, your immoderate desires, your excesses, your pleasures that end in death, your sorrows that quicken the pace of life, the pain is perhaps but a violent pleasure ! Who could determine the point where pleasure becomes pain, where pain is still a pleasure ? Is not the utmost brightness of the ideal world soothing to us, while the lightest shadows of the physical world annoy ? Is not knowledge the secret of wisdom ? And what is folly but a riotous expenditure of Will or Power ?"

"Very good, then, a life of riotous excess for me !" said the stranger, pouncing upon the piece of shagreen.

"Young man, beware!" cried the other with incredible vehemence.

"I had resolved my existence into thought and study," the stranger replied; "and yet they have not even supported me. I am not to be gulled by a sermon worthy of Swedenborg, nor by your Oriental amulet, nor yet by your charitable endeavors to keep me in a world wherein existence is no longer possible for me. . . . Let me see now," he added, clutching the talisman convulsively, as he looked at the old man, "I wish for a royal banquet, a carouse worthy of this century, which, it is said, has brought everything to perfection! Let me have young boon companions, witty, unwarped by prejudice, merry to the verge of madness! Let one wine succeed another, each more biting and perfumed than the last, and strong enough to bring about three days of delirium! Passionate women's forms should grace that night! I would be borne away to unknown regions beyond the confines of this world, by the car and four-winged steeds of a frantic and uproarious orgie. Let us ascend to the skies, or plunge ourselves in the mire. I do not know if one soars or sinks at such moments, and I do not care! Next, I bid this enigmatical power to concentrate all delights for me in one single joy. Yes, I must comprehend every pleasure of earth and heaven in the final embrace that is to kill me. Therefore, after the wine, I wish to hold high festival to Priapus, with songs that might rouse the dead, and kisses without end; the sound of them should pass like the crackling of flame through Paris, should revive the heat of youth and passion in husband and wife, even in hearts of seventy years."

A laugh burst from the little old man. It rang in the young man's ears like an echo from hell, and tyrannously cut him short. He said no more.

"Do you imagine that my floors are going to open suddenly, so that luxuriously appointed tables may rise through them and guests from another world? No, no, young madcap. You have entered into the compact now, and there is an end of it. Henceforward, your wishes will be accurately fulfilled, but at the expense of your life. The compass of your days, visible in that skin, will contract according to the strength and number of your desires, from the least to the most extravagant. The Brahmin from whom I had this skin once explained to me that it would bring about a mysterious connection between the fortunes and the wishes of its possessor. Your first wish is a vul-

gar one, which I could fulfill, but I leave that to the issues of your new existence. After all, you were wishing to die ; very well, your suicide is only put off for a time."

The stranger was surprised and irritated that this peculiar old man persisted in not taking him seriously. A half philanthropic intention peeped so clearly forth from his last jesting observation, that he exclaimed : —

"I shall soon see, sir, if any change comes over my fortunes in the time it will take to cross the width of the quay. But I should like us to be quits for such a momentous service ; that is, if you are not laughing at an unlucky wretch, so I wish that you may fall in love with an opera dancer. You would understand the pleasures of intemperance then, and might perhaps grow lavish of the wealth that you have husbanded so philosophically."

He went out without heeding the old man's heavy sigh, went back through the galleries and down the staircase, followed by the stout assistant, who vainly tried to light his passage ; he fled with the haste of a robber caught in the act. Blinded by a kind of delirium, he did not even notice the unexpected flexibility of the piece of shagreen, which coiled itself up, pliant as a glove in his excited fingers, till it would go into the pocket of his coat, where he mechanically thrust it. As he rushed out of the door into the street, he ran up against three young men who were passing arm in arm.

"Brute !"

"Idiot !"

Such were the gratifying expressions exchanged between them.

"Why, it is Raphael !"

"Good ! we were looking for you."

"What ! it is you, then ?"

These three friendly exclamations quickly followed the insults, as the light of a street lamp, flickering in the wind, fell upon the astonished faces of the group.

"My dear fellow, you must come with us !" said the young man that Raphael had all but knocked down.

"What is all this about ?"

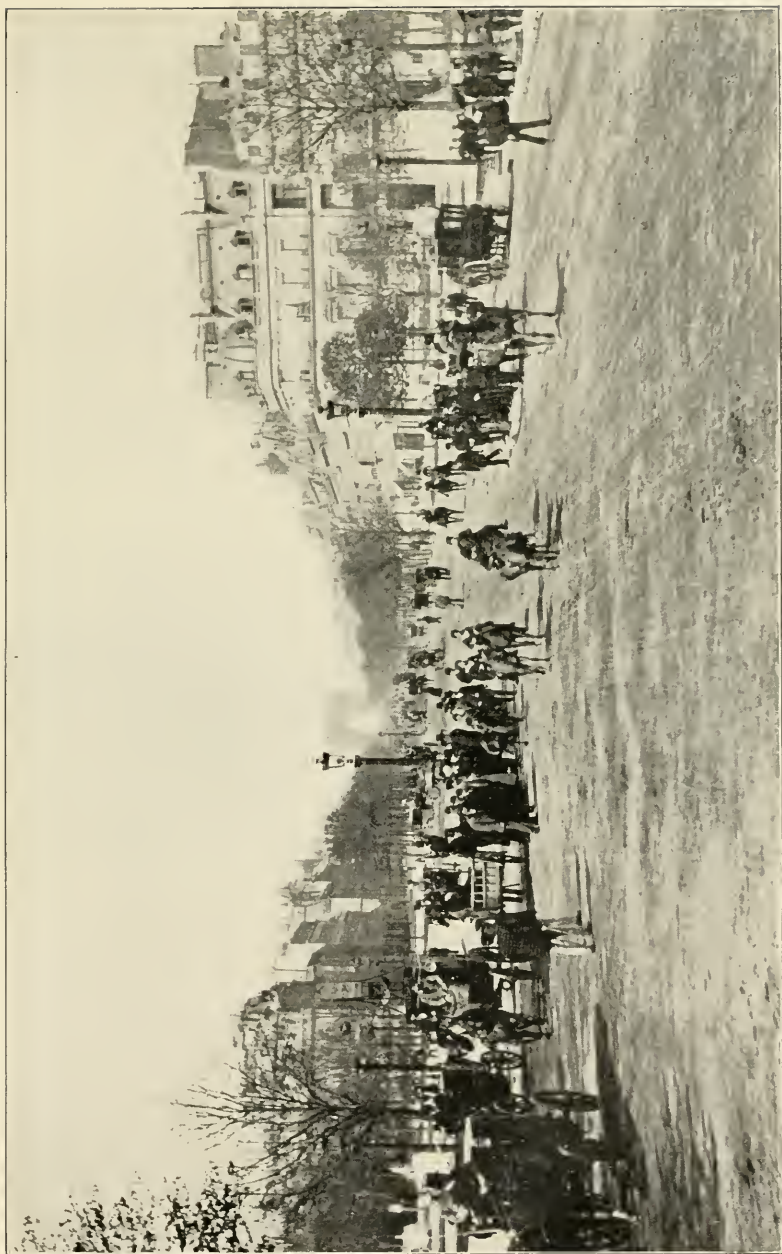
"Come along, and I will tell you the history of it as we go."

By fair means or foul, Raphael must go along with his friends toward the Pont des Arts ; they surrounded him, and linked him by the arm among their merry band.

"We have been after you for about a week," the speaker went on. "At your respectable hotel de Saint Quentin, where, by the way, the sign with the alternate black and red letters cannot be removed, and hangs out just as it did in the time of Jean Jacques, that Leonarda of yours told us that you were off into the country. For all that, we certainly did not look like duns, creditors, sheriff's officers, or the like. But no matter! Rastignac had seen you the evening before at the Bouffons; we took courage again, and made it a point of honor to find out whether you were roosting in a tree in the Champs Elysées, or in one of those philanthropic abodes where the beggars sleep on a twopenny rope, or if, more lucky, you were bivouacking in some boudoir or other. We could not find you anywhere. Your name was not in the jailer's registers at St. Pelagie nor at La Force! Government departments, cafés, libraries, lists of prefects' names, newspaper offices, restaurants, greenrooms—to cut it short, every lurking place in Paris, good or bad, has been explored in the most expert manner. We bewailed the loss of a man endowed with such genius, that one might look to find him either at Court or in the common jails. We talked of canonizing you as a hero of July, and, upon my word, we regretted you!"

As he spoke, the friends were crossing the Pont des Arts. Without listening to them, Raphael looked at the Seine, at the clamoring waves that reflected the lights of Paris. Above that river, in which but now he had thought to fling himself, the old man's prediction had been fulfilled, the hour of his death had been already put back by fate.

"We really regretted you," said his friend, still pursuing his theme. "It was a question of a plan in which we included you as a superior person, that is to say, somebody who can put himself above other people. The constitutional thimblery is carried on to-day, dear boy, more seriously than ever. The infamous monarchy, displaced by the heroism of the people, was a sort of drab, you could laugh and revel with her; but La Patrie is a shrewish and virtuous wife, and willy-nilly you must take her prescribed endearments. Then besides, as you know, authority passed over from the Tuileries to the journalists, at the time when the *Budget* changed its quarters and went from the Faubourg Saint Germain to the Chaussée d'Antin. But this you may not know perhaps. The Government, that is, the aristocracy of lawyers and bankers who



CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, PARIS

represent the country to-day, just as the priests used to do in the time of the monarchy, has felt the necessity of mystifying the worthy people of France with a few new words and old ideas, like philosophers of every school, and all strong intellects ever since time began. So now Royalist-national ideas must be inculcated, by proving to us that it is far better to pay twelve hundred million francs, thirty-three centimes to La Patric, represented by Messieurs Such-and-Such, than to pay eleven hundred million francs, nine centimes to a king who used to say 'I' instead of 'we.' In a word, a journal, with two or three hundred thousand francs, good, at the back of it, has just been started, with a view to making an opposition paper to content the discontented, without prejudice to the national government of the citizen king. We scoff at liberty as at despotism now, and at religion or incredulity quite impartially. And since, for us, 'our country' means a capital where ideas circulate and are sold at so much a line, a succulent dinner every day, and the play at frequent intervals, where profligate women swarm, where suppers last on into the next day, and light loves are hired by the hour like cabs; and since Paris will always be the most adorable of all countries, the country of joy, liberty, wit, pretty women, *mauvais sujets*, and good wine; where the truncheon of authority never makes itself disagreeably felt, because one is so close to those who wield it,—we, therefore, sectaries of the god of Mephistopheles, have engaged to whitewash the public mind, to give fresh costumes to the actors, to put a new plank or two in the government booth, to doctor doctrinaires, and warm up old Republicans, to touch up the Bonapartists a bit, and revictual the Center; provided that we are allowed to laugh *in petto* at both kings and peoples, to think one thing in the morning and another at night, and to lead a merry life *à la Panurge*, or to recline upon soft cushions, *more orientali*.

"The scepter of this burlesque and macaronic kingdom," he went on, "we have reserved for you; so we are taking you straightway to a dinner given by the founder of the said newspaper, a retired banker, who, at a loss to know what to do with his money, is going to buy some brains with it. You will be welcomed as a brother, we shall hail you as king of these free lances, who will undertake anything; whose perspicacity discovers the intentions of Austria, England, or Russia, before either Russia, Austria, or England have formed any. Yes, we

will invest you with the sovereignty of those puissant intellects which give to the world its Mirabeaus, Talleyrands, Pitts, and Metternichs—all the clever Crispins who treat the destinies of a kingdom as gamblers' stakes, just as ordinary men play dominoes for *kirschenwasser*. We have given you out to be the most undaunted champion who ever wrestled in a drinking bout at close quarters with the monster called Carousal, whom all bold spirits wish to try a fall with; we have gone so far as to say that you have never yet been worsted. I hope you will not make liars of us. Taillefer, our amphitryon, has undertaken to surpass the circumscribed saturnalias of the petty modern Lucullus. He is rich enough to infuse pomp into trifles, and style and charm into dissipation. . . . Are you listening, Raphael?" asked the orator, interrupting himself.

"Yes," answered the young man, less surprised by the accomplishment of his wishes than by the natural manner in which the events had come about.

He could not bring himself to believe in magie, but he marveled at the accidents of human fate.

* * * * *

He stood leaning against the marble chimney-piece, and stayed there quietly in the middle of the principal saloon, doing his best to give no one any advantage over him; but he scrutinized the faces about him, and gave a certain vague offense to those assembled, by his inspection. Like a dog aware of his strength, he awaited the contest on his own ground, without unnecessary barking. Toward the end of the evening he strolled into the card room, walking between the door and another that opened into the billiard room, throwing a glance from time to time over a group of young men that had gathered there. He heard his name mentioned after a turn or two. Although they lowered their voices, Raphael easily guessed that he had become the topic of their debate, and he ended by catching a phrase or two spoken aloud.

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"I dare you to do it!"

"Let us make a bet on it."

"Oh, he will do it."

Just as Valentin, curious to learn the matter of the wager, came up to pay closer attention to what they were saying, a tall, strong, good-looking young fellow, who, however, possessed the

impertinent stare peculiar to people who have material force at their back, came out of the billiard room.

"I am deputed, sir," he said, coolly addressing the marquis, "to make you aware of something which you do not seem to know; your face and person generally are a sort of annoyance to every one here, and to me in particular. You have too much politeness not to sacrifice yourself to the public good, and I beg that you will not show yourself in the Club again."

"This sort of joke has been perpetrated before, sir, in garrison towns at the time of the Empire; but nowadays it is exceedingly-bad form," said Raphael, dryly.

"I am not joking," the young man answered, "and I repeat it; your health will be considerably the worse for a stay here; the heat and light, the air of the saloon, and the company are all bad for your complaint."

"Where did you study medicine?" Raphael inquired.

"I took my bachelor's degree on Lepage's shooting ground in Paris, and was made a doctor at Cerizier's, the king of foils."

"There is one last degree left for you to take," said Valentin; "study the ordinary rules of politeness, and you will be a perfect gentleman."

The young men all came out of the billiard room just then, some disposed to laugh, some silent. The attention of other players was drawn to the matter; they left their cards to watch a quarrel that rejoiced their instincts. Raphael, alone among this hostile crowd, did his best to keep cool, and not to put himself in any way in the wrong; but his adversary having ventured a sarcasm containing an insult couched in unusually keen language, he replied gravely:—

"We cannot box men's ears, sir, in these days, but I am at a loss for any word by which to stigmatize such cowardly behavior as yours."

"That's enough, that's enough. You can come to an explanation to-morrow," several young men exclaimed, interposing between the two champions.

Raphael left the room in the character of aggressor, after he had accepted a proposal to meet near the Château de Bordeaux, in a little sloping meadow, not very far from the newly made road, by which the man who came off victorious could reach Lyons. Raphael must now either take to his bed or leave the baths. The visitors had gained their point. At eight o'clock

next morning, his antagonist, followed by two seconds and a surgeon, arrived first on the ground.

"We shall do very nicely here; glorious weather for a duel!" he cried gayly, looking at the blue vault of sky above, at the waters of the lake, and the rocks, without a single melancholy presentiment or doubt of the issue. "If I wing him," he went on, "I shall send him to bed for a month; eh, doctor?"

"At the very least," the surgeon replied; "but let that willow twig alone, or you will weary your wrist, and then you will not fire steadily. You might kill your man then instead of wounding him."

The noise of a carriage was heard approaching.

"Here he is," said the seconds, who soon descried a calèche coming along the road; it was drawn by four horses, and there were two postilions.

"What a queer proceeding!" said Valentin's antagonist; "here he comes posthaste to be shot."

The slightest incident about a duel, as about a stake at cards, makes an impression on the minds of those deeply concerned in the results of the affair; so the young man awaited the arrival of the carriage with a kind of uneasiness. It stopped in the road; old Jonathan laboriously descended from it, in the first place, to assist Raphael to alight; he supported him with his feeble arms, and showed him all the minute attentions that a lover lavishes upon his mistress. Both became lost to sight in the footpath that lay between the highroad and the field where the duel was to take place; they were walking slowly, and did not appear again for some time after. The four onlookers at this strange spectacle felt deeply moved by the sight of Valentin as he leaned on his servant's arm; he was wasted and pale; he limped as if he had the gout, went with his head bowed down, and said not a word. You might have taken them for a couple of old men, one broken with years, the other worn out with thought; the elder bore his age visibly written in his white hair, the younger was of no age.

"I have not slept all night, sir;" so Raphael greeted his antagonist.

The icy tone and terrible glance that went with the words made the real aggressor shudder; he knew that he was in the wrong, and felt in secret ashamed of his behavior. There was something strange in Raphael's bearing, tone, and gesture; the

marquis stopped, and every one else was likewise silent. The uneasy and constrained feeling grew to a height.

"There is yet time," he went on, "to offer me some slight apology; and offer it you must, or you will die, sir! You rely even now on your dexterity, and do not shrink from an encounter in which you believe all the advantage to be upon your side. Very good, sir; I am gencrous, I am letting you know my superiority beforehand. I possess a terrible power. I have only to wish to do so, and I can neutralize your skill, dim your eyesight, make your hand and pulse unsteady, and even kill you outright. I have no wish to be compelled to exercise my power; the use of it costs me too dear. You would not be the only one to die. So if you refuse to apologize to me, no matter what your experience in murder, your ball will go into the waterfall there, and mine will speed straight to your heart though I do not aim it at you."

Confused voices interrupted Raphael at this point. All the time that he was speaking, the marquis had kept his intolerably keen gaze fixed upon his antagonist; now he drew himself up and showed an impassive face, like that of a dangerous madman.

"Make him hold his tongue," the young man had said to one of his seconds; "that voice of his is tearing the heart out of me."

"Say no more, sir; it is quite useless," cried the seconds and the surgeons, addressing Raphael.

"Gentlemen, I am fulfilling a duty. Has this young gentleman any final arrangements to make?"

"That is enough; that will do."

The marquis remained standing steadily, never for a moment losing sight of his antagonist; and the latter seemed, like a bird before a snake, to be overwhelmed by a well-nigh magical power. He was compelled to endure that homicidal gaze; he met and shunned it incessantly.

"I am thirsty; give me some water ——" he said again to the second.

"Are you nervous?"

"Yes," he answered. "There is a fascination about that man's glowing eyes."

"Will you apologize?"

"It is too late now."

The two antagonists were placed at fifteen paces distant

from each other. Each of them had a brace of pistols at hand, and, according to the programme prescribed for them, each was to fire twice when and how he pleased, but after the signal had been given by the seconds.

"What are you doing, Charles?" exclaimed the young man who acted as a second to Raphael's antagonist; "you are putting in the ball before the powder?"

"I am a dead man," he muttered, by way of answer; "you have put me facing the sun ——"

"The sun lies behind you," said Valentin, sternly and solemnly, while he coolly loaded his pistol without heeding the fact that the signal had been given, or that his antagonist was carefully taking aim.

There was something so appalling in this supernatural unconcern, that it affected even the two postilions, brought thither by a cruel curiosity. Raphael was either trying his power or playing with it, for he talked to Jonathan, and looked toward him as he received his adversary's fire. Charles' bullet broke a branch of willow, and ricocheted over the surface of the water! Raphael fired at random, and shot his antagonist through the heart. He did not heed the young man as he dropped; he hurriedly sought the Wild Ass' Skin to see what another man's life had cost him. The talisman was no larger than a small oak leaf.



LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I ARISE from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how?
'To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —



“She was a phantom of delight”

From a painting by A. Siefert

The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine
O belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.



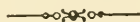
SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death:
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.



CECILIA DE NOËL.¹

By LANOË FALCONER.

[LANOË FALCONER is the pseudonym of Mary Elizabeth Hawker, daughter of the late Major Hawker of the English army. She was educated in France and England, and is the author of the novels "Mademoiselle Ixe," "The Hotel d'Angleterre," and "Cecilia de Noël." She resides at Hurstbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hants.]

I. ATHERLEY'S GOSPEL.

"WHAT is the story of the ghost?"

"Story! God bless you, it has none to tell, sir; at least it never has told it, and no one else rightly knows it. It—I mean the ghost—is older than the family. We found it here when we came into the place about two hundred years ago, and it refused to be dislodged. It is rather uncertain in its habits. Sometimes it is not heard of for years; then all at once it reappears, generally, I may observe, when some imaginative female in the house is in love, or out of spirits, or bored in any other way. She sees it, and then of course—the complaint being highly infectious—so do a lot more. One of the family started the theory it was the ghost of the portrait, or rather the unknown individual whose portrait hangs high up over the sideboard in the dining room."

"You don't mean the lady in green velvet with the snuff-box?"

"Certainly not; that is my own great-grandaunt. I mean a square of black canvas with one round yellow spot in the middle and a dirty white smudge under the spot. There are members of this family—Aunt Eleanor, for instance—who

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tell me the yellow spot is a man's face and the dirty white smudge an Elizabethan ruff. Then there is a picture of a man in armor in the oak room, which I don't believe is a portrait at all; but Aunt Henrietta swears it is, and of the ghost too—as he was before he died, of course. And very interesting details both my aunts are ready to furnish concerning the two originals. It is extraordinary what an amount of information is always forthcoming about things of which nobody can know anything—as about the next world, for instance. The last time I went to church the preacher gave as minute an account of what our post-mortem experiences were to be as if he had gone through it all himself several times."

"Well, does the ghost usually appear in a ruff or in armor?"

"It depends entirely upon who sees it—a ghost always does. Last night, for instance, I lay you odds it wore neither ruff nor armor, because Mrs. Mallet is not likely to have heard of either the one or the other. Not that she saw the ghost—not she. What she saw was a bogy, not a ghost."

"Why, what is the difference?"

"Immense! As big as that which separates the objective from the subjective. Any one can see a bogy. It is a real thing belonging to the external world. It may be a bright light, a white sheet, or a black shadow—always at night, you know, or at least in the dusk, when you are apt to be a little mixed in your observations. The best example of a bogy was Sir Walter Scott's. It looked—in the twilight, remember—exactly like Lord Byron, who had not long departed this life at the time Sir Walter saw it. Nine men out of ten would have gone off and sworn they had seen a ghost; why, religions have been founded on just such stuff: but Sir Walter, as sane a man as ever lived—though he did write poetry—kept his head clear and went up closer to his ghost, which proved on examination to be a waterproof."

"A waterproof?"

"Or a railway rug—I forget which: the moral is the same."

"Well, what is a ghost?"

"A ghost is nothing—an airy nothing manufactured by your own disordered senses or your own overexcited brain."

"I beg to observe that I never saw a ghost in my life."

"I am glad to hear it. It does you credit. If ever any one had an excuse for seeing a ghost it would be a man whose spine

was jarred. But I meant nothing personal by the pronoun — only to give greater force to my remarks. The first person singular will do instead. The ghost belongs to the same lot as the faces that make mouths at me when I have brain fever, the reptiles that crawl about when I have an attack of the D. T., or — to take a more familiar example — the spots I see floating before my eyes when my liver is out of order. You will allow there is nothing supernatural in all that ? ”

“Certainly. Though, did not that pretty niece of Mrs. Molyneux’s say she used to see those spots floating before her eyes when a misfortune was impending ? ”

“I fancy she did, and true enough too, as such spots would very likely precede a bilious attack, which is misfortune enough while it lasts. But still, even Mrs. Molyneux’s niece, even Mrs. Molyneux herself, would not say the fever faces, or the reptiles, or the spots, were supernatural. And, in fact, the ghost is, so far more — more *recherché*, let us say, than the other things. It takes more than a bilious attack or a fever, or even D. T., to produce a ghost. It takes nothing less than a pretty high degree of nervous sensibility and excitable imagination. Now these two disorders have not been much developed yet by the masses, in spite of the school boards: ergo, any apparition which leads to hysterics or brandy and water in the servants’ hall is a bogey, not a ghost.”

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and added : —

“And now, Lindy, as we don’t want another ghost haunting the house, I will conduct you to by-by.”

II. THE PARSON’S GOSPEL.

“Why, George; how late you are, and — how wet! Is it raining ? ”

“Yes; hard.”

“Have you bought the ponies ? ”

“No; they won’t do at all. But whom do you think I picked up on the way home? You will never guess. Your pet parson, Mr. Austyn.”

“Mr. Austyn ! ”

“Yes; I found him by the roadside not far from Monk’s cottage, where he had been visiting, looking sadly at a spring cart, which the owner thereof, one of the Rood Warren farmers, had managed to upset and damage considerably. He was giv-

ing Austyn a lift home when the spill took place. So, remembering your hankering and Lindy's for the society of this young Ritualist, I persuaded him that instead of tramping six miles through the wet he should come here and put up for the night with us; so leaving the farmer free to get home on his pony, I clinched the matter by promising to send him back to-morrow in time for his eight o'clock service."

"Oh dear! I wish I had known he was coming. I would have ordered a dinner he would like."

"Judging by his appearance, I should say the dinner he would like will be easily provided."

Atherley was right. Mr. Austyn's dinner consisted of soup, bread, and water. He would not even touch the fish or the eggs elaborately prepared for his especial benefit. Yet he was far from being a skeleton at the feast, to whose immaterial side he contributed a good deal—not taking the lead in conversation, but readily following whosoever did, giving his opinions on one topic after another in the manner of a man well informed, cultured, thoughtful, original even, and at the same time with no warmer interest in all he spoke of than the inhabitant of another planet might have shown.

Atherley was impressed and even surprised to a degree unflattering to the rural clergy.

"This is indeed a *rara avis* of a country curate," he confided to me after dinner, while Lady Atherley was unraveling with Austyn his connection with various families of her acquaintance. "We shall hear of him in time to come, if, in the mean while, he does not starve himself to death. By the way, I lay you odds he sees the ghost. To begin with, he has heard of it—everybody has in this neighborhood; and then St. Anthony himself was never in a more favorable condition for spiritual visitations. Look at him; he is blue with asceticism. But he won't turn tail to the ghost; he'll hold his own. There's mettle in him."

This led me to ask Austyn, as we went down the bachelor's passage to our rooms, if he were afraid of ghosts.

"No; that is, I don't feel any fear now. Whether I should do so if face to face with one, is another question. This house has the reputation of being haunted, I believe. Have you seen the ghost yourself?"

"No, but I have seen others who did, or thought they did. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I do not know that I have considered the subject sufficiently to say whether I do or not. I see no *prima facie* objection to their appearance. That it would be supernatural offers no difficulty to a Christian whose religion is founded on, and bound up with, the supernatural."

"If you do see anything, I should like to know."

I went away, wondering why he repelled as well as attracted me; what it was behind the almost awe-inspiring purity and earnestness I felt in him that left me with a chill sense of disappointment? The question was so perplexing and so interesting that I determined to follow it up next day, and ordered my servant to call me as early as Mr. Austyn was wakened.

In the morning I had just finished dressing, but had not put out my candles, when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Austyn himself.

"I did not expect to find you up, Mr. Lyndsay; I knocked gently, lest you should be asleep. In case you were not, I intended to come and tell you that I had seen the ghost."

"Breakfast is ready," said a servant at the door.

"Let me come down with you and hear about it," I said.

We went down through staircase and hall, still plunged in darkness, to the dining room, where lamps and fire burned brightly. Their glow falling on Austyn's face showed me how pale it was, and worn as if from watching.

Breakfast was set ready for him, but he refused to touch it.

"But tell me what you saw."

"I must have slept two or three hours when I awoke with the feeling that there was some one besides myself in the room. I thought at first it was the remains of a dream and would quickly fade away; but it did not, it grew stronger. Then I raised myself in bed and looked around. The space between the sash of the window and the curtains—my shutters were not closed—allowed one narrow stream of moonlight to enter and lie across the floor. Near this, standing on the brink of it, as it were, and rising dark against it, was a shadowy figure. Nothing was clearly outlined but the face; *that* I saw only too distinctly. I rose and remained up for at least an hour before it vanished. I heard the clock outside strike the hour twice. I was not looking at it all this time—on the contrary, my hands were clasped across my closed eyes; but when from time to time I turned to see if it was gone, it was always there, immovable, watchful. It reminded me of a wild beast waiting

Manuscript of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Letter to Miss Amelia Curran, at Rome, concerning designs for a monument (to his son William, who died on 7 June preceding), and mentioning that he has nearly finished his "Cenci."
Laghorn, 5 Aug. 1819.

For the circumstances under which the letter was written, see E. Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1886, vol. ii., p. 266, *sqq.* The second picture to which the writer refers is that of William Shelley, painted by Miss Curran shortly before his death.

Livorno, August 5, 1819.

MY DEAR MISS CURRAN, - I ought to have written to you some time ago, but my ill spirits and ill health has for ever furnished me with an excuse for delaying till tomorrow. I fear that you still continue too capable of justly estimating my apology.

A thousand thanks for your kind attention to my request. I have considered the drawings, and neither of them, nor indeed perhaps any attempt at *sculpture*, seems to me fit for the purpose. I strongly incline to prefer an unornamented pyramid of white marble, as of the most durable form and the simplest appearance, but, if you will permit, I will send you my decision soon. You have too much goodness not to excuse on such a subject the trouble which I give you. I will send at the same time the Inscription.

Mary's spirits continue wretchedly depressed, more so than a stranger (though perhaps I ought not to call you so) could imagine. We live seeing no one but one lady, who is agreeable. We think, but as yet only think, of Rome for the winter.

I have nearly finished my Cenci, which Mary likes. I wish very much to get a good *engraving* made of the picture in the Colonna Palace, and to have the plate by this Autumn. How much time and money would a first-rate Roman artist demand for such work? Dare I ask you to add to the amount of so many favours which must be so long unrepaid that of charging yourself with such a kindness?

What we owe to you in possessing the Picture is more than I can express. May I hope that some day will arrive on which it will be possible to offer other expressions for it than words!

Let us hear of your health and spirits, and be they better.

Most sincerely yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Could you be kind enough - Mary says - to send any drawings of simple monumental forms, such as you consider beautiful as well as durable. I incline to a mere pyramid.

an Artist demand for such a work —
to add to the amount of so many
must be so long unrepaid, that of
with such a kindness? —

to you in preserving the Picture, is more
to — may I hope that some day will
be so good to find other supporters

your health & spirit, & be they better —

Most sincerely Yours

P. B. Shelly.

kind enough — May says — as to send
simple monumental forms; such as you
as well as cherubs? — I incline to a

Livorno, August 5. 1819

My dear Mr. Curran

I ought to have written to you some time ago but my ill spirits & ill health has proved powerless in with an excuse for delaying till tomorrow. I fear that you still continue too captivated by poetry to transcribe any epilogue.

It then and thanks for your kind attention to my request I have considered the drawings & execution of them, and indeed perhaps some other fit of sculpture seems to me fit for the temple. "I should be inclined to prefer an unconsummated pyramid of white marble as if the most admirable form & the simplest appearance, but if you will" permit I will send you my account soon for there too much good will not to focus on such a subject the truth of which I give you - I will send all the same time the description.

My friend's still continues materially debilitated - more so than a stranger; but perhaps I ought not to tell you so; I could imagine - He has been seeing no one but his family, who is approved - He thinks, but so yet only thinks of them for the winter.

I have nearly finished my letter - which I may close. I wish very much to get a good engraving made of the picture in the Colonna Palace, & to have the plate by the autumn. How much soon time & money would

a first-rate Roman Artist demand for such a work - Don I ask you to add to the amount of so many figures which must be so long arranged, that of designing grass-off with such a number? —

What he can do you in preparing the picture, is more than I can express - May I hope that some day will arrive on which it will be possible to find some satisfaction for it then words.

Let us then for your health & spirits, & be they better.

Yours sincerely Yours

P. B. Shelley.

Could you be kind enough - Mary says - as to send any drawings of simple monumental forms, such as you consider beautiful as well as durable? — I intend to a new pyramid —

to spring, and I seemed to myself to be holding it at bay all the time with a great strain of the will, and, of course" — he hesitated for an instant, and then added — "in virtue of a higher power."

The reserve of all his school forbade him to say more, but I understood as well as if he had told me that he had been on his knees praying all the time, and there rose before my mind a picture of the scene — moonlight, kneeling saint and watching demon, which the leaf of some illustrated missal might have furnished.

The bronze timepiece over the fireplace struck half-past six.

"I wonder if the carriage is at the door," said Austyn, rather anxiously. He went into the hall and looked out through the narrow windows. There was no carriage visible, and I deeply regretted the second interruption that must follow when it did come.

"Let us walk up the hill and on a little way together. The carriage will overtake us. My curiosity is not yet satisfied."

"Then first, Mr. Lyndsay, you must go back and drink some coffee; you are not strong as I am, or accustomed to go out fasting into the morning air."

Outside in the shadow of the hill, where the fog lay thick and white, the gloom and the cold of the night still lingered, but as we climbed the hill we climbed, too, into the brightness of a sunny morning — brilliant, amber-tinted above the long blue shadows.

* * * * *

I had to speak first.

"Now tell me what the face was like."

"I do not think I can. To begin with, I have a very indistinct remembrance of either the form or the coloring. Even at the time my impression of both was very vague; what so overwhelmed and transfixed my attention, to the exclusion of everything besides itself, was the look upon the face."

"And that?"

"And that I literally cannot describe. I know no words that could depict it, no images that could suggest it; you might as well ask me to tell you what a new color was like if I had seen it in my dreams, as some people declare they have done. I could convey some faint idea of it by describing its effect upon myself, but that too is very difficult — that was like nothing I have ever felt before. It was the realization of much

which I have affirmed all my life, and steadfastly believed as well, but only with what might be called a notional assent, as the blind man might believe that light is sweet, or one who had never experienced pain might believe it was something from which the senses shrink. Every day that I have recited the creed, and declared my belief in the Life Everlasting, I have by implication confessed my entire disbelief in any other. I knew that what seems so solid is not solid, so real is not real; that the life of the flesh, of the senses, of things seen, is but the 'stuff that dreams are made of' — 'a dream within a dream,' as one modern writer has called it; 'the shadow of a dream,' as another has it. But last night —"

He stood still, gazing straight before him, as if he saw something that I could not see.

"But last night?" I repeated, as we walked on again.

"Last night? I not only believed, I saw, I felt it, with a sudden intuition conveyed to me in some inexplicable manner by the vision of that face. I felt the utter insignificance of what we name existence, and I perceived too behind it that which it conceals from us — the real Life, illimitable, unfathomable, the element of our true being with its eternal possibilities of misery or joy."

"And all this came to you through something of an evil nature?"

"Yes; it was like the effect of lightning on a pitch-dark night — the same vivid and lurid illumination of things unperceived before. It must be like the revelation of death, I should think, without, thank God, that fearful sense of the irrevocable which death must bring with it. Will you not rest here?"

For we had reached Beggar's Stile. But I was not tired for once, so keen, so life-giving was the air, sparkling with that fine elixir whereby morning braces us for the day's conflict. Below, through slowly dissolving mists, the village showed as if it smiled, each little cottage hearth lifting its soft spiral of smoke to a zenith immeasurably deep, immaculately blue.

"But the ghost itself?" I said, looking up at him as we both rested our arms upon the gate. "What do you think of that?"

"I am afraid there is no possible doubt what that was. Its face, as I tell you, was a revelation of evil — evil and its punishment. It was a lost soul."

"Do you mean by a lost soul, a soul that is in never-ending torment?"

"Not in physical torment certainly; that would be a very material interpretation of the doctrine. Besides, the Church has always recognized degree and difference in the punishment of the lost. This, however, they all have in common — eternal separation from the Divine Being."

"Even if they repent and desire to be reunited to Him?"

"Certainly; that must be part of their suffering."

"And yet you believe in a good God?"

"In what else could I believe even without revelation? But goodness, divine goodness, is far from excluding severity and wrath, and even vengeance. Here the witness of science and of history are in accord with that of the Christian Church; their first manifestation of God is always of 'one that is angry with us and threatens evil.'"

The carriage had now overtaken us and stopped close to us. I rose to say good-by. Austyn shook me by the hand and moved towards the carriage; then, as if checked by a sudden thought, returned upon his steps and stood before me, his earnest eyes fixed upon me as if the whole self-denying soul within him hungered to awaken mine.

"I feel I must speak one word before I leave you, even if it be out of season. With the recollection of last night still so fresh, even the serious things of life seem trifles, far more its small conventionalities. Mr. Lyndsay, your friend has made his choice, but you are dallying between belief and unbelief. Oh, do not dally long! We need no spirit from the dead to tell us life is short. Do we not feel it passing quicker and quicker every year? The one thing that is serious in all its shows and delusions is the question it puts to each one of us, and which we answer to our eternal loss or gain. Many different voices call to us in this age of false prophets, but one only threatens as well as invites. Would it not be only wise, prudent even, to give the preference to that? Mr. Lyndsay, I beseech you, accept the teaching of the Church, which is one with that of conscience and of nature, and believe that there is a God, a Sovereign, a Lawgiver, a Judge."

He was gone, and I still stood thinking of his words, and of his gaze while he spoke them.

The mists were all gone now, leaving behind them in shimmering dewdrops an iridescent veil on mead and copse and gar-

den; the river gleamed in diamond curves and loops, while in the covert near me the birds were singing as if from hearts that overbrimmed with joy.

And slowly, sadly, I repeated to myself the words — Sovereign, Lawgiver, Judge.

I was hungering for bread; I was given a stone.

III. CECILIA.

The rain gradually ceased falling as we drove onward and upward to the station. It stood on high ground, overlooking a wide sweep of downland and fallow, bordered towards the west by close-set woodlands, purple that evening against a sky of limpid gold, which the storm clouds discovered as they lifted.

I had not long to wait, for, punctual to its time, the train steamed into the station. From that part of the train to which I first looked, four or five passengers stepped out, not one of them certainly the lady that I waited for. Glancing from side to side I saw, standing at the far end of the platform, two women; one of them was tall; could this be Mrs. de Noël? And yet no, I reflected as I went towards them, for she held a baby in her arms — a baby moreover swathed, not in white and laces, but in a tattered and discolored shawl; while her companion, lifting out baskets and bundles from a third-class carriage, was poorly and even miserably clad. But again, as I drew nearer, I observed that the long fine hand which supported the child was delicately gloved, and that the cloak which swung back from the encircling arm was lined and bordered with very costly fur. This and something in the whole outline —

“Mrs. de Noël?” I murmured inquiringly.

Then she turned towards me, and I saw her, as I often see her now in dreams, against that sunset background of aerial gold which the artist of circumstance had painted behind her, like a new Madonna, holding the child of poverty to her heart, pressing her cheek against its tiny head with a gesture whose exquisite tenderness, for at least that fleeting instant, seemed to bridge across the gulf which still yawns between Dives and Lazarus. So standing, she looked at me with two soft brown eyes, neither large nor beautiful, but in their outlook direct and simple as a child's. Remembering as I met them what Mrs.

Molyneux had said, I saw and comprehended as well what she meant. Benevolence is but faintly inscribed on the faces of most men, even of the better sort. "I will love you, my neighbor," we thereon decipher, "when I have attended to my own business, in the first place; if you are lovable, or at least likable, in the second." But in the transparent gaze that Cecilia de Noël turned upon her fellows beamed love poured forth without stint and without condition. It was as if every man, woman, and child who approached her became instantly to her more interesting than herself, their defects more tolerable, their wants more imperative, their sorrows more moving, than her own. In this lay the source of that mysterious charm so many have felt, so few have understood, and yielding to which even those least capable of appreciating her confessed that, whatever her conduct might be, she herself was irresistibly lovable. A kind of dreamlike haze seemed to envelop us as I introduced myself, as she smiled upon me, as she resigned the child to its mother and bade them tenderly farewell.

IV. THE NEXT DAY—CECILIA'S GOSPEL.

He went forward to meet and stop the carriage, out of which, at his suggestion, Mrs. de Noël readily came down to join us.

"Do not get up, Mr. Lyndsay," she called out as she came toward us, "or I will go away. I don't want to sit down."

"Sit down, Lindy," said Atherley, sharply, "Cissy likes tobacco in the open air."

She rested her arms upon the gate and looked downwards.

"The dear, dear old river! It makes me feel young again to look at it."

"Cissy," said Atherley, his arms on the gate, his eyes staring straight towards the opposite horizon, "tell us about the ghost; were you frightened?"

There was a certain tension in the pause which followed. Would she tell us or not? I almost felt Atherley's rebound of satisfaction as well as my own at the sound of her voice. It was uncertain and faint at first, but by degrees grew firm again, as timidity was lost in the interest of what she told:—

"Last night I sat up with Mrs. Molyneux, holding her hand till she fell asleep, and that was very late, and then I went to the dressing room, where I was to sleep; and as I undressed,

I thought over what Mr. Lyndsay had told us about the ghost ; and the more I thought, the more sad and strange it seemed that not one of those who saw it, not even Aunt Eleanour, who is so kind and thoughtful, had had one pitying thought for it. And we who heard about it were just the same, for it seemed to us quite natural and even right that everybody should shrink away from it because it was so horrible ; though that should only make them the more kind ; just as we feel we must be more tender and loving to any one who is deformed, and the more shocking his deformity the more tender and loving. And what, I thought, if this poor spirit had come by any chance to ask for something ; if it were in pain and longed for relief, or sinful and longed for forgiveness ? How dreadful then that other beings should turn from it, instead of going to meet it and comfort it—so dreadful that I almost wished that I might see it, and have the strength to speak to it ! And it came into my head that this might happen, for often and often when I have been very anxious to serve some one, the wish has been granted in a quite wonderful way. So when I said my prayers, I asked especially that if it should appear to me, I might have strength to forget all selfish fear and try only to know what it wanted. And as I prayed the foolish shrinking dread we have of such things seemed to fade away ; just as when I have prayed for those towards whom I felt cold or unforgiving, the hardness has all melted away into love towards them. And after that came to me that lovely feeling which we all have sometimes—in church, or when we are praying alone, or more often in the open air, on beautiful summer days when it is warm and still ; as if one's heart were beating and overflowing with love towards everything in this world and in all the worlds ; as if the very grasses and the stones were dear, but dearest of all, the creatures that still suffer, so that to wipe away their tears forever, one feels that one would die—oh, die so gladly ! And always as if this were something not our own, but part of that wonderful great Love above us, about us, everywhere, clasping us all so tenderly and safely ! ”

Here her voice trembled and failed ; she waited a little and then went on, “ Ah, I am too stupid to say rightly what I mean, but you who are clever will understand.

“ It was so sweet that I knelt on, drinking it in for a long time ; not praying, you know, but just resting, and feeling as if I were in heaven, till all at once, I cannot explain why, I moved

and looked round. It was there at the other end of the room. It was . . . — much worse than I had dreaded it would be ; as if it looked out of some great horror deeper than I could understand. The loving feeling was gone, and I was afraid — so much afraid, I only wanted to get out of sight of it. And I think I would have gone, but it stretched out its hands to me as if it were asking for something, and then, of course, I could not go. So, though I was trembling a little, I went nearer and looked into its face. And after that, I was not afraid any more, I was too sorry for it ; its poor poor eyes were so full of anguish. I cried : ‘ Oh, why do you look at me like that ? Tell me what I shall do. ’

“ And directly I spoke I heard it moan. Oh, George, oh Mr. Lyndsay, how can I tell you what that moaning was like ! Do you know how a little change in the face of some one you love, or a little tremble in his voice, can make you see quite clearly what nobody, not even the great poets, had been able to show you before ?

“ George, do you remember the day that grandmother died, when they all broke down and cried a little at dinner, all except Uncle Marmaduke ? He sat up looking so white and stern at the end of the table. And I, foolish little child, thought he was not so grieved as the others — that he did not love his mother so much. But next day, quite by chance, I heard him, all alone, sobbing over her coffin. I remember standing outside the door and listening, and each sob went through my heart with a little stab, and I knew for the first time what sorrow was. But even his sobs were not so pitiful as the moans of that poor spirit. While I listened I learnt that in another world there may be worse for us to bear than even here — sorrow more hopeless, more lonely. For the strange thing was, the moaning seemed to come from so far, far away ; not only from somewhere millions and millions away, but — this is the strangest of all — as if it came to me from time long since past, ages and ages ago. I know this sounds like nonsense, but indeed I am trying to put into words the weary long distance that seemed to stretch between us, like one I never should be able to cross. At last it spoke to me in a whisper which I could only just hear ; at least it was more like a whisper than anything else I can think of, and it seemed to come like the moaning from far, far away. It thanked me so meekly for looking at it and speaking to it. It

told me that by sins committed against others when it was on earth it had broken the bond between itself and all other creatures. While it was what we call alive, it did not feel this, for the senses confuse us and hide many things from the good, and so still more from the wicked ; but when it died and lost the body by which it seemed to be kept near to other beings, it found itself imprisoned in the most dreadful loneliness — loneliness which no one in this world can even imagine. Even the pain of solitary confinement, so it told me, which drives men mad, is only like a shadow or type of this loneliness of spirits. Others there might be, but it knew nothing of them — nothing besides this great empty darkness everywhere, except the place it had once lived in, and the people who were moving about it ; and even those it could only perceive dimly as if looking through a mist, and always so unutterably away from them all. I am not giving its own words, you know, George, because I cannot remember them. I am not certain it did speak to me ; the thoughts seemed to pass in some strange way into my mind ; I cannot explain how, for the still far-away voice did not really speak. Sometimes, it told me, the loneliness became agony, and it longed for a word or a sign from some other being, just as Dives longed for the drop of cold water ; and at such times it was able to make the living people see it. But that, alas ! was useless, for it only alarmed them so much that the bravest and most benevolent rushed away in terror or would not let it come near them. But still it went on showing itself to one after another, always hoping that some one would take pity on it and speak to it, for it felt that if comfort ever came to it, it must be through a living soul, and it knew of none save those in this world and in this place. And I said : ‘Why did you not turn for help to God ?’

“Then it gave a terrible answer : it said, ‘What is God ?’

“And when I heard these words there came over me a wild kind of pity, such as I used to feel when I saw my little child struggling for breath when he was ill, and I held out my arms to this poor lonely thing, but it shrank back crying : —

“‘Speak to me, but do not touch me, brave human creature. I am all death, and if you come too near me the Death in me may kill the life in you.’

“But I said : ‘No Death can kill the life in me, even though it kill my body. Dear fellow-spirit, I cannot tell you what I know ; but let me take you in my arms ; rest for an

instant on my heart, and perhaps I may make you feel what I feel all around us.'

"And as I spoke I threw my arms around the shadowy form and strained it to my breast. And I felt as if I were pressing to me only air, but air colder than any ice, so that my heart seemed to stop beating, and I could hardly breathe. But I still clasped it closer and closer, and as I grew colder it seemed to grow less chill.

"And at last it spoke, and the whisper was not far away, but near. It said:—

"'It is enough; now I know what God is!'

"After that I remember nothing more, till I woke up and found myself lying on the floor beside the bed. It was morning, and the spirit was not there; but I have a strong feeling that I have been able to help it, and that it will trouble you no more.

"Surely it is late! I must go at once. I promised to have tea with the children."

* * * * *

Neither of us spoke; neither of us stirred; when the sound of her light footfall was heard no more, there was complete silence. Below, the mists had gathered so thickly that now they spread across the valley one dead white sea of vapor, in which village and woods and stream were all buried—all except the little church spire, that, still unsubmerged, pointed triumphantly to the sky; and what a sky! For that which yesterday had steeped us in cold and darkness, now, piled even to the zenith in mountainous cloud masses, was dyed, every crest and summit of it, in crimson fire, pouring from a great fount of color, where the heavens opened to show that wonder world in the west, whence saints and sinners have drawn their loveliest images of the Rest to come.

But perhaps I saw all things irradiated by the light which had risen upon my darkness—the light that never was on land or sea, but shines reflected in the human face.

* * * * *

"George, I am waiting for your interpretation."

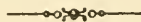
"It is very simple, Lindy," he said.

But there was a tone in his voice I had heard once—and only once—before, when, through the first terrible hours that followed my accident, he sat patiently beside me in the darkened room, holding my hot hand in his broad cool palm.

"It is very simple. It is the most easily explained of all the accounts. It was a dream from beginning to end. She fell asleep praying, thinking, as she says; what was more natural or inevitable than that she should dream of the ghost? And it all confirms what I say: that visions are composed by the person who sees them. Nothing could be more characteristic of Cissy than the story she has just told us."

"And let it be a dream," I said. "It is of no consequence, for the dreamer remains, breathing and walking on this solid earth. I have touched her hand, I have looked into her face. Thank God! she is no vision, the woman who could dream this dream! George, how do you explain the miracle of her existence?"

But Atherley was silent.



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady: —

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When O! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

STORIES BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

TRANSLATED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

[ALPHONSE DAUDET, the celebrated French novelist, was born of poor parents at Nîmes, May 13, 1840, and attended school in Lyons. At seventeen he went to Paris with his elder brother Ernest, who afterwards distinguished himself as a novelist and historian, and obtained a position as secretary to the Duc de Morny. He began contributing to the *Figaro* and other Parisian journals, and in 1858 published a volume of poems, entitled "The Lovers." Daudet's reputation rests chiefly upon his novels and stories, such as "Tartarin of Tarascon" (continued in "Tartarin in the Alps" and "Port Tarascon"); "Jack"; "Fromont, Jr., and Risler, Sr.," crowned by the French Academy; "The Nabob"; "Kings in Exile"; "Numa Roumestan"; "Sapho"; and "L'Immortel," a satire on the French Academy. "L'Arlésienne" (with music by Bizet, composer of "Carmen") is his chief contribution to dramatic literature. Daudet died in Paris, December 16, 1897.]

THE MONKEY.

It is Saturday evening. The day is done and so is the week, and one feels that Sunday is already come. It is pay day, and all through the suburbs there are shouts, voices, the opening and shutting of wine-room doors. Amid this throng of workmen, which overflows the sidewalk and presses on down the wide, sloping street, a little shadowylike figure stealthily hurries in the opposite direction, up the hill. Wrapped in a shawl which is too thin and worn, with her little wan face framed in a bonnet overlarge, she has the appearance of shame, misery, and of such anxiety! Where is she going? What is her errand? In her hurried gait, in her fixed gaze which makes her seem to go still faster, one reads these anxious words: "If I only get there in time!" As she passes, the men turn round, sneer. All these work people know her and in compliment to her ugliness call her by a ridiculous name:—

"See, the monkey—Valentin's monkey—who is going to fetch her husband." And they hurry her on.

"Kss . . . kss—perhaps he's there; perhaps he isn't."

But without heeding them she goes, and goes, out of breath, panting, for this street which leads to the city gates is indeed hard to climb.

At last here she is. It is quite at the highest point of the suburbs, at a crossing of the outer streets. A great manufactory. But they are just shutting the doors. The steam of the

engines no longer turning the machinery, is hissing in its escape like the noise of a locomotive. A little smoke still arises from the tall chimneys, and the warm atmosphere which surrounds the deserted buildings seems to be the breath, the spirit even, of the labor which has now ceased. All is over. One single little light still gleams behind the grated window on the first floor. It is the cashier's lamp. Lo, that vanishes just at the moment the woman arrives. Ah, well, it is too late! All are paid. What shall she do now? Where can she find him, so as to rescue her week's allowance, to prevent him drinking it all up? Such need there is of money at home! The children are out of stockings, the baker is not paid. . . . She sinks down on the curbstone, looking vaguely out into the night, without the energy to move.

The wine shops of the suburb are overflowing with gayety and light. All the life of the silent factories is now to be found in these dens. Into the street, through the soiled panes, where the rows of bottles mingle their false colors, the poisonous green of the absinthe, the rose of the bitters, the gold spangles of Dantzic brandies, comes the sound of shouts, songs, clinking of glasses, and the jingling of coins thrown on the counter by hands blackened by their gambling gains. Weary arms lean on the tables, deadened by the brutishness of labor; and in the unhealthy heat of the place all these wretches forget that there is no fire at home, and that their wives and their children are cold.

In front of these low windows, the only ones lighted in the deserted street, a little shadow passes timidly back and forth. Hunt, hunt, poor "monkey"! She goes from one wine room to another, leans over, wipes a corner of the pane with her shawl, gazes, then goes on ever restless, feverish. All at once she trembles.

There her Valentin is, right before her eyes. A great strapping fellow in a white blouse, proud of his curly hair and of his stalwart frame. They are crowding around him, listening to him. He speaks so well, and then it is he who settles the bill! Meanwhile the poor "monkey" is outside there shivering, and presses her face to the window, so as to see in the brilliant gaslight the table where her wrong husband sits, brightly polished, weighed down with bottles and glasses, and the flushed faces surrounding it.

Reflected in the glass, the woman has the appearance of

being seated in the midst of them, like a reproach, a living remorse. But Valentin does not see her. Taken and swallowed up in these endless barroom discussions, which are begun again with every glass, and almost as dangerous to the reason as the adulterated wines, he does not see this little wan, pale face which calls him there from behind the panes, nor the sad eyes which seek his. She, on her side, does not dare to enter. To come for him there, before his comrades, 'twould only affront him.

If she were only pretty, but she is so ugly! Ah, how blooming and comely she was ten years ago, when they first met. Every morning, when he was going to his work, he would pass her as she went to hers, poor, but dressing as well as her condition would admit, coquettish in the fashion of this strange Paris, where ribbons and flowers are sold under the black shelter of gateways. They fell in love the first thing, as their eyes met, but, not having money, they had to wait long before they were married. At last the lad's mother furnished a mattress, and the girl's mother likewise; and, as the young girl was a favorite, a collection was raised for her in the shop, and so their arrangements were made.

The wedding dress was loaned by a friend, the veil was hired of a hairdresser, and thus they started one morning on foot through the streets to be married. At the church they had to wait till the end of the funeral masses; to wait also at the townhouse until the wealthy marriages were certified. Then he went with her to the suburbs, high up, into a room brick-tiled and dingy, at the end of a long lobby full of other rooms, noisy, dirty, quarrelsome. Housekeeping began at the outset to be disgusting. So their happiness did not last long. Living as he did with other drunkards, he began to drink with them. She, seeing how the women wept, lost courage; and while he was at the taproom she spent her time with her neighbors, listless, humiliated, cradling with endless querulousness the infant in her arms. It was thus she became so ugly, and gained in the shops the miserable name of "the monkey."

The little shadow is still there, going to and fro before the window. Her slow steps can be heard in the filth of the sidewalk; she coughs a hollow cough, for the evening was rainy and chill. How long must she wait? Two or three times already she has laid her hand upon the door, but without

daring to open. At last, nevertheless, the thought that her children have nothing to eat takes the place of courage. She enters. But hardly has she passed the threshold when a loud burst of laughter stops her short. "See, Valentin, the monkey." Indeed, she is very ugly with her locks dripping with rain, with the pallor of long waiting and fatigue on her cheeks.

"See, Valentin, the monkey." Trembling, abashed, the poor woman stands without motion. He jumps up, furious. What, she dare to come for him, then, to humiliate him, before his comrades? Just wait, wait—you shall see! And terrible to behold, with doubled fist, Valentin springs forward. The wretched creature saves herself by running, while they hoot at her. Valentin clears the door just behind her; two steps and he catches her at the street corner. All is dark—no one is in sight. Ah, poor "monkey."

But no! Away from his boon companions the Parisian workman is not wicked. Once face to face with her, how weak he is—submissive, almost repentant. Now they go off together, arm in arm, and while they go the voice of the woman arises in the night, tender, plaintive, hoarse with tears. The "monkey" conquered the hero, who is weaker than she.

A BOOKKEEPER.

"Brr—what a mist!" says the worthy man, as he steps into the street. He hastily pulls up his collar, draws his muffler over his mouth, and with head down and his hands in his pockets he starts for his office, whistling.

A regular mist in fact. In the streets it is of no account; in the heart of a great city the mist does not remain any more than the snow. The roofs tear it to pieces, the walls absorb it, it gets lost in houses as they are opened one by one, it makes the stairways slippery, the banisters moist. The movement of carriages, the going and coming of pedestrians, those early pedestrians so hurried and so poor, break it up, carry it away, scatter it. It clings to thin and scanty working-day clothes, to the waterproofs of shop girls, to their little flabby veils, to their great portfolios of embroidery. But over the still deserted quays, the bridges, the bank, the river, heavy, dense, motionless is the mist, through which the sun is rising yonder behind Notre Dame with the light like a midnight taper shining through ground glass.

In spite of the wind, in spite of the mist, the man in question follows the quays on his way to his office. He might take another course, but the river seems to have a mysterious attraction for him. It is his delight to go along the parapets, to graze by these stone balustrades worn by the elbows of idlers. At this time and in such weather idlers are not numerous. Yet here and there he passes a woman with a clothes basket resting against the parapet, or some poor devil leaning over toward the water with an air of world weariness. Each time the man turns round, looks inquisitively at them and then at the water, as if his mind connected them and the river by an inner thought.

The river is not gay this morning. This mist rising from the waves seems to stifle it. The timber roofs along the bank, all these irregular, slanting chimney flues which are reflected intercrossing and smoking in the depths of the water, make you think of some lugubrious manufactory which from the bottom of the Seine sends out over Paris all its smoke in the form of mist. But our man does not seem to find this so sad — not he. The dampness penetrates him to the skin, his clothes have not a dry thread in them, but on he goes just the same, whistling, with a happy smile hovering in the corners of his lips. It is so long that he has had to do with the mists of the Seine. And then he knows that when he reaches his destination he will find a good foot warmer well lined with fur, his stove waiting for him all heated, and the little warm plate in which he gets his breakfast every morning. These are the delights of the employee, the joys of the prison, known only to the poor, wasted beings whose whole life is spent in seclusion.

"I must not forget to buy my apples," he says to himself from time to time, and he whistles, and he hurries on. You never saw any one go to his work so gayly.

Quays, nothing but quays, then a bridge. Now he is back of Notre Dame. At this end of the island the mist is denser than ever. It draws in from three sides at once, half swallows up the lofty towers, masses itself at the angle of the bridge as if it wished to conceal something. The man stops; it is there.

He catches a confused glimpse of sinister shadows, of people crouching on the sidewalk with an air of expectation, and just as behind the gratings of monasteries and squares baskets displayed, full of biscuit, oranges, apples. Oh the beautiful apples,

so pure, so rosy in their dampness. He fills his pockets and smiles upon the dealer who is shivering with his feet upon his chafing pan. Then he opens a door in the mist, and crosses a little court where a dray is standing with horses harnessed.

"Is there something for us this morning?" he asks as he goes by. A drayman all dripping answers:—

"Yes, sir, and something above the ordinary." Then he hastily enters his office.

There it is, warm and comfortable. The stove is drawing briskly in the corner. The foot warmer is in its place. His little armchair is ready for him, in a good position near the window. The mist like a curtain across the panes makes a uniform and gentle light, and the great books with green backs stand in line over their pigeonholes. A regular notary's office.

The man draws a long breath; he is at home.

Before beginning work he opens a great clothespress, takes out some lustring sleeves which he puts on carefully, a little plate of red clay, lumps of sugar which come from the café, and then he begins to peel his apples, looking around him with satisfaction. The fact is, a more cheerful, a better lighted, a more conveniently arranged office could not be found. What is singular about it, however, is the sound of water which is heard on all sides, surrounds you, envelops you as if you were in a ship's cabin. Down below, the Seine murmurs against the arches of the bridge, and makes and unmakes its floating foam again upon this end of the island, which is always covered with planks, logs, and rubbish. Even in the house all around the office there is a trickling of water thrown in pailfuls, the noise of continual washing. Somehow this water chills you even to hear it. You feel that it drips on a solid flooring, that it spatters on great marble slabs and tables which make it seem colder.

What is it then that needs so much washing in this strange house? What ineffaceable stain?

Now and then when the sound of pouring water ceases, down below you hear drops falling one by one, as if after a thaw or a great rain. You would say that the wintry mist, collecting on the roofs, on the walls, was melting in the heat of the stove and dropping steadily.

The man pays no heed to it. He is entirely occupied with his apples, which begin to sing in the red plate, giving out a faint perfume of caramels, and this pleasant song prevents him

from hearing the noise of the water, the sinister noise of the water.

"Whenever you are ready, clerk," says a hoarse voice in the back room. He looks at his apples and goes out regretfully. Where is he going? Through the door one moment opened, there comes a dull cold draught which brings with it the scent of reeds and marshes, and a vision is caught of clothes drying on lines, faded blouses, overalls, a chintz gown hanging at full length by the sleeves and dripping, dripping.

His task is done. He comes back, lays on the table a few slight articles all moist, and then returns with a shiver to the stove to rub the numbness from his hands red with cold.

"They must be mad, indeed, such weather as this," he says to himself, shuddering; "what is the matter with them all?"

And when he is fairly warm, and his sugar begins to melt on the edge of the plate, he begins to eat his breakfast on a corner of the desk. Even as he eats he opens one of his ledgers and complacently turns the leaves. It is so well bound, this big book. Straight lines, headings in blue ink, little reflections of gold dust, sheets of blotting paper on each page, such carefulness, such order.

It seems that business is good. The worthy man has the satisfied air of an accountant finding an excellent inventory at the year's end. While he is taking his delight in turning the pages of his book, the doors open in the anteroom, the steps of a throng of men echo on the pavement; they speak in undertones as if in a church: "Oh, how young she is! What a pity!" and there is a pushing and a whispering.

What difference to him does it make that she is young? Calmly, while finishing his apple, he draws toward him the objects which he had just brought in. A thimble full of sand, a portemonnaie containing one sou, little rusty scissors, so rusty that they can never be used again — oh! never again — a service book, with the leaves stuck together, a tattered letter, illegible, of which a word or two can be read: "L'enfant . . . pas d'arg . . . mois de nourrice."

The bookkeeper shrugs his shoulders as if to say: —

"I know that."

Then he takes his pen, blows the bread crumbs carefully from his great book, makes a gesture to get his hand in posi-

tion, and in his finest penmanship he writes the name he has just deciphered:—

“Félicie Rameau, brunisseuse, dix-sept ans.”

A KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

A STORY OF ALGIERS.

One evening, in Algiers, towards the close of a day of hunting, a violent tempest overtook me in the plain of the Chélif, a few leagues from Orleansville. Not the shadow of a town or caravansary in sight; nothing but dwarf palms, patches of lentisks, great plowed fields stretching as far as the horizon. Moreover the Chélif, swelled by the rain, began to roar in an alarming fashion and I ran the risk of spending my night in the open moor. Luckily the civil interpreter of the Bureau of Milianah, who was with me, remembered that there was very near us, concealed in a valley, a tribe whose aga he knew, and we decided to go to him and ask shelter for the night.

These Arab villages of the plain are so buried in the cactuses and Barbary fig trees, their huts of dry earth are built so close to the ground, that we were in the midst of the “donar” before we knew it. Was this perfect silence owing to the time of day, to the rain? . . . But the surroundings seemed to me very melancholy, as though under the weight of some sorrow which had suspended all life there. In the fields round about, the harvest was fast going to destruction. The wheat, the barley, everywhere else already garnered, were here still lying in the fields rotting. The rusty harrows and plows were outdoors, forgotten, in the rain. The whole tribe had this same air of dilapidated sadness and indifference. The dogs scarcely barked at our approach. From time to time the wailing of infants might be heard in the depths of a “gourbi,” and we saw the shaved head of some boy or the ragged “haïck” of some old man passing through the thickets. Here and there were small mules shivering under the bushes. But not a horse, not a young man—as though it were still in the period of the great wars, and all the cavaliers gone months and months.

The mansion of the aga, a kind of long farmhouse, with white walls and no windows, seemed to be as lifeless as the others. We found the stables open, the stalls and the cribs empty, without a groom to receive our horses.

"Let us look in the Moorish coffeeroom," said my companion to me.

What is called the Moorish coffeeroom is the reception parlor, as it were, of the Arab chiefs — a house in a house, reserved for transient guests, and in which these good Mussulmans, with all politeness and affability, can practice the virtues of hospitality and at the same time preserve that family seclusion which the law commands. The Moorish coffeeroom of the Aga Si-Sliman was open and silent like the stables. The high white-washed walls, the trophies of arms, the ostrich feathers, the wide, low divan on all sides of the room, all were going to ruin from the drops of rain which were blown through the door by the gusts of wind.

And yet there were people in the coffeeroom. In the first place the keeper, an old Kabyle in rags, with his head bent over between his knees, near an overturned brasier. Then the son of the aga, a handsome youth, feverish and pale, who was reposing on the divan, wrapped in a black "bournose," with two great greyhounds at his feet.

When we entered there was no motion, except that one of the greyhounds raised his head, and the youth deigned to turn toward us his handsome black eyes, feverish and languishing.

"And Si-Sliman?" said the interpreter. The keeper made a vague gesture, pointing to the horizon, far, so far! We perceived that Si-Sliman had gone on some long journey, but as the rain did not allow us to continue our ride, the interpreter, turning to the son of the aga, said to him in Arabic that we were friends of his father and would like shelter till the next day. Immediately the youth arose, in spite of the fever which was burning in his veins, gave orders to the keepers; then, directing us to the divans with a courteous gesture as if to say, "You are my guests," he saluted us in the Arab manner, his head bent, a kiss on the end of his fingers, and, wrapping himself proudly in his bournose, went out with all the gravity of an aga and householder.

And then the keeper rekindled his brasier, placed thereon two microscopic kettles, and while he was getting us the coffee ready we succeeded in learning from him some details of his master's journey and the strange neglect into which the tribe had fallen. The Arab spoke rapidly, with motions like those of an old woman, using strong guttural tones, sometimes interrupted by long silences, during which we heard the rain fall-

ing on the mosaic pavement of the inner court, the singing of the kettles, and the howls of jackals wandering in thousands over the plain. This is what had happened to the unlucky Si-Sliman : —

Four months before, on the anniversary of the 15th of August, he had received the famous decoration of the Legion of Honor, for which they had kept him waiting so long. He was the only aga in the province who had failed of it. All the others were chevaliers, officers ; two or three even wore around their haïcks the broad ribbon of commander, which, in all their innocence, they used for handkerchiefs, as I have often seen the Bach'aga Bonalem do. What had prevented Si-Sliman from receiving the decoration was a quarrel about a game of cards which he had had with the chief of the Arab Bureau, and the military coterie is so powerful in Algiers that for six years past the name of the aga had been on the list of those proposed without ever an election. So you can imagine the joy of the worthy Si-Sliman when, on the 15th of August, a spahi from Orleansville had come to bring him the little gilded casket with the patent of knight of the Legion of Honor ; and when Baïa, the favorite of his four wives, had attached the cross of France to his camel's hair bournose, it gave the tribe the opportunity of indulging in all sorts of interminable sports. All night long there was the music of flutes and tambourines. They had dancing and fireworks, and I do not know how many sheep were slaughtered ; and in order that the feast should lack nothing, a famous improviser from Djendel composed in honor of Si-Sliman a magnificent cantata, which began thus : —

O, wind, harness thy chargers and carry the good tidings.

The next day at dawn Si-Sliman summoned to arms the van and the rear van of his *goum* and hastened to Algiers with his men to thank the governor. At the gates of the city the *goum* halted, as the custom was. The aga went alone to the Government palace, saw the duke of Malakoff and assured him of his devotion to France with a few pompous phrases in that Oriental style which is called imaginative because for three thousand years all young men have been compared to palms and all women to gazelles. Then, having fulfilled these duties, he mounted so as to show himself in the city, worshiped at the mosque, scattered money among the poor, visited the barbers,

the embroiderers, bought scented waters and flowered silks for his wives, blue vests trimmed with gold and red riding boots for his little aga, paying without haggling, in bright coin. He was seen in the bazaars sitting on Smyrna rugs, drinking coffee at the doors of Moorish merchants who gave him their congratulations. Around him pressed the throng in curiosity. They said, "There is Si-Sliman." The "*emberour*" had just sent him the cross, and the young Moorish girls, coming back from their bath, eating sweetmeats, shot from behind their white masks long looks of admiration towards this beautiful new silver cross so proudly worn. Ah, sometimes we enjoy glorious moments in life.

When it was evening, Si-Sliman prepared to join his *goum*, and he already had his foot in the stirrup, when a servant of the prefecture came to him out of breath.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Si-Sliman. Come quick, the governor wishes to speak to you." Si-Sliman followed him without suspicion. However, as he crossed the great Moorish court of the palace, he met the chief of the Arab Bureau, who smiled a wicked smile. This hostile smile frightened him; he entered the governor's reception room trembling. The marshal, as he received him, was astride a chair.

"Si-Sliman," he said, with his usual brutality, and with that famous nasal tone which made every one around him fear, "Si-Sliman, my man, I am grieved; there has been a mistake. It was not you to whom they meant to give the cross. It is the kaid of the Zougs-Zougs. You must return it."

The handsome bronzed face of the aga flushed as though brought near the fire of a furnace. A convulsive movement shook his great frame. His eyes flashed, but it was a momentary gleam. He lowered them almost immediately and bowed before the governor.

"Thou art my master, sir," he said, and snatching the cross from his breast, he laid it on the table. His hand trembled; there were tears on his long lashes. Old Pelissier was moved at the sight.

"Come, come, old friend, you shall have it next year." And he stretched out his hand to him in a kindly manner.

The aga assumed not to see it, bowed without answering, and went out. He knew how much reliance could be put in the marshal's promise, and he saw that he had been dishonored by an intrigue.

The noise of his disgrace had already spread through the city. The Jews of Bab Azoun street watched him go by and sneered. The Moorish merchants on the other hand turned from him with an air of compassion. Yet this compassion hurt him more than the Jewish laughter. He went on and on, far from the walls, seeking the darkest byways. The place from which his cross had been torn burned like an open wound. And all the time he was thinking, "What will my men say? What will my wives say?"

Then there came over him paroxysms of rage. He saw himself preaching a holy war down on the borders of Morocco, which are red with fires and battles, or even dashing through the streets of Algiers at the head of his *goum*, robbing the Jews, massacring the Christians, and then himself falling amid the grand ruin in which he should hide his disgrace. Everything, except the return to his tribe, appeared possible to him. All at once, in the midst of his plans for revenge, the thought of the *emberour* struck him like a flash of light.

The *emberour*! For Si-Sliman, as for all the Arabs, the idea of justice and of honor is summed up in this word alone. He was the true head for believing Mussulmans in this period of decay. He of Constantinople appeared to them far, far off, a being created by reason, a sort of invisible pope who had kept only his spiritual power, and in these days we know what that is worth.

But the *emberour*, with his great cannons, his zouaves, his ironclads. When Si-Sliman had once thought of him, he believed himself saved. Surely the emperor would give him back his cross. The journey was a matter of eight days, and he knew that his *goum* would wait for him at the gates of Algiers. The steamboat sailing the next day would take him towards Paris, full of calm and serenity, as though it were a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Poor Si-Sliman! Four months ago the unhappy aga had sailed, and the letters which he sent his wives spoke no more of return. For four months he had been buried in the fogs of Paris, spending his days in interviews with ministers, everywhere derided, caught in the terrible mill of the French Administration, sent from bureau to bureau, soiling his bouton on the dusty benches of antechambers, on the alert for an audience never to be; then at evening he would be seen with his long, sad face, absurd from its very majesty, as he waited

for his key in the office of his boarding house, and mounted to his room, weary by reason of his endless errands and rebuffs, yet still proud, clinging to his hope, like a madman fixed in his pursuit after his honor.

Meanwhile, his band, crouching near the gate Bab Azoun, were waiting for him with Oriental fatalism; his horses, tethered near the sea, neighed for his return. In the tribe all was at loose ends, the harvest perishing in the fields for lack of hands. The women, the children, counted the days, their faces turned towards Paris; and it was pitiful to see how much hope, despair, ruin, were the result of that piece of red ribbon. . . . What will be the end of it all?

"God only knows," said the keeper, sighing; and through the open door, pointing over the melancholy, violet plain, his bare arm showed us the faint crescent of the white moon shining in the evening sky.

A MIDNIGHT PARTY IN THE MARAIS.

M. Majesté, manufacturer of seltzer water in the Marais, has just been having a little party with his friends off the Place Royale and is on his way to his lodgings humming a song as he goes. The clock on Saint Paul's strikes two. "How late it is!" says the worthy man to himself, and he quickens his steps; but the pavement is slippery, the streets are dark, and moreover, in this crazy old quarter which dates back to the time when carriages were scarce, there is a maze of corners, bends, and mounting stones before the doors for the use of riders. All this hinders fast walking, especially when one's legs are a little unsteady and one's eyes are inclined to see double owing to the toasts of the evening. But at last M. Majesté reaches home. He stops before a large sculptured portal on which, in the moonlight, shines a newly gilt escutcheon, an ancient coat of arms repainted which he has taken as his trade-mark:—

Hôtel ci-devant de Nesmond
Majesté Jeune
Fabricant D'Eau de Seltz.

On all the siphons of the factory, on the memoranda, on the letter heads, the ancient arms of the Nesmonds are thus exhibited and glorified.

Next to the portal comes the court, a large airy court which, in the daytime, when thrown open, gives light to the whole street. At the further end of the court is a large and very ancient building; black walls ornamented with sculpture, delicate iron balconies, stone balconies with pilasters, immense lofty windows surmounted with pediments, with crests which rise as high as the upper stories, like so many little roofs within the roof, and finally, on the top, in the midst of the slates, the dormer windows of the mansard, round, coquettish, framed in garlands like mirrors; besides all this a massive stone stairway, worn and discolored by the rain, a leafless vine clinging to the walls, a vine as black and twisted as the rope which swings yonder from the pulley of the loft, and over everything a certain intense appearance of antiquity and of melancholy. It is the ancient Nesmond mansion.

In broad daylight, the appearance of the mansion is not the same. The words *Caisse, Magasin, Entrée des Ateliers* glitter everywhere in golden letters on the ancient walls, make them live again, bring back their youth. Railroad trucks shake the portal, the clerks step forth with pens behind their ears, to receive the goods. The court is blocked with boxes and baskets, with straw, with wrappings. It is evidently a factory. But at night, in the dark silence, by the light of this winter moon which casts and intermingles deep shadows amid the confusion of complicated roofs, the antiquated mansion of the Nesmonds is clad again with seignioral attractions. The balconies are of lace work; the courtyard seems to grow, and the old stairway, lighted by irregular windows, makes you think of the recesses of a cathedral with empty niches and with massive steps resembling altars.

This night especially M. Majesté finds that his house has a singularly imposing appearance. As he crosses the deserted court, the echo of his steps makes a deep impression upon him. The staircase appears immense, unusually difficult to mount. It is doubtless the party. Reaching the first floor he stops to get breath, and approaches a window. What a fine thing it is to live in a historic mansion! M. Majesté is no poet; oh no! And yet as he looks around on this handsome aristocratic court, upon which the moon lies like a cloth of bluish light, on this old dwelling place of nobility which has such an appearance of sleeping, with its roofs torpid under their cowls of snow, there pass through his mind thoughts of the other world.

“What! Suppose now the Nesmonds should come back!”

Just at this moment, the bell rings loud and long. Both halves of the folding doors opened so suddenly, so quickly, that an echo wakes and dies away, and for a few moments, down below in the darkness of the doorway, a confused sound of rustling garments, of whisperings, are heard. There are disputes, eagerness to enter. Just see the valets, hosts of valets, carriages with glass windows glittering in the moonlight, sedan chairs swinging between two torches which flare in the draught of the portal! In no time at all the court is filled. But at the foot of the stairway the confusion ceases. Gentlemen and ladies dismount from the carriages, bow, enter talking, as though they knew the house. On the stairs there is a rustle of silks, a clinking of swords. Nothing but white headdresses, heavy and matted down with powder, nothing but delicate, clear voices, trembling a little, delicate laughter without tones, noiseless steps. All these people appear to be old, old. There are lusterless eyes, jewels bedimmed with sleep, ancient silk brocades softened with changing shades, made by the light of the torches to shine with a gentle glory; and over all this floats a delicate cloud of powder, which arises from the headdresses built up and rolled into puffs, as each one bows — rather stiffly, to be sure, owing to their swords and their enormous panniers. Soon the whole house has the appearance of being filled with people. Torches shine from window to window, mount and descend the old winding stairs. Even the dormer windows of the mansard have their spark of festivity and life. All the Nesmond mansion is illuminated as if a grand burst of sunset glory had kindled its windows.

“Ah, good heavens! they are going to start a fire!” says M. Majesté, and, recovering from his stupor, he tries to shake off the sluggishness of his legs, and hastily descends into the court, where the lackeys have lighted a great bright fire. M. Majesté draws near, he addresses them. The lackeys do not answer him, and continue to whisper among themselves without the least vapor escaping from their lips into the wintry atmosphere of the night. M. Majesté is not satisfied; but one thing reassures him — the great fire which blazes so high and straight is a singular fire, a flame without heat, which shines and does not burn. Calmed on this score, the worthy man remounts the staircase and enters his storerooms.

These storerooms on the first floor must once have been fine



ALPHONSE DAUDET IN HIS STUDY

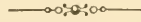
reception parlors. Flakes of tarnished gilding still glitter in all the corners. Mythological paintings are on the ceiling, surround the mirrors, float above the doors in tints indefinite and somewhat soiled, like the memory of vanished years. Unhappily there are curtains no longer, no longer dry furniture, only baskets, great boxes full of brazen-headed siphons, and the dry branches of an old lilac, which rises black behind the windowpanes. M. Majesté, as he enters, finds his storeroom full of light and society. He bows, but no one heeds him. The ladies on the arms of their escorts continue ceremoniously to simper in their satin pelisses. There is promenading, talking, groups form and break. In sooth, all these old marquises seem to be entirely at home. Before a painted pier glass a little shade starts all of a tremor. "To think that here am I and there am I," and smilingly she gazes at a Diana facing her on the woodwork—delicate and rosy, with a crescent on her brow.

"Nesmond, just come and see your arms!" and every one laughs to see the Nesmond blazon printed on some packing paper with the name of Majesté beneath.

"Ha! ha! ha! So his Majesté is still in France."

Then jests without end, little flutelike sounds of laughter, threatening fingers, simpering lips. All at once some one shouts: "Champagne! champagne!" "No, it is not!" "Yes it is! it is champagne. Come, Countess, quick, a little Rueillon!" It is M. Majesté's seltzer water, which they have taken for champagne. They find it somewhat flat, but oh, they drink it just the same, and as these poor little shades have not very steady heads, by degrees the foaming seltzer water cheers their hearts, excites them, makes them want to dance. They organize minuets. Four delicate violins summoned by Nesmond begin an air of Rameau's all in triplets, thin and melancholy in its vivacity. It is worth while to see all these handsome old folks slowly turning, bowing grandly to the time of the music. Their finery has grown young again, and also their gilt stomachers, their brocade dresses, their diamond-buckled shoes. The panels themselves seem to revive as they hear these ancient tunes. The old mirror fixed in the wall these two centuries also recognizes them, and all scratched and blackened in the corners as it is, it softly kindles, and reflects the figures of the dancers, slightly effaced, to be sure, as if more melancholy by a regret. In the midst of all these refinements, M. Majesté feels that he is in the way. He hides behind a box and gazes.

Little by little, however, the daylight approaches. Through the glass doors of the storeroom the courtyard grows white, then the window tops, then a whole side of the salon. In proportion as the light comes, the figures grow dim, confused. Soon M. Majesté sees only two little fiddlers delayed in a corner, and as the day touches them they too evaporate. In the court he still sees, but very vaguely, the shape of a sedan chair, a powdered wig, sown with emeralds, the last sparks of a torch thrown by the lackeys on the pavement, and they mingle with the sparks made by the wheels of an express wagon entering noisily through the open portal.



THE CARVEN NAME.

By SAM. WALTER FOSS.

[SAM. WALTER FOSS, Boston poet, born in 1858, is the author of "Back Country Poems," "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," etc.]

I WANDERED in the forest, when
 My sated soul had tired of men,
 Till to a spreading beech I came,
 And on it idly carved my name;
 Then lightly threw myself across
 A forest couch of fragrant moss,
 Where soon I sank in slumber deep
 And softly entered, through the gleam
 Of misty porticoes of Sleep,
 The shadowy Palace of a Dream.
 I dreamed how through the years would grow,
 Alternate clothed with leaves and snow,
 Through April's tears, October's flame,
 The beech tree with the carven name;
 And bird and squirrel overhead
 Peer down upon my name unread,
 While Solitude, upon his throne,
 Would reign in silence o'er his own,
 Until some hunter with his gun,
 O'erwearied by the noonday sun,
 Companioned by his panting dog,
 Would seat him on some mossy log,
 And, glancing up, a glad surprise —
 My carven name — would meet his eyes;
 And he would see before him wrought
 The symbol of a vanished thought,

A silent influence to bind
A severed being to his kind.

Then changed the scene, the years glide on,
A quarter century has gone.
'Tis Morn in Winter; o'er the snows
The sturdy woodman taskward goes.
The ground with fallen trunks he strews,
And down the forest avenues
The echoes of his ax are heard
By startled hare and wondering bird.
New comrades join him, day by day,
And bravely hew their onward way;
In the keen air their axes glance,
And chime, as to the wood nymph's dance;
The music of the crosseut saw
Breaks through the wood's cathedral awe,
And Solitude, spoiled of his own,
Goes forth to seek another throne.
But soon the patient woodmen reach,
And pause beneath, the ancient beech;
Then, in a backwoods parle, decide
To leave the monarch in his pride;
For all unite with one acclaim
To spare it for the stranger's name.

Again a change: before mine eye
There sways a shimmering plain of rye,
And the winds, raving wild and free,
Toss it, in billows, like the sea.
But, in the midst of ripened sheaves,
The old beech wears its crown of leaves;
In Autumn's regal glory stands,
The hierarch of the harvest lands:
And weary laborers are laid
In noonday rest beneath its shade.
The carven name their curious eyes
Question with many a vague surmise;
Till an old man with locks of snow
Tells how a dreamer, long ago,
First carved the name in idling mood
In Nature's untrod solitude.
And strange unto their fancy seems
This dreamer from a land of dreams,
Whose life, unknown for praise or blame,
Had left no record but his name.

The vision widens: on mine eye
 No longer waves the ripened rye;
 But lo! within a playground neat
 The schoolhouse of a village street.
 The ancient beech before it stands,
 Waving abroad yet mightier hands;
 And darting warblers from the tree
 Pour down their madrigals of glee.
 Beneath, the children at their play
 Are glad, are jubilant as they.
 Ah! long shall memory recall
 This daily schoolboy carnival!
 To men and matrons, old and gray,
 This sport shall seem but yesterday.
 For memory casts a rainbow screen
 Around the years that intervene.
 And so the craggy heights of age
 Look down directly on the smooth
 Green vales of childhood's heritage—
 The dewy meadow lands of youth!

The schoolboy with his favorite maid
 Lingers beneath the ancient shade,
 And feels a rapture which the years
 With all their laughter and their tears
 Can from his memory ne'er remove,—
 The rapture of an earliest love!
 Dream on beneath the beechen shade,
 Gay barefoot boy and laughing maid;
 Dream on, nor soon awake to see
 Life's stern and cold reality,—
 Its tender buds of promise killed,
 Its morning visions unfulfilled;
 Dream on, nor soon awake to learn
 That dead loves never more return!

The vision heightens: I behold,
 With silvery spires and domes of gold
 Far, far beyond my dazzled eyes,
 A city towering to the skies;
 And standing 'mid the din and glare
 Of traffic's thronging thoroughfare,
 The same old earven beech looks down
 On all the tumult of the town.
 And hurrying merchants pause to mark
 The moss-grown letters on its bark;

For many a legend, strange and fair,
And many a story, old and rare,
And tale and song and minstrelsy
Have glorified the ancient tree.
It links the city's swarming brood
With nature's pathless solitude;
And joins an age of bard and sage
With olden ages, coarse and rude.

But see! a light breeze from the farms
Has caught the old tree in its arms;
It falls, and round it in a ring
Men swarm, as fiefs around a king
Who, of life's pageant weary grown,
Falls dying from his tottering throne!
But one is there whose soul-lit eyes
Bear the deep blue of country skies,
A poet, who in all things sees
New meanings and new mysteries;
And near the tree amid the throng,
Outwells from him this artless song:

Enshrined amid the ancient wood,
Long ages gone our beech tree stood,
Unchallenged king of solitude!

In slumberous summers long ago
It felt the woodland breezes blow
And toss its branches to and fro.

It braved a hundred winters' harms,
It mocked the tempest's wild alarms,
And took the whirlwind in its arms;

And beat by storms of snow and rain,
A conscious Titan, in disdain
Defied the pygmy hurricane.

Men spared it for a stranger's name,
Who molders now unknown to fame—
Dust in the dust from whence he came!

And years pass on, and ages roll,
And no man knows where roams the soul
That moved the hand to trace that scroll.

And no one knows, on land or deep,
Where nature holds him in her keep,—
The still place where he fell asleep.

And no one knows what voids of night,
What starry domes of trembling light
His soul has met upon its flight.

And Fame no proud word of him saith,
He only left his name — a breath
Blown from the shoreless seas of death.

And years pass on, and ages roll;
And no man knows where roams the soul
That moved the hand to trace that scroll!



FROM "THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."

By DONALD G. MITCHELL.

[DONALD GRANT MITCHELL: An American essayist and novelist; born in Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale (1841); studied law; was United States consul at Venice (1853-1855); and has since lived on his farm, Edgewood, near New Haven, Conn. Under the pseudonym of "Ik Marvel" he has published "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), his best-known work; "Dream Life" (1851); "My Farm of Edgewood"; "Wet Days at Edgewood"; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (1889-1895); "American Lands and Letters" (1897).]

FIRST REVERIE. — SMOKE, FLAME, AND ASHES.

OVER A WOOD FIRE.

I HAVE got a quiet farmhouse in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter, to look over the farm accounts, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side of the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cozy-looking fireplace — a heavy oak floor — a couple of armchairs and a brown table

with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning, with my eye upon a saucy-colored lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bona fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture, almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the walls in a very old armchair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big armchair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot, as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jambs roars for hours together, with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes, and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel, (using the family snuffers, with one leg broken,)—then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron firedogs, (until they grow too warm,) I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude, as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow-men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant, meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then,—though there is a thick stone chimney and broad entry between,—multiplying contrivances with his wife, to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the country) is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out,—even like our joys!—and then slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthful slumber as only such rattling window frames and country air can supply.

But to return: the other evening, — it happened to be on my last visit to my farmhouse, — when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought; had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year; had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood; and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box to live and to die in — I fell on a sudden into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies — sometimes even starting tears — that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recall on paper.

Something — it may have been the home-looking blaze, (I am a bachelor of — say six and twenty,) or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room, had suggested to me the thought of — Marriage.

I piled upon the heated firedogs the last armful of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair, — I'll not flinch; — I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it leads me to the d——, (I am apt to be hasty,) — at least, — continued I, softening, — until my fire is out.

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my Reverie, from that very starting point, slipped into this shape: —

I. SMOKE — SIGNIFYING DOUBT.

A wife? — thought I; — yes, a wife!

And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not — why? Why not doubt; why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery — a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket — without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called Home, that are to claim

him, his time, his trouble, and his tears, thenceforward for evermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as Smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business — moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful — shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings — that Matrimony, where, if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries, and high, gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour — turn itself at length to such dull task work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams, in which I have warmed my fancies, and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant-working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy: all, alas, will be gone — reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination — no more gorgeous realm making — all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little rosy-cheeked ones, who have no existence, except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be — duty, or what not, making provocation — what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say: — And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says, Lyttleton or Shaftesbury, I think, that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the

Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand, for some five per cent on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted when the brook was so low, and the sky so hot, that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turn-pike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow time — never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture — irremediable, unchangeable — and yet a capture which by strange metonymy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter — all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then — again — there are the plaguy wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea time, "if she isn't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel; and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head or raising the old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worse, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

— That could be borne, however: for perhaps he has

promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich:—(and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the firedogs). Then, she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you on occasion of a favorite purchase,—how lucky that *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy; and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock list at breakfast time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients, that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill;—in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart for the superlative folly of “marrying rich.”

—But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin money, and pestered with your poor wife’s relations. Ten to one, she will stickle about taste — “Sir Visto’s” — and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can’t deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children shan’t go a begging for clothes,—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly;—not noticeable at first; but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn’t see that vulgar nose long ago: and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then,—to come to breakfast, with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say — “Peggy, *do* brush your hair!” Her foot too — not very bad when decently *chaussée* — but now since she’s married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be priggish up for an hour, when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

“Bless your kind hearts! my dear fellows,” said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris — “not married yet!”

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough — only shrewish.

—No matter for cold coffee;—you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops, to eat with your rolls!

—She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

—She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. — I think I see myself — ruminated I — sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious" — slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines, — slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy!

— "Ha, ha, — not yet!" said I; and in so earnest a tone, that my dog started to his feet — cocked his eye to have a good look into my face — met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person; — she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cookbook; and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance' sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night: — she, bless her dear heart! — does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town! She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does so love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you; — at least she swears it, with her hand on the "Sorrows of Werther." She has pin money which she spends for the *Literary World* and the *Friends in Council*.

She is not bad looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *négligé* till three o'clock, and an ink stain on the forefinger, be sluttish; — but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about Divine Dante and funny Goldoni, is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca — an Elzevir — is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology — in lieu of the camphor bottle — or chant the *aiâi aiâi* of tragic chorus.

— The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading *Bruyère*.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the forestick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby, and *Bruyère*.

— Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke — caught at a twig below — rolled round the mossy oak stick — twined among the crackling tree limbs — mounted — lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

II. BLAZE — SIGNIFYING CHEER.

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cozily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

— Love is a flame — ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation!

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo!" and I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away, — turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I; "it is not enough after all to like a dog."

—If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth—a bit of lace running round the swelling throat—the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams;—and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach,—and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for;—if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image—(dream, call it rather), would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night sitting—counting the sticks—reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow?

And if some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent because eager to praise;—and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better, than to be waxing black, and sour, over pestilential humors—alone—your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasanter of eyes—how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you—coming, you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest, and most dear one, than in patting your glossy-coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl brow

—

and eye of innocence ! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such a presence !

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger, and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever, — God speed !

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares ; and darkness, that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread, and float away, — chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend — poor fellow ! — dies : — never mind, that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep — it is worth ten friends !

Your sister, sweet one, is dead — buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon !

— It is more : *she*, she says, will be a sister ; and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes — God has sent his angel, surely !

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone ! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone, and homeless, like this !

But you are not homeless ; you are not alone : *she* is there ; — her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours ; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then — those children, rosy, fair-haired ; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now — they are yours ! Toss away there on the greensward — never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there ; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish : flower, tree, gun, are all dead things ; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness: your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf, and greenness, to turn thought kindly, and thankfully; forever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit,—for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down—no lonely moanings and wicked curses at careless-stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn by the magic of that other presence; and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts; but, ever, the sad, shaded brow of her whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief,—if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat.

—So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself;—striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened; Love master self; and having made the mastery, stretch onward, and upward toward Infinitude.

And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart, and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all, and centereth in all—Love Infinite and Divine!

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it; and her fingers—none but *hers*—will be in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears—you could feel no others, if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then——

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap——

a flicker — then another — caught a little remaining twig — blazed up — wavered — went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone with only my dog for company.

III. ASHES — SIGNIFYING DESOLATION.

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as Death follows Life. Misery treads on the heels of Joy; Anguish rides swift after Pleasure.

“Come to me again, Carlo,” said I to my dog; and I patted him fondly once more, but now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is very little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites; but it is a pleasure that when it passes leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundancy in your solitary heart life, which if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart, not solitary — not quieting its humors with mere love of chase, or dog — not repressing, year after year, its earnest yearnings after something better, and more spiritual, — has fairly linked itself, by bonds strong as life, to another heart — is the casting off easy, then?

Is it then only a little heart redundancy cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under the warmth of the blaze, so now it began under the faint light of the smoldering embers to picture heart desolation.

What kind congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year, or two years old!

“Beautiful.”

— Aye to be sure, beautiful!

“Rich.”

— Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart treasure, who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife, as a wife only should be loved!

“Young.”

— Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting: they bring to mind, with

new and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step — if it lose not its buoyancy ; how you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter ; how you tremble at the luster in those eyes, if it be not the luster of Death ; how you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve — a phantom weight ! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home heights, to look off on the sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep quiet sleep, after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath — soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow — bidden you bear it bravely ?

Perhaps, — the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes — she triumphs over disease.

But Poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand.

Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you on hope — kindling each morning, dying slowly each night, — this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stories to the lone man. Money is not in his hand, but Knowledge is in his brain ! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers : and on remembrance he can live for days and weeks. The garret, if a garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain, if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain pelting. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him, and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs : if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned and homeless Galileo.

He hums old sonnets, and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him ; and laughs at the world : for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone !

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes, — the world is mine !

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny. —
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace

The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I, their toys, to the great children, leave,
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

But — if not alone?

If *she* is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life — she, reared in luxury perhaps, is faint for bread?

Then the iron enters the soul; then the nights darken under any sky light. Then the days grow long, even in the solstice of winter.

She may not complain; what then?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears, and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? Will it solace you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her, with begging, foodless children?

But this ill, strong hands, and Heaven's help, will put down. Wealth again; flowers again; patrimonial acres again; Brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite child, is pining.

Would to God! you say in agony, that wealth could bring fullness again into that blanched cheek, or round those little thin lips once more; but it cannot. Thinner and thinner they grow; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voice.

"Dear Bessy" — and your tones tremble; you feel that she is on the edge of the grave. Can you pluck her back? Can endearments stay her? Business is heavy, away from the loved child; home you go, to fondle while yet time is left — but *this* time you are too late. She is gone. She cannot hear you: she cannot thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then — the grassy mound — the cold shadow of the headstone!

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window panes, and whistles dismally. I wipe a tear, and in the interval of my Reverie thank God that I am no such mourner.

But gayety, snail-footed, creeps back to the household. All is bright again: —

The violet bed's not sweeter
Than the delicious breath marriage sends forth.

Her lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she clasps—frail too—too frail: the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing, ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names—your name and hers—has doubled in strength now that he asks innocently to be taught of this or that, and promises you by that quick curiosity that flashes in his eye a mind full of intelligence.

And some hairbreadth escape by sea or flood, that he perhaps may have had—which unstrung your soul to such tears as you pray God may be spared you again—has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousandfold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all *that* love has come away from the mound, where worms feast, and centers on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half-parted, and listen—your ear close to them—if the breathing be regular and sweet!

But the day comes—the night rather—when you can catch no breathing.

Aye, put your hair away,—compose yourself,—listen again. No, there is nothing!

Put your hand now to his brow—damp indeed—but not with healthful night sleep; it is not your hand, no, do not deceive yourself—it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again—never play again—he is dead!

Oh, the tears—the tears; what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you waken him!—Clasp him—clasp him harder—you cannot hurt, you cannot waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage, and patience, and faith, and hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!

To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A graveyard? You read Hervey and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog,—it is over. Losses? You retrench—you light your pipe—it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh—you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow—what then?

Can you take down Seneca now, and coolly blow the dust from the leaf tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a churchyard wall—a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself by turning stinging Martial into rhyme? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wakeful and kind, say, “It is enough”? Can you sneer at calumny, and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure the limit of patience and the limit of courage!

But the trial comes:—colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading;—that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eyes your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, widespread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of home roof, they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy—there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you—there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects;—when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail—is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile: hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients—who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame—whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches—whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

—Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her;—what memories are in bird songs! You need not shudder at her tears—they are tears of Thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early home—mid afternoon. Your step is not light: it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down ; her eyes half closed ; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you ; her eye opens ; you put your hand in hers ; yours trembles ; — hers does not. Her lips move, it is your name.

“ Be strong,” she says, “ God will help you ! ”

She presses harder your hand : — “ Adieu ! ”

A long breath — another ; — you are alone again. No tears now, poor man ! You cannot find them !

— Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there ; they have clothed the body in decent graveclothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her ?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye ; you motion to the door ; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin — a very nice coffin ! Pass your hand over it — how smooth !

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on ; — it is your table ; you are a housekeeper — a man of family !

Aye, of family ! — keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features ; is this all that is left of her ? And where is your heart now ? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep !

— Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept — what idle tears ! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out !

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now ?

Go into the parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair ; there is another velvet-cushioned one over against yours — empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs as if you would press out something that hurt the brain ; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand ; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the room where she was sick — softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair ; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials, and silver bell ; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place ; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

She is not there.

— Oh, God ! — thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb — be kind !

The embers were dark ; I stirred them, there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes ; — how they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks, that such desolation had not yet come nigh me ; and a prayer of hope — that it might never come.

In a half hour more, I was sleeping soundly. My Reverie was ended.



ROSE AYLMER.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

AN what avails the sceptered race,
Ah what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

From a painting by Robert Beyschlag

ESSAYS FROM "BELCARO."¹

BY VERNON LEE.

[VERNON LEE is the pseudonym of Violet Paget, an English essayist, born in 1856. She has lived for many years in Florence, Italy, and has written several volumes on art, literature, and general æsthetics, — notably "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy," "Euphorion," "Renaissance Fancies and Studies"; a life of the Countess of Albany. She is also the author of "The Hidden Door," "A Phantom Lover," "Vanitas," and other stories.]

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

THE LESSON OF A BAS-RELIEF.

No Greek myth has a greater charm for our mind than that of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the first place, we are told by mythologists that it is a myth of the dawn, one of those melancholy, subdued interpretations of the eternal, hopeless separation of the beautiful light of dawn and the beautiful light of day, which forms the constantly recurring tragedy of nature, as the tremendous struggle between light and darkness forms her never-ending epic, her Iliad and Nibelungenlied. There is more of the purely artistic element in these myths of the dawn than in the sun myths. Those earliest poets, primitive peoples, were interested spectators of the great battle between day and night. The sun hero was truly their Achilles, their Siegfried. In fighting, he fought for them. When he chained up the powers of darkness the whole earth was hopeful and triumphant; when he sank down dead, a thousand dark, vague, hideous monsters were let loose on the world, filling men's hearts with sickening terror; the solar warfare was waged for and against men. The case is quite different with respect to the dawn tragedy. If men were moved by that, it was from pure, disinterested sympathy. The dawn and the day were equally good and equally beautiful; the day loved the dawn, since it pursued her so closely, and the dawn must have loved the day in return, since she fled so slowly and reluctantly. Why, then, were they forbidden ever to meet? What mysterious fate condemned the one to die at the touch of the other — the beloved to elude the lover, the lover to kill the beloved? This sad, sympathizing question, which the primitive peoples repeated vaguely and perhaps scarce consciously, day after day,

¹ By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. (Cr. 8vo. cloth, Price 5s.)

century after century, at length received an answer. One answer, then another, then yet another, as fancy took more definite shapes. Yes, the dawn and the morning are a pair of lovers over whom hangs an irresistible, inscrutable fate—Cephalus and Procris, Alcestitis and Admetus, Orpheus and Eurydice.

And this myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is, to our mind, the most charming of the tales born of that beautiful, disinterested sympathy for the dawn and the morning, the one in which the subdued, mysterious pathos of its origin is most perfectly preserved; in which no fault of infidelity or jealousy, no final remission of doom, breaks the melancholy unity of the story. In it we have the real equivalent of that gentle, melancholy fading away of light into light, of tint into tint. Orpheus loses Eurydice as the day loses the dawn, because he loves her; she has issued from Hades as the dawn has issued from darkness; she melts away beneath her lover's look even as the dawn vanishes beneath the look of the day.

The origin of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is beautiful; the myth itself, as evolved by spontaneous poetry, is still more so, and more beautiful still are the forms which have successively been lent it by the poet, the sculptor, and the musician. Its own charm adds to that of its embodiments, and the charm of its embodiments adds in return to its own; a complete circle of beautiful impressions, whose mysterious, linked power it is impossible to withstand. The first link in the chain are those lines of Virgil's, for which we would willingly give ten *Æneids*, those grandly simple lines, half hidden in the sweet luxuriance of the fourth book of the "*Georgics*," as the exquisitely chiseled fragment of some sylvan altar might lie half hidden among the long grasses and flowers, beneath the flowering bays and dark ilexes, broken shadows of boughs and yellow gleams of sunlight flickering fantastically across the clear and supple forms of the sculptured marble. "And already upwards returning, he had escaped all mishaps, and the given-back Eurydice was coming into the upper air, walking behind him, for Proserpina had made this condition. When, of a sudden, a madness seized on the unwily lover—pardonable, surely, if ghosts but knew how to pardon. He stood, and back on his Eurydice, already in our sunlight, he looked, forgetful, alas! and broken of will. Then was all the work undone, broken was the compact with the unkind lord, and vainly had he thrice

heard the waters of hell sounding. Then she — ‘What madness has ruined me, wretched one, and thee, also, Orpheus? For I am called by the cruel Fates to return, and sleep closes my swimming eyes. So, farewell. I am borne away muffled in thick night, stretching forth to thee (alas, thine no longer!) my helpless hands.’ She spoke, and from his sight suddenly, even as thin smoke mingles with air, disappeared; nor him, vainly clasping the shadows, and many things wishing to say, did she see again.” These lines suggest a bas-relief to us, because a real bas-relief is really connected with them in our mind, and this connection led to a curious little incident in our æsthetic life, which is worth narrating. The bas-relief in question is a sufficiently obscure piece of Greek workmanship, one of those mediocre, much degraded works of art with which Roman galleries abound, and among which, though left unnoticed by the crowd that gathers round the Apollo, or the Augustus, or the Discobolus, we may sometimes divine a repetition of some great lost work of antiquity, some feeble reflection of lost perfection. It is let into the wall of a hall of the Villa Albani, where people throng past it in search of the rigid, pseudo-Attic Antinous. And it is as simple as the verses of Virgil: merely three figures slightly raised out of the flat, blank background, Eurydice between Orpheus and Hermes. The three figures stand distinctly apart and in a row. Orpheus touches Eurydice’s veil, and her hand rests on his shoulder, while the other hand, drooping supine, is grasped by Hermes. There is no grouping, no embracing, no violence of gesture — nay, scarcely any gesture at all; yet for us there is in it a whole drama, the whole pathos of Virgil’s lines. Eurydice has returned, she is standing beneath our sun — *jam luce sub ipsa* — but for the last time. Orpheus lets his lyre sink, his head drooping towards her — *multa volens dicere* — and holds her veil, speechless. Eurydice, her head slightly bent, raises her eyes full upon him. In that look is her last long farewell: —

Jamque vale, feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidas tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.

Behind Eurydice stands Hermes, the sad though youthful messenger of the dead. He gently takes her hand; it is time; he would fain stay and let the parting be delayed forever, but he cannot. Come, we must go. Eurydice feels it; she is

looking for the last time at Orpheus, her head and step are prepared to turn away — *jamque vale*. Truly this sad, sympathizing messenger of Hades is a beautiful thought, softening the horror of the return to death.

And we look up again at the bas-relief, the whole story of Orpheus laying firmer hold of our imagination ; but as our eyes wander wistfully over the marble, they fall, for the first time, upon a scrap of paper pasted at the bottom of it, a wretched, unsightly, scarce legible rag, such as insult some of the antiques in this gallery, and on it is written: “Antiope coi figli Anfione e Zeto.” A sudden, perplexed wonder fills our mind — wonder succeeded by amusement. The bunglers, why, they must have glued the wrong label on the bas-relief. Of course ! and we turn out the number of the piece in the catalogue, the solemn, portly catalogue — full of references to Fea, and Visconti, and Winckelmann. Number — yes, here it is, here it is. What, again ?

“Antiope urging her sons, Amphion and Zethus, to avenge her by the murder of Dirce.”

We put down the catalogue in considerable disgust. What, they don't see that that is Orpheus and Eurydice ! They dare, those soulless pedants, to call *that* Antiope with Amphion and Zethus ! Ah ! — and with smothered indignation we leave the gallery. Passing through the little ilex copse near the villa, the colossal bust of Winckelmann meets our eyes, the heavy, clear-featured, strong-browed head of him who first revealed the world of ancient art. And such profanation goes on, as it were, under his eyes, in that very Villa Albani which he so loved, where he first grew intimate with the antique ! What would he have said to such heartless obtuseness ?

We have his great work, the work which no amount of additional learning can ever supersede, because no amount of additional learning will ever enable us to feel antique beauty more keenly and profoundly than he made us feel it — we have his great work on our shelf, and as soon as we are back at home, our mind still working on Orpheus and Eurydice, we take it down and search for a reference to our bas-relief. We search all through the index in vain ; then turn over the pages where it may possibly be mentioned, again in vain ; no Orpheus and Eurydice. Ah ! “A bas-relief at the Villa Albani” — let us see what that may be. “A bas-relief,” etc., etc. — horror beyond words ! The bas-relief — our bas-relief — deliber-

ately set down as Antiope with Amphion and Zethus—set down as Antiope with Amphion and Zethus, by Winckelmann himself!

Yes, and he gravely states his reasons for so doing. The situation is evidently one of great hesitation; there is reluctance on the one hand, persuasion on the other. Moreover, the female figure is that of a mourner, of a suppliant, draped and half veiled as it is; the figure with the lyre, in the Thracian or Thessalian costume, must necessarily be Amphion, while the other, in the loose tunic of a shepherd, must as evidently be his brother, Zethus; and if we put together these facts, we cannot but conclude that the subject of the bas-relief is, as previously stated, Antiope persuading Amphion and Zethus to avenge her on Dirce.

The argument is a good one, there can be no denying it, although it is very strange that Winckelmann should not have perceived that the bas-relief represented Orpheus and Eurydice. But, after all, we ask ourselves, as the confusion in our minds gradually clears up: how do we know that this *is* Orpheus and Eurydice, and not Antiope and her sons? How! and the answer rises up indignantly, Because we see to the contrary; because we know that it must be Orpheus and Eurydice; because we feel morally persuaded that it is. But a doubt creeps up. We are morally convinced, but whence this conviction? Did we come to the bas-relief not knowing what it was, and did we then cry out, overcome by its internal evidence, that it must represent Orpheus and Eurydice? Did we ourselves examine and weigh the evidence as Winckelmann did? And we confess to ourselves that we did none of these things. But how, then, explain this intense conviction, and the emotion awakened in us by the bas-relief? Yet that emotion was genuine; and now we have, little by little, to own that we had read in a book, by M. Charles Blanc, that such and such a bas-relief at the Villa Albani represented Orpheus and Eurydice, and that we had accepted the assertion blindly, unscrutinizingly, and coming to the bas-relief with that idea, did not dream of examining into its truth. And did we not then let our mind wander off from the bas-relief to the story of Orpheus, and make a sort of variation on Virgil's poem, and mistake all this for the impression received from the bas-relief itself? May this not be the explanation of our intense conviction? It seems as if it were so. We have not only lost our sentimental pleasure in the bas-relief,

but we have been caught by ourselves (most humiliating of all such positions) weaving fantastic stories out of nothing at all, decrying great critics for want of discernment, when we ourselves had shown none whatever.

It may have been childish, but it was natural, to feel considerable bitterness at this discovery ; you may smile, but we had lost something precious, the idea that art was beginning to say more to us than to others, the budding satisfaction of being no longer a stranger to the antique, and this loss was truly bitter ; nay, in the first bitterness of the discovery, we had almost taken an aversion to the bas-relief, as people will take an aversion to the things about which they know themselves to have been foolish. However, as this feeling subsided, we began to reflect that the really worthy and dignified course would be to attain to real certainty on the subject, and finding that our recollection of the bas-relief was not so perfectly distinct as to authorize a final decision, we determined coolly to examine the work once more, and to draw our conclusions on the spot.

The following Tuesday, therefore, we started betimes for the Villa Albani, intending to have a good hour to ourselves before the arrival of the usual gaping visitors. The gallery was quite empty ; we drew one of the heavy chairs robed in printed leather before the bas-relief, and settled ourselves deliberately to examine it. We were now strangely unbiased on the subject, for the reaction against our first positive mood, and the frequent turning over one view, then the other, had left in us only a very strong critical curiosity, the desire to unravel the tangled reason of our previous unexplained conviction. Of course we found that our memory had failed in one or two particulars, that the image preserved in our mind was not absolutely faithful, but we could discover nothing capable of materially influencing our views. We looked at the bas-relief again and again ; strictly speaking, there is in it nothing beyond a woman standing between two men, of whom the one touches her veil, and the other, to whom she turns her back, grasps her right hand, while her left hand rests lightly on the shoulder of the first male figure ; so far there is reason for saying that the bas-relief represents either Orpheus and Eurydice, or Antiope and her sons ; indeed, all that could fairly be said is that it represents a woman between two men, with one of whom she appears to be in more or less tender converse, whereas she is paying no attention to the other, who is taking her passively

drooping hand. There is, however, the additional circumstance that one of the men holds a lyre and is dressed in loose trousers and miterlike headdress, while the other man wears only a short tunic, leaving the arms and legs bare, and his head is uncovered and shows closely cut curly locks, the woman being entirely draped, and her head partially covered with a veil. Now, we know that this costume of trousers and miter-shaped head gear was that of certain semi-barbarous peoples connected with the Greeks, amongst others the Thracians and Phrygians, while the simple tunic and the close-cut locks were distinctive of Hellenic youths, especially those admitted to gymnastic training. Moreover, we happen to know that Orpheus was a Thracian, and that Hermes on the other hand, although in one capacity conductor of the souls to Hades, was also the patron divinity of the Greek ephebi of the youths engaged in gymnastic exercises. Now, if we put together these several facts, we perceive great likelihood of these two figures—the one in the dress of a barbarian, which Orpheus is known to have been, and holding a lyre, which Orpheus is known to have played, and the other in the dress of a Greek ephebus, which Hermes is known to have worn—of these two figures really being intended for Orpheus and Hermes. At the same time, we must recollect that Amphion also is known to have worn this barbaric costume and to have played the lyre, while his brother, Zethus, is equally known to have worn the habit of the ephebus; so that Winckelmann has quite as good grounds for his assertion as we have for ours. If only the sculptor had taken the trouble to give the figure in the tunic a pair of winged sandals or a caduceus, or a winged cap, then there could remain no doubt of his being Hermes, for it is a positive fact that no one except Hermes ever had these attributes; the doubt is owing to the choice of insufficiently definite and distinctive peculiarities. But it now strikes us: all this is founded upon the supposition that we know that the barbarians wore trousers and miters, that Orpheus was a sort of barbarian, that Greek ephebi wore tunics and short-cut hair, that Hermes was a sort of ephebus, that, moreover, he was a conductor of souls; now, supposing we knew none or only some of these facts, which we certainly should not, if classical dictionaries had not taught them us, how could we argue that this is Orpheus and that Hermes? Is the meaning of a work of Art to depend on Lemprière and Dr. William Smith? At that rate the sculptor might as well

have let alone all such distinctions, and merely written under one figure *Orpheus* or *Amphion*, whichever it might be, under the other *Hermes* or *Zethus*; this would not have presupposed more knowledge on our part, since it seems even easier to learn the Greek alphabet than the precise attributes of various antique gods and demigods, and then, too, no mistake would have been possible: we should have had no choice, the figure *must* be either *Orpheus* or *Amphion*, *Hermes* or *Zethus*, since the artist himself said so. But this would be an admission of the incapacity of the art or the artist, like the old device of writing — “This is a lion,” “This is a horse;” well, but, after all, how are we able to recognize a painted lion or a horse? Is it not, thanks to previous knowledge, to our acquaintance with a live horse or live lion? If we had never seen either, could we say, “This is a lion,” “That is a horse”? Evidently not. But then, most people can recognize a horse or a lion, while they cannot be expected to recognize a person they have never seen, especially a purely imaginary one; the case is evidently one of degree; if we had never seen a cow, and did not know that cows are milked, we should no more understand the meaning of a representation of cow milking than we should understand the meaning of a picture of Achilles in Scyros if we knew nothing about Achilles. The comprehension of the subject of a work of art would therefore seem to require certain previous information; the work of art would seem to be unable to tell its story itself, unless we have the key to that story. Now, this is not the case with literature; given the comprehension of the separate words, no further information is required to understand the meaning, the subject, of prose or verse; Virgil’s lines presuppose no knowledge of the story of Orpheus, they themselves give the knowledge of it. The difference, then, between the poem and the bas-relief is that the story is absolutely contained in the former, and not absolutely contained in the latter; the story of Orpheus is part of the organic whole, of the existence of the poem; the two are inseparable, since the one is formed out of the other; whereas the story of Orpheus is separate from the organic existence of the bas-relief, it is arbitrarily connected with it, and they need not coexist. What then is the bas-relief? A meaningless thing, to which we have willfully attached a meaning which is not part or parcel of it — a blank sheet of paper on which we write what comes into our head, and which itself can tell us nothing.

As we look up perplexedly at the bas-relief, which, after having been as confused, has now become well-nigh as blank as our mind, we are startled by hearing our name from a well-known voice behind us. A young painter stands by our side, a creature knowing or thinking very little beyond his pencils and brushes, serenely unconscious of literature and science in his complete devotion to art. A few trivial sentences are exchanged, during which we catch our friend's eye glancing at the bas-relief. "I never noticed that before," he remarks. "Do you know, I like it better than anything else in this room. Strange that I should not have noticed it before."

"It is a very interesting work," we answer; adding, with purposely feigned decision, "Of course you see that it represents Orpheus and Eurydice, not Antiope and her sons."

The painter, whose instinctive impression on the point we have thus tried to elicit, seems wholly unmoved by this remark; the fact literally passes across his mind without in the least touching it.

"Does it? Ah, what a splendid mass of drapery! That grand, round fold and those small, fine vertical ones. I should like to make a sketch of that."

A sort of veil seems suddenly to fall off our mental eyes; these simple, earnest words, this intense admiration, seem to have shed new light into our mind.

This fellow, who knows or cares apparently nothing whatever about either Orpheus or Antiope, has not found the bas-relief a blank; it has spoken for him, the clear, unmistakable language of lines and curves, of light and shade, a language needing no interpreters, no dictionaries; and it has told him the fact, the fact depending on no previous knowledge, irrefutable and eternal, that it is beautiful. And as our eyes follow his, and we listen to his simple, unaffected, unpoetical exclamations of admiration at this combination of lines, or that bend of a limb, we recognize that if poetry has its unchangeable effects, its power which, in order to be felt, requires only the comprehension of words; art also has its unchangeable effects, its power, its supreme virtue, which all can feel who have eyes and minds that can see. The bas-relief does not necessarily tell us the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, as Virgil's lines do, that is not inherent in its nature as in theirs; but it tells us the fact of its beauty, and that fact is vital, eternal, and indissolubly connected with it.

To appreciate a work of art means, therefore, to appreciate that work of art itself, as distinguished from appreciating something outside it, something accidentally or arbitrarily connected with it; to appreciate Virgil's lines means to appreciate his telling of the story of Orpheus, his choice of words and his meter; to appreciate the bas-relief means to appreciate the combination of forms and lights and shades; and a person who cared for Virgil's lines because they suggested the bas-relief or for the bas-relief because it suggested Virgil's lines, would equally be appreciating neither, since his pleasure depended on something separate from the work of art itself.

Yet this is what constantly happens, and happens on account of two very simple and legitimate movements of the mind: that of comparison and that of association. Let us examine what we have called, for want of a more definite word, the movement of comparison. You are enjoying a work of art, plastic and musical; what you enjoy is the work of art itself, the combination of lines, lights and shades and colors in the one case, the combination of modulations and harmonies in the other; now, as this enjoyment means merely the pleasing activity of your visual and æsthetic, or acoustic and æsthetic, organism, you instinctively wish to increase the activity in order to increase the pleasure; the increase of activity is obtained by approximating as much as possible to the creative activity of the original artist, by going over every step that he has gone over, by creating the work of art over again in the intensity of appreciation. If it be a plastic work, you produce your pencil and brushes and copy it; if it be a musical composition, you try to reproduce it by means of your voice or your instrument; and you thus obtain the highest degree of æsthetical activity and pleasure compatible with mere appreciation. But supposing you can neither draw, nor sing, nor play; supposing you have only another set of faculties, those dealing with thoughts and images, those of the artist in words, of the writer. How will you obtain that high degree of æsthetical activity, how will you go over the steps of the original creator? You will find that words cannot copy the work of art, plastic or musical; that lines and lights and shades, or modulations and harmonies, must be seen or heard to be appreciated; that, in short, you have no means of absolutely reproducing what you have seen or heard;—instinctively, unintentionally, unconsciously, you will seek for an equivalent for it; you will try and produce

with the means at your disposal something analogous to the work of art, you will obtain your æsthetic activity from another set of faculties; not being able to draw or to sing, you will think and feel, and, in default of producing a copy, you will produce an equivalent. But the same result is not obtainable by different means; a painter, copying a statue, will produce not a statue but a picture; a sculptor copying a picture will produce a model, not a sketch; yet the difference between the *modus operandi* of painting and sculpture is as nothing compared with that between the *modus operandi* of art which appeals to the eye or the ear, and art which appeals direct to the mind; of art which deals with visible or audible shapes, and of art which deals with purely abstract thoughts and images. How much greater, then, must not also be the difference in the result! Instead of a statue you have, not a picture, but a poem, a work of art of totally different nature from the one which you originally tried to reproduce. Instead of visual or audible forms, you have feelings and fancies; and if you compare your equivalent with the original work of art you will probably find that it has little in common with it: you had seen a beautifully chiseled head, and you say that you had perceived a beautiful emotion; you had heard a lovely modulation, and you have written that you witnessed a pathetic parting; instead of your eye and your ear, your imagination and feeling have been active, and the product of their activity is a special, separate one. So, in your desire to appreciate a work of art, you have, after a fashion, created a new one, good or bad, and having created it, there are a hundred chances against one that you will henceforward perceive your creation and not the original work; that you will no longer perceive lines or sounds, but fancies and feelings, in short, that instead of appreciating the work of art itself, you will appreciate merely your intellectual equivalent of it, that is to say, something which most distinctly and emphatically is *not* the work of art.

The process of association is even commoner: you have taken interest in some story, or some form, your mind has worked upon it; you are shown a work of art whose name, often nothing more, connects it with this story or poem, and your thoughts being full of the latter, you apply to the work of art the remarks you had made about the story or poem; you see in the work of art the details of that story or poem; you

look at it as a mere illustration ; very often you do not look at it at all ; for although your bodily eyes may be fixed on the picture or statue, your intellectual eyes are busy with some recollection or impression in your mind ; it is the case of the bas-relief of the Villa Albani, of the pleasure received from Virgil's lines being reawakened by the mere circumstance of the bas-relief being called, rightly or wrongly, Orpheus and Eurydice ; it is the story of a hundred interpretations of works of art, of people seeing a comic expression in a certain group at the Villa Ludovisi because they imagined it to represent Papirius and his mother, while other people found the same group highly tragic, because they fancied it represented Electra and Orestes ; it is the old story of violent emotion, attributed to wholly unemotional music, because the words to which it is arbitrarily connected happen to be pathetic ; the endless story of delusions of all sorts, of associations of feelings and ideas as accidental as those which make certain tunes or sights depress us because we happened to be in a melancholy mood when we first saw or heard them.

What becomes of the real, inherent effect of the work of art itself in the midst of such concatenations of fancies and associations ? How can we listen to its own magic speech, its language of lines and colors and sounds, when our mind is full of confused voices telling us of different and irrelevant things ? Where, at such times, is our artistic appreciation, and what is it worth ? Should we then, if such a thing were possible, forbid such comparisons, such associations ? Should we voluntarily deprive ourselves of all such pleasure as is not given by the work of art itself ?

No, but we should restrain such impressions ; we should, as far as we can, remain conscious of the fact that they are mere effects of comparison and association, that they are not the work of art, but something distinct from it, and that the work of art itself exists in the lines, tints, lights and shades of the picture or statue, in the modulations and harmonies of a composition, and that all the rest is gratuitously added by ourselves. Nay, we should remember that there could not even have been that very comparison, that very association, if there had been no previous real artistic perception ; that unless we had first cared for Virgil's Orpheus for its own sake, we could not afterwards have cared for the bas-relief on its account.

We confess that we have ourselves become instinctively

Manuscript of George Frederick Handel.

Beginning of the symphony which accompanies the entry of Alcides in Tobias Smollett's otherwise unknown play of "Alcestes," set to music by Handel between 27 Decr. 1749 and 8 Jan. 1750. The composition is the only known specimen of incidental music by Handel, and only two acts are extant. The music was never performed as originally composed (for Covent Garden Theatre); but as appears from the note in the plate, parts of it were used for "The Choice of Hercules," June-July, 1750.

The detached signature is taken from a letter of Handel, without address, asking for the delivery of "the artillery kettle-drums lent for my use in the Oratorios in this season:" 24 Feb. 1750.

I am Your very humble servant
Saturday G. F. Handel
Feb^r 24
1750.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1750.

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS. 30, 310, f. 26, and 24, 182, f. 15.

for Symphony, before, and during the Entry of Moses.
Herbert's Choice

Handwritten musical score for strings, featuring staves for Violins (V.1, V.2), Viola (Vid), and Cello/Double Bass (Cello). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *tr* (trill) and *tr* (trill).

I am Your very humble servant
Saturday. G. F. Handel
Feb 24
1750.

jealous of such foreign causes of pleasure in art, jealous because we have been pained by their constant encroachment ; the feeling may be an exaggerated one, but it is a natural reaction. We have thus caught ourselves almost regretting that pictures should have any subjects ; we have sometimes felt that the adaptation of music to the drama is a sort of profanation ; and all this because we have too often observed that the subject seemed to engross so much attention as to make people forget the picture, and that the drama made people misinterpret the music ; and that criticism itself, instead of checking this tendency, has done much to further it. Yes, critics, grave and emphatic thinkers, have spoken as if the chief merit of the painter had consisted in clearly expressing some story, which in all probability was not worth expressing, some dull monkish legend which his genius alone could render tolerable ; as if the chief aim of the composer were to follow the mazes of some wretched imbecile libretto, which has become endurable thanks only to his notes ; as if the immortal were to be chained to the mortal, and mediocrity, inferiority, mere trumpery fact or trumpery utility were to bridle and bestride the divine hippogriff of art, and, like another Astolfo, fly up on its back into the regions of immortality. Artists themselves have been of this way of thinking, — we cannot say of feeling, for, as long as they were true artists, their instinctive feelings must have propelled them in a very different direction. Gluck, that great dramatist, who was greatest when least dramatic, thought that music was made for the sake of the drama, that its greatest glory was to express the difference, as he himself wrote, between a princess and a waiting maid, between a Spartan and a Phrygian, to follow the steps of a play as its humble retainer and commentator. Gluck composed his music for the sake of the dramas ; but, O irony of art ! the dramas are recollected only for the sake of his music. Let the artist be humble, mistrustful of his own art, let him believe it to be subservient to something outside it, devote it magnanimously to some purpose of utility, or some expression of fact, sacrifice it throughout ; it will be all in vain ; if his work be excellent, it will subordinate all to itself, it will swallow up every other interest, throw into the shade every other utility.

One day the Pope's banker, Agostino Chigi, came to Master Rafael of Urbino, and said to him — "I am building a little pleasure villa in which to entertain my friends. Baldassare

Peruzzi has made the plans, Sebastiano del Piombo has designed the arabesques, Nanni da Udine will paint me the garlands of fruit and flowers; it must be perfection. You shall paint me the walls of the open hall looking out on the Tiber, that it may be a fit place wherein to sup and make merry with popes and cardinals and princes." "Very good," answered Rafael.

The object was to obtain a dining hall, and the fresco was to be there merely as an ornament; but Rafael painted his Galatea, and behold, the hall could no longer be used as a dining room; every one crowded into it to see the fresco; the hall has now become a gallery, and the real property, less of its owners, who cannot make use of it, than of the whole world, who insist on entering it; the room now exists only for the sake of the fresco, yet the fresco was originally intended to exist only for it. This is the inevitable course of art; we call in beauty as a servant, and see, like some strange demon, it becomes the master; it may answer our call, but we have to do its bidding. . . .

We have said much against the common tendency towards transporting on to a work of art an interest not originally due to it, because, by this means, we are apt to lose the interest which does belong to the work of art. But, if only each could get its due, each exert its power unimpaired, there could be nothing more delightful than thus to enjoy the joint effect of several works of art; not, according to the notion of certain æsthetic visionaries—who do not see that singers cannot be living Greek statues nor librettists poets, nor scene painters Poussins—in one clumsy ambiguous monster spectacle, but in our minds, in our fancy; if, conscious of the difference between them, we could unite in one collection the works of various arts: people the glades and dingles of Keats with the divinities we have seen in marble, play upon the reed of the Praxitelian Faun the woodland melodies of Mozart's "Tamino." It would thus be the highest reward for self-scrutinizing æsthetic humility, for honest appreciation of each art for itself, for brave sacrifice of our own artistic whimsies and vanities, to enable us to bring up simultaneously the recollection of Virgil's nobly pathetic lines, of the exquisitely simple and supple forms of the bas-relief, of the grand and tender music of Gluck, and to unite them in one noble pageant of the imagination, evoked by the spell of those two names: Orpheus and Eurydice.

SONNETS.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

[RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D. : A distinguished British litterateur and scholar. He was born at Litchfield, February 27, 1835, the son of Rev. Richard Garnett, Assistant Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum. He was educated privately, and in 1851 became Assistant in Library of the British Museum, in 1875 Superintendent of Reading Room, and in 1890 Keeper of Printed Books. He retired from that work in 1899. His published works are : "Primula, a Book of Lyrics," 1858 ; "Io in Egypt, and Other Poems," 1859 ; "Poems from the German," 1862 ; "Relics of Shelley," 1862 ; "Idylls and Epigrams," 1869 ; "Life of Carlyle," 1887 ; "Life of Emerson," 1888 ; "Twilight of the Gods," 1888 ; "Life of Milton," 1890 ; "Poems," 1893 ; "Age of Dryden," 1895 ; "Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoëns," 1896 ; and "William Blake, Poet and Painter," 1898.]

TO AMERICA, AFTER READING SOME UNGENEROUS
CRITICISMS.

WHAT though thy Muse the singer's art essay,
With lip now over-loud, now over-low ?
'Tis but the augury that makes her so
Of the high things she hath in charge to say.
How shall the giantess of gold and clay,
Girt with two oceans, crowned with Arctic snow,
Sandaled with shining seas of Mexico,
Be pared to trim proportion in a day ?
Thou art too great ! Thy million-billowed surge
Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea
Confounds the ranging eye from verge to verge
With mazy strife or smooth immensity.
Not soon or easily shall thence emerge
A Homer or a Shakespeare worthy thee.

BISMARCK AND MOLTKE.

FIRE falters yet in the fatigued eyes ;
And now the slow blood stirs with sudden leap,
And angry thunder daunts the spies that peep,
Exploring if the Lion lives or dies.
But cold upon the sand his fellow lies,
The far-flung shadow of whose dawnless sleep
The many-nationed world doth overcreep ;
Not solely where Rhine's torrent seaward hies

Day darkens, and uneasy Night must wake
 'Neath her blue vault, new sown with baleful stars.
 And chains of Slav and Gaul spontaneous shake ;
 As anciently at birth of Latin wars,
 Eager their appetite for blood to slake,
 Rome's weapons rattled in the fane of Mars.

April, 1891.

THE SANDS OF TIME.

CAMEST thou from the desert or the sea,
 Slow-raining sand, whose lapse of gleaming brown
 Stealeth the glassy horologe adown,
 Arraying Time with visibility ?
 Helpmate in either hath he had in thee,
 Tombing the pride of temple or of town,
 Or withering with salt waste the herbless down,
 As willed the varying wind's inconstancy.
 Thou, joyless load on earth for ever laid,
 Yet plaything of all breezes as they pass,
 Recordest here what thou depictest well :
 The thing like thee of streaming atoms made,
 Singly a nothing, measureless in mass,
 Mutation all, and yet unalterable !

JOY.

Joy is there made for all, transparent tide
 Of earth-embathing air, sun's general light,
 Sea, legioned stars, fields variously bright,
 And in a common country common pride :
 And joy to human multitudes denied,
 But solitary meed of soul of might,
 Pacing in lone content the silent height,
 Save by his own thought unaccompanied :
 Joy too, not made for many or for one,
 Flashing, as when the flying iron rings
 Sharp on smit stone beside the paven way,
 As Love to Love in exultation springs :
 As fades the star of morn in morning's sun,
 All rosiest rapture to such joy is grey.

SONGS OF SION.

My harp upon the willows is not hung ;
 Else had I anguish, dreading to forget
 The melody that soundeth sweetly yet,
 Albeit in idle hearing idly sung.

Soul, if thou skillest aught of Sion's tongue,
 The more thou chide at Babylon's vain fret,
 The more thou Salem's strain must re-beget,
 For Sion lives where Sion's lyre is strung.
 To willowed brook or transitory breeze
 Trust nothing; not on such impends the weight
 Of duty on thyself divinely bound;
 Thy Mother's songs, of old thy lullabies,
 Not only to revere but renovate,
 Not only to remember but resound.



THE DYER'S STORY.

By W. B. HOCKLEY.

(From "Tales of the Zenana; or, A Nuwab's Leisure Hours.")

[WILLIAM B. HOCKLEY, author of the following striking story, was born in 1792, and at an early age became an Indian civil servant on the Bombay establishment. After a few years' service he was detected in receiving bribes, and was dismissed, receiving however a compassionate allowance. Returning to England, he betook himself to literature, and between 1825 and 1830 produced "Pandurang Hari" and "Tales of the Zenana," which rank along with Meadows Taylor's as the best stories of Hindustan in English literature, until the appearance of Mr. Kipling. Other tales have been erroneously ascribed to him. He died about 1860.]

WHEN I parted from my friends Yasmin and Mohabet Ali I felt as if all attempts at obtaining riches without their aid must prove abortive, and my present condition shows how well-founded were my apprehensions. The first place I visited was Schiraz, where I hoped to obtain employment under the Governor's collectors. I tried in vain, by sundry well-written petitions, to bring myself to the notice of the Deewan or Vizier, then again to the secretary, to the treasurer, and to all junior scribes about court. This I soon found was only a waste of paper and time, without the least prospect of benefit, so I at last determined to apply to the secretary in person, although fully aware of the great difficulty in gaining access to him, knowing how little claim I had to his patronage.

I verily believe I might have waited until this moment at his door without seeing him. Rudely hustled by the guards and fortunate persons who enjoyed free ingress to his mansion, losing all patience, and convinced of my presumption in daring to expect that any of the proud men in power would

provide for me, I departed from the court, and enlisted as a common soldier. In this capacity I had no idle time; for, what with guarding the treasury all day and cleaning my horse in the evening, preparatory to the next day's duty, I was nearly sick of my military occupation, and was meditating desertion, although I had bound myself to serve two years, when the Buckshee, the paymaster of the troops, came to deliver our monthly stipend. Requiring someone to make memorandums and take accounts, his own clerk being accidentally absent, he enquired if there were anyone amongst us who could write. I stepped forward, offering my services, which were accepted.

So active was I in my new capacity, that the Buckshee offered to appoint me to the situation of clerk under him, which I joyfully acceded to. Following him into the districts, I assumed the airs and consequence of a gentleman, treating the poor soldiers with neglect and contempt; so that I became no great favourite amongst them, especially as I made it my practice to clip their pay and pocket the money myself. The Buckshee himself hesitated not to adopt this mode of enriching himself; and by having a good understanding with the officers and muster-master, whose list contained the proper number of men, but whose ranks told a very different tale, we all, from first to last, made a tolerable harvest.

The clerk whose place I had taken *pro tempore* returned; but the Buckshee, finding I was by far the shrewder fellow of the two, dispensed with his attendance, desiring him to remain at his office at headquarters until his return. I imagine I must have given a triumphant grin as the crest-fallen clerk passed me, for he intuitively put his hand on the hilt of his dagger, stopping immediately opposite to me. He said nothing, however, but walked away. There was, nevertheless, a diabolical expression of countenance on the man, which created in my bosom the most uncomfortable sensations, which his subsequent mysterious whisperings with the half-paid soldiers by no means tended to alleviate.

I foresaw a storm was gathering; nevertheless the Buckshee proceeded with his wonted audacity and impudence to cut, clip, and pocket as many toomauns as he possibly could. "We shall all be ruined," said I to myself; "this infuriated clerk will doubtless inform the Governor of our shameful system of fraud and peculation, in which I have entered too

deeply to escape implication." Besides, I was well aware it was the invariable practice of the head of the department to lay all blame on his unhappy deputies; so that in all probability my eyes would be put out, or I should be subject to some dreadful punishment. The next time, therefore, I had an opportunity of fingering the cash I concealed as many toomauns around my body as I well could, and then decamped, leaving my master to answer both for his sins and my own.

I proceeded to a small town, where I procured a dye which stained my beard a light-brown colour, parted with my turban, and wore an Arab cap, so that it would have been a difficult matter to have recognized me. From Schiraz I somehow or other contrived to get to Bussorah; but not fancying myself quite far enough out of reach of the Schiraz governor, travelled on to Bagdad, where, soon after my arrival, I fell sick, and was conveyed by an Arab to his stables, where I was placed amongst the horses. When I recovered, what was my consternation at finding that my generous host, or his followers, having ridden me of my ill-gotten toomauns, had departed, leaving me again a beggar!

This was a pretty specimen of Arab hospitality, and I determined to take warning by it in future. To obtain a livelihood I served a merchant by filling all day bags of dates, which he daily dispatched into the interior. In Bagdad I could find no situation where my pen could advantageously be employed; and my labour was so heavy and constant, that I was entirely confined to the merchant's storehouses, without having a moment to spare to wander through the city. I thought myself, however, so very lucky in escaping the Schiraz governor, that I complained neither of my labour nor confinement.

My master one day fell sick, and in my anxiety to summon medical aid, no one being at that moment at hand, I ran about the city enquiring for a doctor. A shabby-looking fellow undertaking to conduct me to the abode of a clever physician, I followed him through narrow lanes and bye-streets, until we came to a lonely dwelling encompassed by a courtyard, the walls of which were built of coarse black granite, having a low door of solid iron. "Call aloud," said my conductor, "and someone will surely answer you."

Saying this he departed. I called aloud, and soon heard the rattling of chains and bolts, and the iron door grated on its

massy hinges. But how can I describe the being that opened it? So hideous a little dwarf, I verily believe, no man ever set eyes upon. He was about three feet in height, with a head suited to the largest giant; his hair hung about his shoulders in the wildest and most disorderly manner, whilst his beard appeared neatly trimmed and dressed. Two eyes he had, but one would have imagined they had belonged to some other person, and been only borrowed by their present possessor—they were extremely bright and small, though every other feature of his face was large, in proportion to the gigantic head in which they were situated.

One of the arms of this monster was shrivelled and withered, but the other, his right one, strong and muscular; his nose was flat, and his mouth reached from ear to ear, which, on opening, displayed a set of large but regular teeth, whose whiteness formed a striking contrast to the sable exterior of this disgusting monster.

"Well," thought I, "with all my misfortunes, I am not reduced to the necessity of residing with this hideous object." I informed him of the sickness of the merchant, desiring him, if the doctor resided within those walls, to summon him immediately. The dwarf bowed, and went into the house, from whence he soon returned, followed by a venerable old man, with a white silvery beard reaching nearly to his middle; his fair countenance indicated mildness and benevolence, and I was quite struck with his noble and dignified mien.

The doctor kindly embraced me, bidding me lead the way towards the sick man's abode. I did so, and rushed into his apartment with joy, to announce the doctor's approach. Around the sick man's couch stood his mother, his wife, and lovely daughter, with whom I had frequently conversed, and on whom I gazed with more than ordinary interest. Umbah (so was the girl named) looked sternly at me as I entered the room, and motioned me to retire, her father being asleep. I informed the doctor of the sick man's slumbers, when he assured me that that was the very time he wished to behold the patient; upon which, without consulting Umbah or the other attendants in the chamber of sickness, I opened the door, and seizing the hand of the doctor, led him into the room.

No sooner had the mourning relatives beheld my venerable physician than one and all uttered violent screams, covering their faces with their hands, loading me with abuse, and

desiring us both to be gone. The sick man, disturbed by the shrieks of his family, awoke, and sitting upright in his bed, beheld the doctor, when he also screamed, groaned, and fell backwards, to all appearance dead. Umbah flew out of the room, and the doctor whispered me, saying, "We had better be gone." I took the hint, and gaining the street, my companion in a low tone said, "Take my advice: go not near the merchant's house again; you will repent if you do!"

Now all this seemed to me most unaccountably strange. What had I done? What offence could I have given? My master was sick, and I called a doctor—and a more mild, civil, prepossessing man I never before beheld; but though I seemed so vastly pleased with the learned Hakeem, it appeared no one else was of the same opinion. His very appearance, which had so charmed me, disgusted everyone else. I thus walked on, as I imagined by the side of the doctor; but lifting up my eyes to make some few enquiries into the recent affair, to my astonishment he was gone, and I was alone in the middle of Bagdad, not knowing where to go or what to do. "Perhaps," thought I, still ruminating on the recent unaccountable behaviour of the merchant's family, "perhaps they have had some quarrel with this physician, and the very sight of him drives them distracted; yet this cannot surely be the case, or the doctor would not have accompanied me where he must have known his appearance alone would be attended with such direful consequences."

The whole was inexplicable, and I determined, on visiting the doctor, to enquire from him the probable cause of the agitation to which I had been witness, and in some measure the cause. I passed a long and sleepless night under a shed, and in the morning proceeded to the doctor's sombre abode. The whole place was surrounded by tall, graceful cypress trees, which shed a solemn gloom around the habitation truly awful to behold; and it was not until I had seriously debated with myself that I ventured to approach the iron door. At length, picking up a stone, I knocked with it, and called aloud. The dwarf once more appeared, bowing and grinning. I informed him I wished to speak with his master on particular business; he signed me to enter, and I obeyed.

The dwarf slammed the gate with a violence the noise of which frightened from her nest a raven of a prodigious size

from one of the lofty cypress trees ; and as she flew slowly over my head uttered three distinct and, as I thought, ominous screams. The dwarf, heedless of either bird or myself, hurried and shuffled on with his little bandy legs into the house, motioning me to stand still. I began heartily to repent my rashness, and essayed to open the iron gate, but it resisted my utmost efforts and remained firm as a rock.

The dwarf returned, beckoning me to follow him ; tremblingly I obeyed, and just as my foot was on the threshold the ill-omened raven flapped its sable wings immediately over my head, repeating her screams. I therefore hesitated, saying to the dwarf, "If you please, I will call again to-morrow ; I had rather not enter just now." A vile parrot, which hung in a cage over my head, in a large hall, paved with black marble, cried, "Come in, come in !" and seemed by its brain-rending laugh, which followed these words, to rejoice in my dilemma. The whole house now suddenly became perfumed so exquisitely that my senses became bewildered, and I entered.

My arrival at this singular mansion seemed to give universal delight to the inhabitants of this strange abode. The dwarf rubbed his hands and grinned ; the parrot screamed more shrilly than before ; and a great black cat came close to me, rubbing her sleek and glossy sides against my leg, mewing and whisking about a tremendous long tail. A monkey also capered and seemed ambitious of outdoing the dwarf in his grimaces ; but what struck me as most unaccountable was, that parrot, cat, and monkey had each lost an eye. Having crossed the marble hall, I came to a flight of stone stairs. The dwarf placed his foot upon the first step, when up scampered cat and monkey, trying which should get first. Not so quickly did I ascend the stairs, and once turned back, half-determined to refuse proceeding any farther ; but the dwarf scowling and looking displeased, I once more slowly ascended. Arrived at the top, the dwarf, monkey, and cat stopped at a black door studded with iron knobs ; the cat was in ecstasies, and the monkey jumped on the dwarf's head, where he squeaked and showed evident signs of impatience. The dwarf gave three distinct knocks on the black door with his heavy fist, which slowly opened apparently of its own accord. The dwarf seizing my hand, led me over the threshold, whilst the cat and monkey contented themselves by peering with their single eyes into the half-darkened chamber. The physician was seated on a huge

block of wood ; and seeing me, arose and embraced me, which salute I coldly returned.

"What may be your commands with me?" cried the white-bearded doctor. I briefly told him the curiosity which the conduct of the merchant's family had excited in me, and that I had come to him for an explanation. "Young man," said he, "the merchant's family are ignorant people ; but their reasons for the reception they gave me you had better, if you dare, demand from them. But I perceive you are a young man of education, and might, if you pleased, turn your acquirements to advantage."

"How?" cried I.

"Enter my service. Every convenience shall be afforded you, and your salary shall be handsome."

"What service is expected from me?" I enquired.

"A service," he answered, "which will profit you greatly. My professions are various. I am a physician and alchemist, and your labours will be the attention to the compounding of medicines, grinding colours, arranging shells, stuffing animals, and scraping skeletons' bones."

I shuddered at the composure with which the mysterious man mentioned the services I was expected to perform. I was silent, and the old fellow proceeded.

"You will gradually become acquainted with the mysteries of my profession, and, I foresee, will rise to great eminence."

"But," said I, "if in my professional character I, like you, terrify my patients to death, I am at a loss to understand what profit I am to reap."

"The fact is," said he, "you are impatiently curious ; but you must know I am only called in by particular persons when at the last stage. No one will apply to me except the finger of death be on them. Now, the merchant was by no means in such imminent danger, and your mistake in bringing me to him will now reduce him to a lingering and miserable death."

I was still more and more astounded, but remained silent.

"Will you enter my service?" said the doctor.

I hesitated, for it was very clear the people of the city avoided this learned doctor, who doubtless was a magician and a man of bad character. He repeated his question, saying my salary should be five toomauns per diem ; and if ever he failed to pay them every morning, I might be at liberty to quit his service.

"At liberty!" said I, "yes, whether you pay me or not, I conceive I should not be compelled to remain in a service which I disliked."

"There you mistake; you must let yourself for five years, or not at all."

"Then," said I, "my mind is soon made up. I beg permission to depart, and shall not approach your gate again."

"Oh, foolish man!" said he. "But, as you are determined to go, I must treat you as a visitor." Saying which he took up a vessel containing rose-water, which he sprinkled over my face in the most courteous manner, and then embracing me, opened the chamber door, saying: "Farewell! but I fancy you will soon find mine is the only gate that will henceforth be open to you, and when you come I shall be glad to see you."

This was strange, unaccountably strange, after my positive assurances of never intending to approach his house again. I looked the alchemist in the face, but he maintained the same dignified look, and called out aloud "Budnuzer!" Up came the frightful dwarf, accompanied by the cat and monkey. The doctor ordered him to open the iron door of the courtyard and allow his visitor to depart, saying, "Be at hand, however; he will soon return."

I turned round to demand an explanation, when the door of the apartment was shut-to, and the doctor disappeared. I followed the dwarf down the stairs, the cat mewing piteously, the monkey crying like a child, and the parrot in the hall shrieking in a most lamentable manner. Budnuzer, the dwarf, was, I imagine, dumb, or he would most probably have joined in the general mourning my departure occasioned. Arrived at the courtyard, I felt much relieved, and when the dwarf, with a melancholy face, opened the iron door I was in an ecstasy, and ran for a considerable distance, so delighted was I at escaping the horrors of the gloomy mansion. "The doctor," said I, "may be very learned, but, by Allah! I will disappoint him this time, and show him he can sometimes err in his prognostications, for I am determined never to go near the lane leading to his gate again. No, no; I am safe, and I mean to continue so."

The first person I met was an Arab labourer, who no sooner set eyes upon me than down he fell insensible, groaning most piteously. "Heavens!" I cried, "what can be the meaning

of this extraordinary conduct?" I attempted to raise the poor fellow, but he only groaned and yelled the more, so I left him to his fate. When some distance from him I turned round, and beheld the man running so fast as never, I believe, an Arab had run before.

"Well," said I, "it seems strange that my appearance should have this extraordinary effect; however, I will go to a barber's and have my beard dressed; perhaps I have need of his scissors." I looked into a house to enquire where I could find a barber. No sooner did the people therein set eyes upon me than, like the labourer in the road, down they fell flat on their faces, roaring and screaming for mercy. I quickly retreated, feeling extremely uneasy at finding myself an object of horror to all the inhabitants of Bagdad. By chance I passed a barber's shop; it was full of customers waiting to be attended to. I entered; every head was turned towards me, and every mouth uttered a frightful yell; whilst some dropped down in a state of insensibility, and others hurried out of the shop, uttering dismal groans and muttering over prayers and portions of the Koran.

Determined to ascertain the cause of this terror which my appearance inspired, I seized the barber's mirror, and on viewing my face therein I was soon able to account for the mystery—my face being spotted all over with patches of blood, of so horrid a nature that I must have appeared like a creature from the other world. I had no doubt but this was to be attributed to the doctor's sweet-smelling rose-water, which, as I imagined, he had so courteously sprinkled over me. I flew to the water which stood in one corner of the shop and attempted to rub off the stain; but, alas! it was indelible. I most cordially cursed the doctor, being now under the necessity, notwithstanding my determination on the contrary, of once more knocking at his iron gate, to desire he would remove the bloody spots on my face; and, as he foretold, I soon returned.

Dire necessity compelled me once more to approach his horrid abode; I was shunned, abhorred, loathed; how could I, then, obtain a livelihood? "Oh, misery!" cried I, "the alchemist has indeed secured me; I must become his slave." With a heavy heart I knocked at the iron gate, which was instantly opened by the dwarf, who appeared as if expecting my return.

"Lead me to your master," cried I.

He bowed, and I followed him into the hall, the parrot once more crying, "Come in, come in!" and laughing most immoderately; the cat and monkey also testified their delight by a thousand antics and grimaces. Once more I was at the study door of the accursed doctor. He received me politely, saying, "I told you we should soon see you again—that mine was the only gate open to you in the world."

"Removed these accursed stains," cried I, pointing to my face, "and I shall then be enabled to obtain a livelihood."

"Impossible," said the doctor; "I must first have your services for five years. Be prudent; agree to remain with me, and after that period, if you obey me in every particular, you may bid adieu to service for ever and become independent. Reject my offers, and go abroad once more as you now are; but remember, my gate will not again be opened unto you."

"Oh! cruel fate that has led me hither!" cried I. "Curse the villain who pointed out this hellish place to me! What must I do?"

"Obey, serve, and honour me," said the doctor; "and as you diligently get through each year of servitude two of the ten spots on your face will vanish. I cannot, if I would, wipe them away by any other means."

"Will you promise," cried I, "that after five years I shall become rich, and be suffered to depart without stain?"

"It depends on yourself," said the doctor. "If you obey me, are not headstrong or imprudent, you shall retire wealthy, and perfect in appearance."

I consented to remain, and promised to obey. At this moment the monkey and the cat set up a scream of delight and hurried downstairs, I suppose to inform the parrot of the good news, for I soon after heard his thrilling shriek throughout the house. Budnuzer, the dwarf, entered the study, and the doctor drew forth a parchment, on which he wrote our agreement, he binding himself to pay me five toomauns per diem, and provide food and lodging for five years, after which he would have no farther claim upon me, provided I did not disobey his instructions and orders; in which case, though he might allow me to depart, I was to refund all the toomauns I might have received, or keep them, binding myself to stay for ten years more in his service, in which case I should be allowed to keep my money. I, on my part, bound myself to serve and

obey, and signed my name, the dwarf being witness. From the deed I learned my master's name was Tabnag; and, oh! curse the day which first brought me near Tabnag and Budnuzer.

Being now regularly in the service of Tabnag, I was anxious to examine his gloomy abode, and so expressed myself to my master. He willingly undertook to conduct me about the premises. The first room into which we entered was a laboratory, containing surgical instruments, stuffed birds, and skeletons; in the second room, on the first floor, was a valuable collection of shells, with several curious swords, daggers, and matchlocks; but what struck me more forcibly, amongst the collection, was an enormous bow, made of buffalo's horn.

"Could you string it, think you?" said the doctor.

"I fear not," said I.

"Try," replied he. "I fancy you are strong, and that is one reason why I was anxious to secure your services."

The bow being taken down, I set to work with all my might, desirous of exhibiting my muscular powers, but nevertheless failed in my attempt. Tabnag assured me of all the assistants he ever had none had displayed so much strength as myself, adding, "And I am glad to see it, as you will need it, I assure you." I was somewhat alarmed at this speech, and enquired if it were impossible to string the bow. "There is only one person," said he, "who is able to string it, and that is Budnuzer. You shall see him." Saying which he took from his girdle a whistle, which applying to his mouth, he produced a noise, answered from below, not by the dwarf, but by the parrot, and soon after Budnuzer stood before us.

Tabnag pointed to the bow; and the dwarf, placing his foot upon it, with his strong and powerful arm strung it at one pull.

We passed on through many other rooms on this floor, some empty, and others containing medicines, bottles, and tools of all descriptions. The windows were all securely barred, but the shutters appeared to have felt the iron hand of time. We now descended the stairs and entered the hall, where the parrot welcomed us with his usual exclamation of "Come in, Come in!" and when the doctor informed me that the hall was paved with marble from a quarry near Mount Chasaqiri * the parrot cried, "Dur een che shuck?" †

* Caucasus.

† "What doubt is there of this?"

"Your bird," said I, "seems able to converse."

"No, indeed," said Tabnag; "all he can say is 'Come in,' and 'What doubt is there of this?' I purchased him of a fakir from Hindustan, who was very unwilling to part with him."

Tabnag now opened a door to the right of the hall, which I had not before observed, which was strange, for close by it was another door—both painted black. The room into which we entered was spacious, and in the centre was placed a tremendous wheel, with leathern straps, which passed through into the adjoining apartment. Close to the great wheel was a smaller, placed horizontally, with cogs and springs, such as is used in many places to draw up water with from the wells. This I concluded was worked by an ox, although a very singularly constructed yoke lay on the floor.

"You will know more of this room shortly," said the doctor; "and I have now shown you as much as I intend—and seek to know no more."

"Are we not to look into the adjoining room?" enquired I.

"Young man," replied Tabnag, in the most solemn manner, "mark me—never presume to venture near the door of that room; the consequences of disobedience may be fatal to you. Be ready to-morrow at sunrise, when we will commence our labours. Budnuzer, conduct the young man to his apartment."

Saying which, he left me in charge of the dwarf, who conducted me to a low, damp cellar, where was a miserable bed, beside which stood an iron treasure-chest, which was open. The dwarf fastened the same, and put the key into my hands, by which I understood the box was intended for a place of deposit for my wages. I was allowed to walk around the spacious courtyard in the evening, and was joined by the doctor, who was pleasant and facetious enough, indulging in severe remarks on the ignorance of mankind in general, and condemning all forms of religion. To fathom this man was impossible, nor could I discover whether he was Suni, Sheeah, Turk, or infidel; he was undoubtedly a clever and experienced man, but certainly leagued with the evil one.

I joined my master at meals, and we were waited on by Budnuzer, who afterwards fed himself, the cat, monkey, and parrot.

"Pray," said I, "what could make these animals so delighted at seeing me enter the house?"

"Why," said Tabnag, "they have had little or no food since my last assistant left me ; and seeing another approach, they very sagaciously imagined their food would be continued to be given them as before."

"But why," said I, "did not you feed them until you had procured another assistant?"

"I ate but little myself," said the doctor; "I could not. But ask no questions."

"I must," said I, "ask one more question. How happens it that all your animals have but one eye?"

"Because," said he, "they all were imprudent, and dared to disobey me."

This was a very unsatisfactory answer, but I was constrained to be silent. I passed a quiet night, and was awakened by Budnuzer in the morning, and signed by him to enter the hall, where Tabnag was awaiting my coming. The dwarf conducted me into the room with the wheels, whilst the doctor entered the sacred and forbidden apartment. What was my dismay at finding the horizontal wheel, which I had imagined was constructed for an ox, intended for myself! And the curious yoke actually fastened on my neck by the ready dwarf ere I had well recovered from my surprise; my eyes were then blindfolded, I suppose to prevent dizziness, whilst each hand was placed on a bar, where they were tightly strapped; and here I stood like the patient ox, waiting the signal to move on. The signal soon came in the shape of a smart crack on my shoulders from the dwarf's whip, which I had not before observed him to carry. The labour was dreadful, and my knees tottered under me.

I continued at this truly bullock-work for half an hour, when a shrill whistle from the forbidden chamber, which I vainly imagined was the signal for cessation, brought the whip of the dwarf once more about my shoulders, and the shrill voice of old Tabnag, crying out, "Quick, quick!" I was obliged to strain every nerve to please both master and driver. At last a loud and continued whistle I found was the signal to discontinue my labour, for the dwarf, pulling me back, released me. I fell to the ground exhausted, and covered with perspiration. Presently in rushed the doctor, half-naked, and fell by my side, perspiring in every pore, panting and puffing, and calling for water, which the dwarf brought him forthwith.

I was of opinion that I had suffered greatly, but the

internal agony of old Tabnag baffles all description, whilst the dwarf appeared the only composed person in the house, for the mewing of the cat and the shrieks of the parrot and monkey were now become disagreeably audible. After some time the doctor arose, and was led out of the room by Budnuzer, leaving me to recover my fatigues as well as I could. I had experienced quite enough of the nature of my duties to make me anxious to quit so abominable a service, where the work of a beast was expected from me, in order to aid my master in some diabolical proceeding. What could I do? The demon doctor had fixed his accursed stamp on my face, and rendered me a loathed object, a monster on whom none for a moment dared rest their eyes.

With this most effectual preventive to escape, the doctor kindly allowed me egress from his infernal den whenever I was inclined. I determined to remonstrate with him before another day's labour commenced. The dwarf returned to me, and leading me from the room, fastened the door. I had great curiosity to know all that had been going on in the contiguous apartment; but as the dwarf was dumb, and I had been warned not to attempt gratifying my curiosity on the subject, I silently followed Budnuzer to my cellar, where, tired and hot, I laid down to sleep.

In the evening the dwarf called me, and I accompanied him to the study of my master, where I found him wearing the same serene and placid countenance as when I first beheld him. Before him were dishes of rice and sweetmeats, with sherbet and cool water, of which he politely invited me to partake.

"No," said I, "one who has been treated like a brute cannot now sit down as a human being to eat rice and pilau."

The doctor made no reply, but ate his fill, and then went to sleep. Being very hungry, however, I followed the dwarf out of the room with the dishes, intending to snatch a handful or two of rice; but lo! the cat and the monkey, ever watchful, jumped on the dwarf's shoulders, and soon between them cleared the dishes, with the exception of some sweetmeats, which Budnuzer reserved for the parrot.

"Well," thought I, "to-morrow I will be more prudent, and eat while I have it in my power."

The following day was productive of nearly the same misery to me. I was put to the handwheel, and as I turned it some-

thing in the adjoining chamber went round with a whizzing noise, accompanied by the sound of hammers and clinking of metal. Being greatly fatigued, I began to relax in my exertions; but the dwarf, who stood by me, immediately applied his hellish whip to my unfortunate shoulders. Irritated beyond measure, I left the wheel, and was approaching the dwarf to chastise him; but lifting up his arm, he levelled such a blow on my stomach as made me reel to the other end of the room, where I fell. All this time the operations, whatever they were, were at a stand, and in consequence in rushed Tabnag to enquire the cause. I explained to him how the dwarf had presumed to serve me.

"Presumed!" said Tabnag. "Why, 'tis his duty to keep the wheel going till he hears my whistle. If you are lazy of course you must be whipped; and I advise you not to attempt striking him—you are no match for him in strength. Come, to the wheel once more! I have not yet finished."

I assured him I was half-dead with hunger, and had not strength to turn the wheel any more that day.

"That is your own fault," said he; "I offered you food. If you did not choose to accept it, I don't see why my business should stand still in consequence." So saying, he nodded to the dwarf, who with his whip soon brought me from my corner again to the accursed wheel, where, after another hour's hard work, I was gratified by hearing the whistle from the next room. This being the signal for cessation, the doctor came smiling into the room and shook me by the hand, hoping, he said, to see me at dinner. I this day partook of his meal, and an excellent one it was.

Thus passed day after day. I was sometimes put to one wheel, then to another; but every time I was yoked to the heavy one the doctor, at the conclusion of my labour, evinced symptoms of terror similar to those I witnessed on the first day. My salary, according to agreement, was regularly paid me, and my food was excellent. I had remained with the doctor one year, during which time I had worked hard for my toomauns, and apparently gave great satisfaction. Two of the spots on my face disappeared as the doctor had assured me, so that I hoped, when my term should expire, to become quite free from the horrid stains. I shall not dwell upon the toil I endured for four years and a half, but proceed to relate events which then took place.

The doctor was summoned to the sick-bed of an Arab captain of a merchant vessel, who had come from Bussorah to visit his family, residing in Bagdad. The dwarf was occupied on the terrace of the house drying certain herbs for the doctor's use, and I was left alone and unemployed. I felt a strong inclination to peep into the forbidden apartment, and more than once found myself at the door; prudence, however, whispering in my ear, I turned away, considering, as my term of servitude was so near at an end, I would not run the risk of incurring the displeasure of the alchemist, although it would, I imagined, be next to impossible he should find me out. The doctor returned one day, informing me the Arab captain was quite recovered. "Yes," said he, "Maghroobia" (so was his patient named) "will ever bless the day he sent for me."

About one month after this event, as I was assisting the dwarf in his labours on the terrace, I heard the town crier proclaiming the sudden disappearance of a girl named Zenna, the daughter of Maghroobia, a captain of a merchant-vessel. Immense rewards were offered to anyone who could give information which would lead to her discovery. I was surprised, but mentioned not the circumstance to my master, who doubtless had heard the crier as well as myself.

Several days after I was again by chance left at liberty in the house, and fancied I heard a voice, sobbing and weeping bitterly, proceed from the forbidden apartment; it was unquestionably the voice of a female. "Heavens!" thought I, "it must be the daughter of the Arab captain. Oh!" said I, "were I certain this were the case, I would, when my term expires, give the distressed father information on the subject, and thus gain an immense reward, which, added to my savings, would possess me of a handsome sum of money to take with me to Yezd, where I anticipate the pleasure of sharing it with my two friends, Yazmin and Mohabet Ali, should they both be still in want.

No one was near, and I determined to hazard a peep into the mysterious chamber. Not a sound was to be heard in the house; the parrot, whose cage hung opposite the fatal door, was even sleeping, and the cat and monkey were reposing below. Cautiously did I, on my toes, creep towards the door. The female wept, and fain would I have called to her but for the parrot, who invariably, on hearing anyone talk, would scream

violently, and thus bring down the dwarf. I tried the door; it was fastened. I placed my eye at the keyhole, when a flash of fire seemed to go through my brain, and my right eye was for ever destroyed, whilst my left felt painful and weak, and it was with difficulty I could bear the light. No sooner had this misery befallen me than the parrot gave a lengthened scream, and threw himself violently from one side of the cage to the other.

“What a fool I am!” cried I.

“What doubt is there of that?” said the parrot, whilst the dwarf came hobbling down the stairs.

I endeavoured to turn my back towards him, that he might not perceive my blindness, but to no purpose; he seemed to have divined what had taken place, for I found myself drawn by a strong cord and fastened to one of the pillars of the hall, so cruelly tight that the circulation of my blood was impeded; my eyes, particularly my left, ached violently, and I found I could see less and less every minute. I, however, saw the doctor enter, and beheld his chagrin at seeing me tied in the manner I describe.

“Fool!” said he, “did I not caution you against attempting to gratify your curiosity? You have got your reward. This day you go hence a beggar, and a blind one. Budnuzer,” said he, “release the poor wretch, and turn him away for ever.”

In vain I begged for a few toomauns; not one would the ill-natured Tabnag give me; my labour and toil for nearly five years was all clean forgotten by this one act of disobedience, although dearly had I been punished for it. Thus did I leave the mansion of Tabnag, not indeed quite blind, but nearly so; one eye, however, my right, had become dark and useless, and two of the red spots on my face to this day remain, but are, fortunately, on my chin, so that my beard, which I strive to make grow thick, completely covers them. I trust your Majesty will excuse my not showing them, having the greatest horror of having them exposed to view. I begged my way to Bussorah, and from thence by ship to Mocha, where, I should have said, the infernal doctor advised me to go, for what purpose I knew not, but soon comprehended his motive.

Arrived at Mocha, my left eye gradually recovered, and I could see to walk about. As I was one day begging in the

street a stout fellow laid hold of me, and demanded his daughter.

"Heavens!" cried I, "what mean you? Who are you? I have no female in my possession!"

"I am," said he, "Maghroobia, and come to demand my daughter Zenna, whom the good Tabnag has assured me is under your protection, and that you have absconded from him on her account."

"Oh! sir," cried I, "call him not good; he is, I believe, the devil himself; and, not content with causing me to suffer toil and labour and blindness, has now deceived you, doubtless imagining you would sacrifice me to your fury. Thank heaven, you are a wise man, and have not proceeded so rashly. Your daughter, sir, is in the mansion of the doctor, at least so I have reason to fear; and it was my wish to be certain of the fact which has cost me my right eye, and ruined the vision of the other."

"Oh, Allah!" cried the captain, "can this be possible? Is the doctor indeed such a man? Now do I repent having called him in during my illness."

"Go," said I; "lose not a moment in returning to Bagdad to demand your child; you will find her in the second room on the right hand of the marble hall; but for heaven's sake be cautious, or your life may be forfeited."

"I will apply to the Governor," said the captain, "and have his house razed. Will you accompany me?"

"Excuse me," said I; "worlds should never tempt me to approach those detested walls again. Farewell! and may you succeed, noble captain."

Maghroobia was by no means surprised at my declining to accompany him, when he heard all my past sufferings. Some time after his departure I got into the service of a merchant, for whom I was employed in preparing coffee for exportation. My service requiring me on an estate about four miles distant from Mocha, I was one day proceeding thither on an Arab horse, when I missed my way, and got amongst wild and inaccessible places. At last, finding my horse could not proceed over the rocky and uneven ground, I fastened him to the stump of a tree, and ascended a hill, where I endeavoured to discover my lost path.

A venerable old man suddenly appeared, and I made him a salaam and enquired my road. He gave me the necessary in-

formation, and invited me to his cave close by, where, he said, he had resided for years retired from the world. I rather hesitated to trust myself a second time with the venerable-looking men of that country, but at last followed him to his retreat, where he produced milk, coarse bread, and dates. The heat of the day had caused my poor eye much pain, and I frequently put my hand before it.

"My friend," said my host, "you seem in much pain. How happens it that you have lost the use of your right eye, and appear to suffer much pain in your left?"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "I am the victim of a villain at Bagdad, who calls himself a doctor."

The hermit started, crying, "God forbid! have you served Tabnag?"

"Oh!" said I, "then thou knowest him?"

"I do," he replied; "he cured me when all other physicians had given me over; but I paid dearly for my recovery; my daughter was carried off, my wife died suddenly, and my ships (for I was a merchant) sunk, and I became a wanderer. When first I insisted on the attendance of Tabnag my friends were horror-struck, and fain would have turned me from my purpose, saying he could cure, but he would cause me sorrow for the remainder of my days. I heeded not their superstition, as I then deemed it. He came and cured my body, but wounded my peace of mind for ever. It is now about five years since I fell in with a man like yourself, blind in one eye, and suffering pain from the weakened state of the other; and he related to me his sufferings whilst under the roof of Tabnag; and you, like him, I imagine dared to peep into the forbidden apartment."

"I did," said I, and proceeded to relate everything that had happened to me.

"You are unfortunate," said he; "but in my inner cell is a poor wretch who, I fear, is dying, and one who has also served not only Tabnag, but Satan himself."

The hermit conducted me into a small cave, where on a pallet lay an emaciated being, apparently dying. I approached, and on examining his countenance what was my astonishment on recognizing the very man who had first pointed out to me the doctor's infernal abode!

Informing the hermit of the circumstance, he said this was very likely, "For as long as he could supply Tabnag with

victims he lived; but all his attempts failing at the time of your emancipation, he is now about to suffer for his rash intimacy with the alchemist. His incoherence of speech and his dreadful agony of mind allow me to gather from him the following particulars:—He, it appears, was entrapped into the mansion of the doctor, and being poor and destitute, accepted his service; and unfortunately for him, did not peep into the forbidden apartment.”

“Would I had been as unfortunate!” said I.

“Not so, my son,” said the hermit; “you have reason to rejoice at rather than lament your disobedience. Listen to me. After the expiration of his term of servitude, the doctor, as he said, to reward him for his forbearance and strict obedience to his orders in not prying into his secrets, offered to conduct him into the mysterious chamber.

“Eagerly did he follow his master, when scarcely had he passed the threshold before a gigantic figure, with huge sable wings, touched him on the shoulder, crying, ‘Mine, mine, mine for ever!’ and instantly disappeared. The poor fellow sank to the earth overcome with terror, and on recovering begged an explanation from the alchemist, who coolly informed him that he was now the servant of Satan, but that provided he could procure for him a strong and able assistant every five years, or whenever he should require one, he should live wealthy and happy, and for this purpose he was allowed to be at large in the city; but if he failed, then would come his dreadful hour, and Satan would come and claim him.

“He succeeded in providing two assistants, whose curiosity lost them their eyes, but saved their souls. After you, the unhappy man, having been unable to provide an assistant, fled, vainly imagining he could elude the grasp of Satan; but in this wild and dreary place his enemy has overtaken him, and I dread the hour of his dissolution. He has also informed me that he verily believes the nature of his duty at the wheels in the alchemist’s house was to draw up in one the devil, laden with gold and silver, and in the other to put in motion some machinery for the purpose of coining money.

“From your account I imagine that Tabnag, failing to obtain another assistant, has endeavoured to appease the devil by procuring a virgin, and this may account for his secreting the merchant’s daughter.”

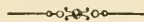
"But," said I, "can you account for the horror I inspired by showing my spotted face in the city?"

"Yes," said the hermit. "This is one of the old fellow's tricks—a young man, a patient of his, having, it is said, come from the other world so marked, thus stalked through the streets, to the alarm and terror of the inhabitants. When you appeared, therefore, doubtless they imagined the same spectre had again visited them."

If this was all correct I had reason to rejoice at my getting off with the loss of an eye only. "What think you," said I, "has now become of old Tabnag, since he has failed to procure another assistant?"

"I cannot say," replied the hermit, "unless Satan has spared him, in consequence of his offering the merchant's daughter, though I question if he has been suffered to possess his immense wealth."

Whilst we were talking the sick man groaned and writhed in agony, crying, with a feeble voice, "He is coming! he is coming!" Alarmed, we rushed out of the cavern, not daring to venture near it again for an hour. The hermit at length summoned courage to peep into the inner cell, and returned to me, saying the place was filled with black smoke, so that nothing could be distinguished. After a short time he again repaired to the cell, followed by myself. The cave was free from smoke, but the victim was gone—not a trace of him was to be seen.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

By LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

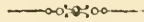
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morn lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their heart but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord



HYMN OF APOLLO.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
 Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II.

Then I arise, and, climbing heaven's blue dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean-foam;—
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
 Are filled with my bright presence; and the air
 Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

III.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

IV.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
With their ethereal colours ; the moon's globe,
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers,
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

V.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven ;
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

VI.

I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine ;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of Art or Nature ;—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.



HOMER'S HYMN TO THE MOON.

TRANSLATED BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy !
Sing the wide-wingèd Moon. Around the earth,
From her immortal head in heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs ;
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings,
The lampless air glows round her golden crown.
But, when the Moon divine from heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide ;

Till, bathing her bright limbs in ocean's tide,
 Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
 And having yoked to her immortal car
 The beam-invested steeds whose necks on high
 Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
 A western crescent, borne impetuously.
 Then is made full the circle of her light ;
 And, as she grows, her beams more bright and bright
 Are poured from heaven where she is hovering then,
 A wonder and a sign to mortal men.



NAPOLEON'S SANGAREE.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE sat in his garden at St. Helena, in the shadow of a fig-tree. Before him stood a little table, and upon the table stood a glass of sangaree. The day was hot and drowsy; the sea boomed monotonously on the rocks; the broad fig-leaves stirred not; great flies buzzed heavily in the sultry air. Napoleon wore a loose linen coat and a broad-brimmed planter's hat, and looked as red as the sangaree, but nowise as cool.

"To think," he said aloud, "that I should end my life here, with nothing to sweeten my destiny but this lump of sugar!"

And he dropped it into the sangaree, and little ripples and beads broke out on the surface of the liquid.

"Thou shouldst have followed me," said a voice.

"Me," said another.

And a steam from the sangaree rose high over Napoleon's head, and from it shaped themselves two beautiful female figures. One was fair and very youthful, with a Phrygian cap on her head, and eager eyes beneath it, and a slender spear in her hand. The other was somewhat older, and graver, and darker, with serious eyes; and she carried a sword, and wore a helmet, from underneath which her rich brown tresses escaped over her vesture of light steel armour.

"I am Liberty," said the first.

"I am Loyalty," said the second.

And Napoleon laid his hand in that of the first spirit, and instantly saw himself as he had been in the days of his youthful victories, only beset with a multitude of people who were offering him a crown, and cheering loudly. But he thrust it aside,

and they cheered ten times more, and fell into each other's arms, and wept, and kissed each other. And troops of young maidens robed in white danced before him, strewing his way with flowers. And the debts of the debtor were paid, and the prisoners were released from their captivity. And the forty Academicians came bringing Napoleon the prize of virtue. And the Abbé Sieyès stood up, and offered Napoleon his choice of seventeen constitutions; and Napoleon chose the worst. And he came to sit with five hundred other men, mostly advocates. And when he said "Yea," they said "Nay"; and when he said "white," they said "black." And they suffered him to do neither good nor evil, and when he went to war they commanded his army for him, until he was smitten with a great slaughter. And the enemy entered the country, and bread was scarce, and wine dear; and the people cursed Napoleon, and Liberty vanished from before him. But he roamed on, ever looking for her, and at length he found her lying dead in the public way, all gashed and bleeding, and trampled with the feet of men and horses; and the wheel of a tumbril was over her neck. And Napoleon, under compulsion of the mob, ascended the tumbril; and Abbé Sieyès and Bishop Talleyrand rode at his side, administering spiritual consolation. Thus they came within sight of the guillotine, whereon stood M. de Robespierre in his sky-blue coat, and his jaw bound up in a bloody cloth, bowing and smiling, nevertheless, and beckoning Napoleon to ascend to him. Napoleon had never feared the face of man; but when he saw M. de Robespierre great dread fell upon him, and he leapt out of the tumbril, and fled amain, passing mid the people as it were mid withered leaves, until he came where Loyalty stood awaiting him.

She took his hand in hers, and, lo! another great host of people proffering him a crown, save one little old man, who alone of them all wore his hair in a *queue* with powder.

"See," said the little old man, "that thou takest not what dost not belong to thee."

"To whom belongeth it then?" asked Napoleon, "for I am a plain soldier, and have no skill in politics."

"To Louis the Disesteemed," said the little old man, "for he is a great-great-nephew of the Princess of Schworffingen, whose ancestors reigned here at the Flood."

"Where dwells Louis the Disesteemed?" asked Napoleon.

"In England," said the little old man.

Napoleon therefore repaired to England, and sought for Louis the Disesteemed. But none could direct him, save that it behoved him to seek in the obscurest places. And one day, as he was passing through a mean street, he heard a voice of lamentation, and perceived a man whose coat and shirt were rent and dirty; but not so his pantaloons, for he had none.

"Who art thou, thou pantaloonly one?" asked he, "and wherefore makest thou this lamentation?"

"I am Louis the Esteemed, King of France," replied the distrousered personage, "and I lament for my pantaloons, which I have been enforced to pawn, inasmuch as the broker would advance nothing upon my coat or my shirt."

And Napoleon went upon his knees, and divested himself of his own nether garments, and arrayed the king therein, to the great diversion of those who stood about.

"Thou hast done wickedly," said the King, when he heard who Napoleon was, "in that thou hast presumed to fight battles and win victories without any commission from me. Go, nevertheless, and lose an arm, and a leg, and an eye in my service, then shall thy offence be forgiven thee."

And Napoleon raised a great army, and gained a great battle for the king, and lost an arm. And he gained another greater battle, and lost a leg. And he gained the greatest battle of all; and the king sat on the throne of his ancestors, and was called Louis the Victorious: but Napoleon had lost an eye. And he came into the King's presence, bearing his eye, his arm, and his leg.

"Thou art pardoned," said the King, "and I will even confer a singular honour upon thee. Thou shalt defray the expense of my coronation, which shall be the most splendid ever seen in France."

So Napoleon lost all his substance, and no man pitied him. But after certain days the keeper of the royal wardrobe rushed into the king's presence, crying, "Treason, treason! O Majesty, whence these republican and revolutionary pantaloons?"

"They are those I deigned to receive from the rebel Bonaparte," said the King. "It were meet to return them. Where abides he now?"

"Saving your Majesty's presence," they said, "he lieth upon a certain dunghill."

"If this be so," said the King, "life can be no gratification

to him, and it were humane to relieve him of it. Moreover, he is a dangerous man. Go, therefore, and strangle him with his own pantaloons. Yet let a monument be raised to him, and engrave upon it, 'Here lies Napoleon Bonaparte, whom Louis the Victorious raised from the dunghill.' "

They went accordingly; but behold! Napoleon already lay dead upon the dunghill. And this was told unto the King.

"He hath ever been envious of my glory," said the King. "Let him therefore be buried underneath."

And it was so. And after no long space the King also died, and slept with his fathers. But when there was again a revolution in France, the people cast his bones out of the royal sepulchre, and laid Napoleon's there instead. And the dunghill complained grievously that it should be disturbed for so slight a cause.

And Napoleon withdrew his hand from the hand of Loyalty, saying, "Pish!" And his eyes opened, and he heard the booming of the sea, and the buzzing of the flies, and felt the heat of the sun, and saw that the sugar he had dropped into his sangaree had not yet reached the bottom of the tumbler.



TO A MOUSE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

(On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November, 1785.)

I.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murdering pattle!

II.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
 An' fellow mortal!

III.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

IV.

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's win's ensuin'
 Baith snell an' keen!

V.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

VI.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Hast cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

VII.

But mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promis'd joy!

VIII.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward tho' I canna see
 I guess an' fear!



REV. H. R. HAWEIS

From a photo by Alexander Bassano

STREET MUSIC.¹

By H. R. HAWEIS.

(From "Music and Morals.")

[HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS: English clergyman and author; born at Egham, Surrey, April 3, 1838. After graduating at Cambridge he went to Italy at the time of the Italian Revolution, and was present at the siege of Capua, where he had several narrow escapes. He has been curate of St. James', Marylebone, since 1866; is interested in charitable work; and in 1895 made a lecturing and preaching tour of the world. Besides frequent contributions to periodicals, he has published: "Music and Morals," "Thoughts for the Time," "Speech in Season," "Christ and Christianity," a memoir of Garibaldi, and a life of Sir Morell Mackenzie.]

THERE are many problems in connection with national music which have never been solved. It would be difficult to find any country without some kind of popular music; but why have some nations called in the aid of science, and developed national schools of music, like France, Italy, Germany, while others, like Russia, Spain, and, above all, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, have never got beyond rude national ballads? Again, how strange it is to find the old popular forms running side by side with the new scientific forms of modern music without losing their distinctive features!

Mr. Ap-Thomas tells us that the Welsh harper to this day preserves his ancient customs. "Now, as of old, he may be seen, as soon as the sun rises, in the large oak chair (which, as a fixture, stands at the entrance of every neat and tidy Welsh inn), welcoming, harp in hand, the weary traveler, or solacing the hours of friends never tired of listening to his national strains. Many of these harpists are blind and very old."

The primitive nature of the bagpipes would seem to need no comment; but, curiously enough, although the bagpipes play many of the old national tunes, they are not the old national instrument of Scotland, nor were the oldest tunes composed for the bagpipes, as is usually supposed. Up to the sixteenth century the harp was the national instrument of both Ireland and Scotland, and the national melodies of both countries were not dissimilar. The Irish and Scotch melodies, reduced to their simplest expressions, abound in thirds, fifths, and octaves. They were composed for the harp, which was

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strung with wire, and very resonant. To avoid discord, it became necessary that every note should form a concord with the last, and hence the peculiar and forever pleasing character of Scotch and Irish melodies.

The abominable characteristics of the bagpipes are not really Scotch, but French. How the bagpipes superseded the harp in Scotland has always been considered a mystery. We believe it may be traced to French influence, and distinctly to the period of Mary Queen of Scots. At all events, about that time, toward the close of the sixteenth century, the harp went out of fashion, and the bagpipe came in. Is it unlikely that in the foreign train of Mary Stuart there may have been players of the national *cornemuse*, or French bagpipes, who managed to set a fashion which, for some reason or other, took root and has lasted ever since? The attempt to graft on Scotland foreign customs, instead of adopting Scotch ones, is entirely consistent with what we know of the Queen of Scots' policy.

But the cornemuse of southern France is perhaps the most striking instance of the way in which primitive national music may continue wholly uninfluenced by modern culture. The cornemuse has struck the keynote of all really national French music, and cornemuse forms of melody are not only to be found in the modern popular French ballads, but abound in the operas of Auber and Gounod; yet the cornemuse itself remains unchanged, nor are its melodies ever varied in the direction of modern music. Madame Sand, in one of her amusing digressions, gives an account of a conversation she had with a cornemuse player at a French fair. He did not make his tunes — they were all made by the woodcutters in the great forest: if a man wished to excel, he must go into the woods and catch the melodies from these wild men. The tunes were handed down from generation to generation, and might be endlessly varied; but there was no development, no change in their structure, nor had there been, as far as she could ascertain, for centuries.

Now, speaking generally, the state of music in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Spain is not wholly unintelligible. Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have no schools, but they have national ballads: music there is a wild germ, that, for some reason or other, has remained undeveloped by civilization. The same thing may be said of Spain

and Russia. In France a regular school of music has appropriated the rude popular elements (as a *point du départ*), which nevertheless remain alongside of the music school in all their primitive simplicity. In Italy the same phenomenon has occurred, only the connection between the Abruzzi mountaineer, with his pipe stuck into an inflated goatskin, and the Italian opera, is less obvious than that between the cornemuse player and modern French song.

In Germany, however, where music has attained its highest and most truly national development, the rude element will soon have reached the vanishing point; hardly an old melody of mountain or vale but what has received a new setting: our idea of a *Volkslied* is something in two or three parts by Mendelssohn, or, at all events, a charming air with a graceful accompaniment. Even the wild airs of Poland have been remodeled by Chopin. The "yodeling" of the peasants is generally heard in combination with delicious harmonies unknown to their forefathers, and the Swiss "hurdy-gurdy" is probably the last remnant of barbarism to be found in the direction of Germany.

But what shall be said of England? We can imagine the nations passing before us, each represented by its popular form of street music. Germany comes with a band of singers, followed by a band of men playing on all kinds of musical instruments. France comes fresh from the woods with her cornemuse. Italy issues from the mountains with that tuneful and fascinating goatskin and pipe, so finely rendered by M. Gounod in "Mirella." Spain comes with a bandoline; Scotland with the bagpipes; Ireland and Wales with harps of well-known national form and proportion. Even Russia sings a good bass tune, and blows a horn well, and England brings up the rear with—a policeman requesting an organ grinder to move on!

Indeed, that man plays all the favorite tunes. It is true he is not English, but he represents the popular tastes in music. Does he play national melodies? Not many—chiefly the melodies of other countries, or what will pass for them with the million; but he does *grind* certain English ballads too, claptrap sort of jingles—not especially national, or especially anything; he cannot be said to *play* them; no fancy, or originality, or taste is displayed, except by the monkey who sits on his shoulder; the performance from first to last is a *grind*. In

the streets of other countries you seldom meet with foreign musicians — at least not in France, Germany, and Italy; but who will deny that the staple of street music in England is organ grinding? And the grinder is a foreigner, who only grinds a few English tunes under protest. In fact, "He's a Pal o' mine" and "Jolly Dogs" are used as gold leaf to gild pills like "Casta Diva" and the "Carnaval de Venise."

But as the organ grinder is a *great fact*, and perhaps, in a survey of street music in England, the most prominent fact, he deserves a few moments' calm consideration. There are big organs drawn by a donkey, and little organs carried by boys; nondescript boxes with a cradle at the top and two babies, drawn by a woman; uprights on a stick with a little handle, turned by a crazy old man; chests open in front and shut at the back, or shut in front and open at the back. There are flute organs, with a wonderful system of wooden pipes, visible through glass; great magnified accordions, played somehow with a handle — horrid things, which grind only the "Old Hundredth" and a chant on metal pipes. There are tinkling cupboards, which remind one of Dickens' pianoforte with the works taken out, so irregular and uncertain is the effect of the handle upon the tune. There are illustrated organs, with Chinese mandarins performing conjuring tricks in a row, or Nebuchadnezzar's band; and there are organs with a monkey, triangle, bones, tambourine, or whistle obligato. Every man has probably had moments in his life when he has not been sane upon the question of barrel organs. He has perhaps been placed in difficult circumstances. Let us say he occupies a corner house. On one side, at the bottom of the street, commences the "Chickaleary Bloke"; on the other side, at the bottom of another street, is faintly heard "Polly Perkins": both are working steadily up to a point — that point is his corner house — let us say your own corner house. You are in your study writing poetry; nearer and nearer draw the minstrels, regardless of each other, and probably out of each other's hearing, but both heard by you in your favorable position. As they near the point the discord becomes wild and terrible; you rush into the back study, but the *tom-tom* man is in the yard; you rush out of the front door to look for a policeman — there is none; you use any Italian words you can recollect; at the same time, pointing to your head, you explain that your father lies dangerously ill upstairs, and that several

ladies are dying in the neighborhood; you implore the Italian to move on, and the scene ends in No. 1 slowly grinding down the street which No. 2 came up, and No. 2 grinding up the street which No. 1 has just come down. At such moments we are apt to speak recklessly on the great subject of barrel organs, and we sometimes—idle employment!—write letters to the newspapers, which are pardonably one-sided. The fact is, the organ question, like all other great questions, has two sides to it, although we seldom hear but one.

Let not those who write abusive letters to the newspapers, and bring in bills to abolish street music, think they will be able to loosen the firm hold which the barrel organist has over the British public. Your cook is his friend, your housemaid is his admirer; the policeman and the baker's young man look on him in the light of a formidable rival.

But, for once, let us speak a good word for him. We know all that can be said against him, let us now plead his cause a little. His sphere is large; he conquers more worlds than one; his popularity is not only wide, but varied: he enters many clean and spacious squares, and little chubby faces, well born and rosy, look out from high-railed nursery windows, and as they look out he looks up, and baby is danced at the bars and stops crying directly, and Tommy forgets his quarrel with Johnny, and runs to the window too, and tears are wiped and harmony is restored in many and many a nursery, and nurse herself finds the penny and smiles, and "organ man" pockets the penny and smiles, and plays five more tunes for the money, and lifts his hat, and waves "ta-ta!" in Italian, and walks off to "fresh fields and pastures new"—and isn't it worth the penny?

And where does he wander to now—that happy, easy-tempered son of the South? Ah! he has no proud looks; and, though he has just played to members of the aristocracy, he is willing to turn as merrily for the lowest of the people.

I meet him in the dingy alleys of the great city—I meet him in the regions of garbage and filth, where the atmosphere inhaled seems to be an impartial mixture of smoke and decomposition, and where the diet of the people seems to consist of fried herrings and potato parings: there is our organ man—and there, at least, we may bless him—grinding away to the miserable, sunken, and degraded denizens of Pigmire Lane or Fish Alley. Let him stay always there—let him grind ever

thus. I confess it does my heart good to see those slatternly women come to their doors, and stand and listen, and the heavy, frowning, coal-besmeared men lean out of the windows with their pipes, and, forgetting hunger and grinding poverty, hushing also the loud oath and blasphemy for a little season, smile with the pleasure of the sweet sounds. Through that little black window with the cracked panes you can see the lame shoemaker look up for a moment, and, as he resumes the long-drawn-out stitches with both hands, it is with countenance relaxed, and almost pleasurable energy. The pale-faced tailor looks out from the top story (yes, like a beam of sunshine the music has struck through him); he forgets the rent, and the work, and the wages, and the wretchedness of life. It is the end of the day; it is lawful to rest for a moment and listen, and they do listen—the men and women clustering in groups on their door-steps, and leaning from the windows above, and the children—oh! the children! I look down the alley, and suddenly it is flooded with the light of the low sun; it smites the murky atmosphere into purple shades, and broad, warm, yellow light upon the pathway, and glitters like gold leaf upon the window panes; and the children—the children are dancing all down the alley, dancing in long vistas far down into the sunny mist, two and two, three and three, but all dancing, and dancing in time; and their faces—many poor pale faces, and some rosy ones too—their faces are so happy, and the whole alley is hushed, save only for the music and the dancing of the children.

I bless that organ man—a very Orpheus in hell! I bless his music. I stand in that foul street where the blessed sun shines, and where the music is playing; I give the man a penny to prolong the happiness of those poor people, of those hungry, pale, and ragged children, and, as I retire, I am saluted as a public benefactor; and was ever pleasure bought so cheap and so pure?

Toward evening we find the organ grinder fairly expelled from some quarters of the town—from the better streets and the more respectable squares. What we may have striven in vain to accomplish, what there was no policeman at hand to do, has been triumphantly effected by *the second great fact* of street music—THE GERMAN BAND. The full-blown brass band, with drums, plays fine music, and is patronized in high places. The men wear uniforms, and are from six to twelve in number.

The head man leads on the clarionet, arranges the music, and is generally a capital theoretical and practical musician. Every man carries his own stand of music, and, by an arrangement of strings and weights, can set it up and play through any moderate hurricane. The hardiness of these men is astonishing. They stand in cutting draughts at the corners of the streets; they will play through any ordinary shower. The cornet executes variations in the snow, the drum keeps himself warm in frosty weather by a close application to business, the flute chirps and twitters with the thermometer at zero, when other people cannot even whistle. The men with the great brass tubes and serpents pour forth volumes of breath on tropical nights, when other people can hardly breathe; the triangle man has the lightest time of it, but then he is expected to walk about and sue for coppers; indeed, that appears to be his real business — the triangle is only his pastime.

As we sit with our windows open in the summer evenings, we can hear them playing at the corner of the street. Now it is "Masaniello," dashed off with great fire, and generally taken too fast; then a selection from "Faust," or the last new opera chopped up, sometimes very cleverly, for street use. On these occasions the principal instruments play the "arias," and one often regrets that men who play so well have not had more opportunities of hearing the songs which they are the means of making so widely popular. The airs are constantly taken at a pace or in a style which proves that the player has never heard them on the stage, nor has the faintest notion of what they mean.

Although forced to play chiefly Italian and French overtures, opera selections, firework quadrilles, cataract waltzes, etc., to catch the public, the German feeling will creep out, and is not unkindly received. Homœopathic doses of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven are administered in the shape of a slow movement, allegretto, or minuet and trio out of some symphony, and these, inserted, sandwichlike, between a "Slap Bang" polka and "Fra Diavolo," go down very well. But as we contemplate the model German band, the scene changes, and we find ourselves, as in some bad dream, listening to a hideous parody. Four poor fellows have got together, the sport of a cruel destiny; none of their instruments are in tune; the public will not hear them or pay them; their own ears have become vitiated; they have learned to regard any

brass instruments blown together anyhow as a German band. Of course, they do not long hang together ; some of them get happily drafted into bigger bands, others pair off, and we thus have that form of street music which may be called the *Brass Band dissolved*. This may mean one of two things : it may mean either the *Brass without the Band*, or the *Band without the Brass*.

The *Brass without the Band* means generally a cornet and a serpent, who undertake to perform "Suono il Tromba Trepido"; sometimes the serpent does "Il Balen," or at least any part of it which happens to be within the compass of his instrument. On these occasions the cornet flourishes about wildly, and appears to be carrying on a kind of guerrilla warfare with his panting antagonist, which ends in the successful demolition of the latter, who finally wheezes and puffs himself to death, while the cornet screams a paean of victory. At other times the cornet leads off with "Ah ! che la morte," while the serpent, coming to life again, gasps in an explosive manner. Before long it usually happens that the serpent, jealous of the cornet's supremacy, absorbs himself into a band again, and the cornet, if he does not go and do likewise, wanders away to enter into a fruitless competition with the "organ man" in Fish Alley, or tries to get a precarious living off "The Blue Bells of Scotland" in front of a third-rate public house in a deserted quarter of the city.

If the *Brass without the Band* can fall to a lower depth still, it is when he seats himself on the top of a van full of tipsy Foresters, and after sharing their potations during the daytime, "joins in" frantically with the chorus of lunatics as they drive home through the streets of the city, making night hideous with bellow and blare. We may here take leave of the *Brass without the Band*.

The second part of the *Brass Band dissolved* is the *Band without the Brass*, which generally means a flute or a clarionet *solus*. Unlike the "brass," the "wood" never walk a road together. As they are both solo instruments, the rivalry would be too bitter ; and, finding a lonely life intolerable, they soon join themselves to, or go to make up, what may be called the *third great fact* of street music — THE STRING BAND.

The highest form of the string band is too seldom seen. It consists of from six to twelve performers — two violins,

tenor, violoncello or double bass, flute, clarinet, or the above doubled, or in such other various proportions as time and circumstances may allow of. We have met with them at seaside places in fine weather, and occasionally in the more retired parts of the city in the afternoon. But as stringed instruments in any perfection are delicate things, the expense of keeping them together in any number and efficiency is great; and the German bands, both louder and hardier in organization, drive them out of the field. For some reason, these large string bands are generally English; they play excellent music, but are not so popular or so well paid as their German rivals.

Another form of the string band, however, is the most popular and the best paid of any street music; but, from its very delicacy and excellence, its sphere of operation is restricted as to time and place, and few itinerant musicians seem to combine the necessary qualifications for success. Visitors to Brighton have all noticed the great rival to the excellent German band on the beach in the shape of four Italian musicians. The leader, Signor Beneventano, is a fine violin player out of doors, although the writer discovered that in a room he is somewhat coarse in tone and execution, which in great measure accounts for his success in the open air. He is accompanied by a harp, a second violin, and a flute. Each man is capital in his department, and each man knows his place. This little band of accomplished players forms the center for a group of attentive listeners, who are regaled with charming versions of the modern opera, the *primo violino* occasionally playing solos with excellent pathos and effect. We have seen shillings, half crowns, and even gold put into the cap, in return for which regular printed programmes are distributed. But at the first spot of rain or gust of wind—in the middle of a passage or “scena,” however touching—Signor Beneventano signals to stop, packs up fiddle and bow, a cloth is hastily flung over the harp, the flute is unscrewed, the music folded up, all made “taut,” and the artists retire. The brass band thinks them poor creatures.

But if we seldom hear either what we may call the *Orchestral String Band* or the *Italian Miniature Band*, the *String Band dissolved* is, alas! always with us. It is a harp and a fiddle. The harpist is generally a man with an ear for time, but not

for tune ; the fiddler has an ear for tune, but none for time. The fiddler can afford to be in tune, because he has only four strings, but the harpist, who has forty, very naturally cannot. We have heard people wonder how the harpists can keep their strings from breaking—they don't. Others ask how it is possible in the open air to have so many strings in any sort of tune—they never are. The picked Italian band *is* fairly in tune and that *is* a wonder. But though in the *String Band dissolved* there is much to regret, there is nothing to wonder at, except it be how such people ever get a living. The *sangfroid* of the harpist is great—one accompaniment does for all times and tunes; or, if he has different accompaniments, he never fits them on to their right tunes; and if for a couple of bars he blunders into the right measure, he does not notice it before he gets wrong again. A cat might walk over the wires with quite as much, probably a very similar, effect. But he is outdone by the determination of the violinist, who is superior to all accompaniment, and treats the harpist like a lackey. He does not tell him when he is going to begin, how long he is going on, or when he means to stop; indeed, he is generally much the better man of the two, and might play a respectable fourth-rate second violin at a third-class theater if he practiced hard, and did not show such overweening confidence in his variations on the "Carnaval de Venise." Where will that man end? Cross the street, and we can show you. Yonder comes an old blind man with a knowing dog who is constantly persuading him that it is necessary to move on whenever he is playing or begins to play a tune. He has thus got into the habit of walking. He is weak and old with drink before his time, and does not play much now except on the open strings. Sometimes it is his wife who leads him; now he is blind she keeps the drink from him, and prolongs his life a little. One day she will sell his old fiddle; they will go into the work-house together, and the *String Band* will be completely *dissolved*.

We must here notice a large class of nondescript street musicians—chiefly self-made men. We may call these *the fourth great fact* in street music, and treat them under the head of MISCELLANEOUS ARTISTS. Many of them are men of strong original powers, subjected to the most eccentric development. We remember one strange man who bore the appearance of a

North American Indian armed to the teeth. He was hung round, saddled, propped up, sat upon, wedged in, and stuck all over generally with some two dozen or more instruments, and boasted that he could play most of them simultaneously. A drum, worked with a wire by one foot, rattled above his head; his mouth moved round a semicircle, blowing into such things as Pan pipes, flutes, clarionets, horns, and other tubes conveniently slung to his neck like an ox's cradle; one hand moved an accordion tied to his thigh, while a triangle jingled from his wrist; the other hand played the bones, while the elbow clapped a tambourine fixed to his side; on the inside of his knees were cymbals, which he kept knocking together. There was now only one foot and ankle left, and on that ankle he had bells, which rang with every motion. We describe from memory, and doubt whether we have detailed half the instruments. If Julius Cæsar had ever met that man, he would have felt quite ashamed of himself for not being able to do more than three things at a time.

Then we have, at the seaside, the Bohemian dwarfs on little three-legged stools, with tiny bandolines, strumming away almost inaudibly, but apparently quite content, and remunerated out of pity.

Then there is the piano on wheels, which goes about till one day it gets rained on unmercifully and bursts. And the harmonium on wheels, which in a very little time does nothing but "cipher," and has to retire into private life. There is the street Picco, who plays cleverly on the penny whistle, and the street Bonnay, who plays with hammers on a wooden instrument; another plays with hammers on bits of metal, another on bits of glass, another on regular musical glasses, another on bells, and another on strings; but the most original of this class is a man who produces singularly beautiful effects by using two balls of India rubber to set in vibration a perfectly tuned system of musical glasses. The India rubber is used to rub the edge of the glass as children rub dessert bowls with wet fingers, and the sound elicited is the same. This man plays pathetic tunes with great taste and extraordinary execution. He has lately substituted a series of glass tubes.

Having got thus far in my meditations, it occurred to me that it was time to pass from instrumental to vocal music; but the transition seemed abrupt: there must be a connecting link. I think I have discovered that missing link in the person of the

tom-tom man. He is both vocal and instrumental. Many persons who have not studied the question may suppose that he only beats the *tom-tom*; but this is an error. On very hot days, if you go close up to him, you will perceive that he sings what are doubtless the national melodies of his native land. As far as we can make out, they are as simple as they are plaintive, and consist mainly in the constant repetition of

Yow, yow, aie! yagger, yow, yow.

Here, then, we may be said to have a link between instrumental and vocal street music.

Vocal street music divides itself naturally into ballad and chorus, or solo and part songs. The street ballads emanate from the music halls and penny gaffs. And, of all the encouraging facts in connection with popular music in England, this — our *fifth fact* — of BALLAD MUSIC is the least. This is the form in which whatever there is national in English music is uttered, and what utterances we have here! Every now and then, it is true, a really graceful ballad, such as, "When other lips," "Jeanette and Jeannot," gets into general vogue; but, as a rule, the really popular songs are those that minister to the lowest rollicking tastes, such as "Champagne Charley," or to the vulgar commonplaces of life, such as the "Postman's Knock," or to the feeblest sentimental fancies, such as "Sea Shells." About most of them there is a low affectation and a sense of unreality that pierces, and the people that troll them about the streets never sing them with earnestness or humor, like the Germans or the Italians, just because music is not to our lower orders a deep need, a means of expressing the pent-up and often oppressive emotions of the heart, but merely a noisy appendage to low pastimes. Even the less objectionable ballads which concern the most touching affections of our nature are full of vamped-up and artificial sentiment. What, for instance, can be more feeble in sentiment and false in taste than "Let me kiss him for his mother"? And yet, trash like this, which would be scouted in any other form by every national schoolboy, is considered finely pathetic by the lower orders when it comes to them in the disguise of a ballad, for music to them is an artificial thing, having artificial and unreal standards of propriety, and too often unconnected with their real interests and genuine emotions. And the consequence is

that our street ballads last but from year to year, almost from month to month; they are constantly being replaced, not by songs that enrich the national stock, but by songs whose chief object seems to be to extinguish their predecessors, and when they have accomplished this, die themselves, like bees after discharging their sting. Who ever hears "Slap bang" now? Even "Old dog Tray," a really pathetic thing, seems dead at last, while the echoes of "Not for Joseph" seem finally to have died away.

There is a certain feeble prettiness about the Virginia Gabriel and Claribel school of ballads, but it is the "Baby asleep," "Papa, come to tea" style of thing, so eloquently condemned in the painting of the period, at the Royal Institution, by Mr. Ruskin; and when the ballad is not strictly social, spooney, or domestic, can we imagine any twaddle feebler than what is put forward to do duty for thought and feeling? In one ballad, for instance, the following ingenious conundrum is propounded: "What will to-morrow be?" The answer is, "Who can tell?" Of course nobody can, and this insult to our intelligence is repeated through several verses, to music nearly as exasperating. From the mud heaps of ballads lying around us we may no doubt pick out some gold nuggets; but the finest ballads are sure to be the least popular. All honor to Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Santley, and a few others, for keeping some really good ballads before the public. Let us only trust that Mr. Sullivan, the brightest hope of the young English school, will keep before him the high ballad ideal of his Shakespeare songs, and those lyrics which Mr. Tennyson has written for him, and not be tempted into the "Ever of thee" style by the tears of sopranos or the solemn warnings of publishers.

But if we have for a moment escaped from the streets, we are reminded by the shrill voice of a woman outside that it is with these, and not with the drawing-room, that we are now concerned. The poor creature, meanly clad, is singing "We may be happy yet," or "My pretty Jane." The crying baby has at last fallen asleep, but the song is almost more piteous. But we have only to go down one of the back streets, until we come to a third-class public house, and we reach at once the lowest depths to which the English ballad can descend. Two coarse and grimy ruffians, with greasy slips of thin paper,

printed all over and adorned with villainous woodcuts, are tramping stoutly down the reeking alley, and chanting forth to admiring groups of the unwashed some account of the latest murder, in rhyme, or the interesting contest between Champion Tommy and the Charcoal Pet. Let us draw a veil over their proceedings as we pass with a sigh of relief to *the sixth fact* of street music, which consists of CHORUS and PART SONG in various forms.

The blind singers, who, with the assistance of a concertina, ply through the whole of London, are known to every one. They render their psalm tunes, soundly harmonized, in a hard *canto fermo* style, which has its legitimate attractions, and with that peculiar concentration and directness of purpose which characterizes blind people, and which has a pathos of its own. We fancy that regular bands of accomplished part-singers are less common now than they were a few years ago. They may have been driven out of the field by the negro melodists, and have no doubt found a more congenial sphere in the various music halls which have been lately opened in great numbers all over the country. We must, however, notice the Præger family, who are unique in their excellent part singing and improvisations: we hear that it is not an uncommon thing for them, at the close of the Brighton or Folkestone season, to deposit several hundred pounds in the bank previous to their departure for the Continent. Out of the season the young ladies receive an excellent general education in one of the first French schools, and every year the return of the family is anxiously awaited by many thousands of discriminating admirers.

But there is a foreign band of singers—foreign only in appearance—that never leaves our shores—the *Negro Melodists*. The conquering nigger landed some years ago, and, after capturing this small island, caught many of the aborigines, blacked them over, and sent them off to proclaim the glories of Niggerdom throughout the length and breadth of this benighted land. The princes of the art sit in royal council at St. James' Hall, and it is an affecting thing to see the poor white men, who resort to their levees in crowds, welcomed by them as men and brethren. It is the fashion to smile at the "Christy Minstrels," and, indeed, uninterrupted gravity would be somewhat out of place in their assemblies; but we must not forget that they

furnish one of the most remarkable and original elements of our street music. From St. James' Hall, and not from "Old Virginny," come constant supplies of new melodies. The original melodies such as "Lady Neale," "Uncle Ned," some of which were no doubt genuine American negro productions, are almost forgotten, but from that new source of negro pathos and humor numbers of songs and choruses continue to flow, some of them good imitations, and many of them retaining the characteristic form of the negro melody, viz., niggers *solus*, niggers *tutti*, interludes and brilliant finale by Bones, accompanied by the whole band. The real negro is passionately attached to music—his sorrows and joys are both accompanied by the banjo—and slave life, in which the present generation of negroes has been born and bred, is full of touching episodes and dramatic incidents. The English public were subdued by the power and beauty of these as depicted, or, as some say, overdrawn, in Mrs. Stowe's book, and it is not too much to presume that the lasting popularity and deep appreciation of negro fun and pathos in England is mainly due to the genius of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The gentlemen who nightly blacken their faces in order to portray to a sympathetic audience the life and manners of a hitherto oppressed race have certainly a fair claim upon our indulgent interest. There is something pathetic even about these worthy Englishmen themselves, and it is not without emotion that we gaze at the portraits of the most successful "Bones" of the age outside St. James' Hall, representing above the mighty W. P. Collins, black as to his face, and otherwise equipped for action, while underneath, the same face, only washed, looks appealingly at us, and seems to say, "You see the black all comes off. I am not so bad looking, either. You can hardly see me at night. But remember P. Collins is white, and, although his initial is P., he was not christened Pompey."

The street niggers are often excessively clever, but are forced to pander in a variety of ways to the popular taste. For the sake of an undiscerning public, English fun is mixed up with negro humor. Punch conducts with a bâton and a desk before him; light and flippant remarks are addressed to the crowd in good broad English; capers are cut in season and out of season, to the dismay of cab horses and omnibus drivers; and even practical jokes are played off on any who come too near "bones" or "tambourine." But a state of chronic fun is not without its penalties: the chorus over and

the crowd dispersed, no faces look so downeast and woe-begone as the faces of the minstrels. They walk silently two and two, or follow each other, a string of lonely, dispirited men, down a back street into a public house. Not even there is rest. Two go in and immediately recommence, and banjo consumes a solitary pint outside, while fiddle and bones strike up within to earn another.



THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

[WILLIAM HOWITT: English miscellaneous writer; born at Heanor, Derbyshire, in 1792. In 1821 he married Mary Botham, and resided successively in Nottingham, London, Heidelberg, and Rome, where he died, March 3, 1879. In collaboration with his wife he wrote, "Literature and Romance of Northern Europe"; "Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain"; and independently, "History of Priestcraft," often reprinted; "Rural Life of England"; "Visits to Remarkable Places"; "Illustrated History of England." A visit to the Australian gold fields (1852-1854) resulted in "Land, Labor, and Gold" and "Discovery in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand."]

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep
 Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
 Now for a madcap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every place."
 So it swept with a bustle right through the great town,
 Creaking the signs and scattering down
 Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls
 Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
 There never was heard a much lustier shout
 As the apples and oranges trundled about,
 And the urchins, which stand with their thievish eyes
 Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
 Then away to the fields it went, blustering and humming,
 And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
 And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows
 And pulled by their tails the matronly cows,
 Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
 They all turned their backs, and stood sullenly mute.
 So on it went, capering and playing its pranks.
 Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
 Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
 Or the traveler grave on the king's highway;

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to rest in a terrified crowd;
There was raising of ladders, and logs laying on,
When the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.
There was a poor man, hoary and old,
Cutting the heath in the open wold;
The strokes of his bill were faint and few
Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blew,
But behind him, before him, about him it came,
And the breath seemed gone from his feeble frame;
So he sat him down, with a muttering tone
Saying: "Plague on the wind! was the like ever known?
But nowadays every wind that blows
Tells me how weak an old man grows."
But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ship felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro;
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea birds' rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think in its fearful fun
How little of mischief it had done.

CHARLES AUCHESTER.

BY ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD.

[ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD, an English novelist, born at Blackheath, in 1830, who wrote "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," "Rumor," etc. She died at Brixton in 1862.]

I HAVE never described Lenhart Davy, nor can I ; but to use the keener words of my friend Dumas, he was one of the men the most "significant" I ever knew.

Arrived at his house,—that house, just what a house should be, to the purpose in every respect,—I flew in as if quite at home. I was rather amazed that I saw no woman creature about, nor any kind of servant. The door at the end of the passage was still open ; I still saw out into the little lawn yard, but nobody was stirring. "The house was haunted !"

I believe it,—by a choir of glorious ghosts !

"Dear alto, you will not be alarmed to be locked in with me, I hope, will you ?"

"Frightened, sir ? Oh, no, it is delicious." I most truly felt it delicious. I preceded him up the staircase,—he remaining behind to lock the little door. I most truly felt it delicious. Allow me again to allude to the appetite. I was very hungry, and when I entered the parlor I beheld such preparation upon the table as reminded me it is at times satisfactory as well as necessary to eat and drink. The brown inkstand and company were removed, and in their stead I saw a little tray, of an oval form, upon which tray stood the most exquisite porcelain service for two I have ever seen. The china was small and very old,—I knew that, for we were rather curious in china at home ; and I saw how very valuable these cups, that cream jug, those plates must be. They were of pearly clearness, and the crimson and purple butterfly on each rested over a sprig of honey-suckle entwined with violets.

"Oh, what beautiful china !" I exclaimed ; I could not help it, and Lenhart Davy smiled.

"It was a present to me from my class in Germany."

"Did you have a class, sir, in Germany ?"

"Only little boys, Charlie, like myself."

"Sir, did you teach when you were a little boy ?"

"I began to teach before I was a great boy, but I taught only little boys then."

He placed me in a chair while he left the room for an instant. I suppose he entered the next, for I heard him close at hand. Coming back quickly, he placed a little spirit lamp upon the table, and a little bright kettle over it; it boiled very soon. He made such tea! — I shall never forget it; and when I told him I very seldom had tea at home, he answered, "I seldom drink more than one cup myself; but I think one cannot hurt even such a nervous person as you are, — and besides, tea improves the voice, — did you know that?"

I laughed, and drew my chair close to his. Nor shall I ever forget the tiny loaves, white and brown, nor the tiny pat of butter, nor the thin, transparent biscuits, crisp as hoar frost, and delicate as if made of Israelitish manna. Davy ate not much himself, but he seemed delighted to see me eat, nor would he allow me to talk.

"One never should," said he, "while eating."

Frugal as he was, he never for an instant lost his cheery smile and companionable manner, and I observed he watched me very closely. As soon as I had gathered up and put away my last crumb, I slipped out of my chair, and pretended to pull him from his seat.

"Ah! you are right, we have much to do."

He went out again, and returned laden with a wooden tray, on which he piled all the things and carried them downstairs. Returning, he laughed and said: —

"I must be a little put out to-night, as I have a visitor; so I shall not clear up until I have taken you home."

"My mother is going to send for me, sir; but I wish I might help you now."

"I shall not need help, — I want it at least in another way. Will you now come here?"

We removed to the piano. He took down from the shelves that overshadowed it three or four volumes in succession. At length, selecting one, he laid it upon the desk and opened it. I gazed in admiration. It was a splendid edition, in score, of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater." He gathered from within its pages a separate sheet — the alto part, beautifully copied — and handed it to me, saying, "I know you will take care of it." So I did. We worked very hard, but I think I never enjoyed any exercise so much. He premised, with a cun-

ning smile, that he should not let me run on at that rate if I had not to be brushed up all in a hurry ; but then, though I was ignorant, I was apt and very ardent. I sang with an entire attention to his hints ; and though I felt I was hurrying on too fast for my "understanding" to keep pace with my "spirit," yet I did get on very rapidly in the mere accession to acquaintance with the part. We literally rushed through the "Stabat Mater," which was for the first part of the first grand morning, and then, for the other, we began the "Dettingen Te Deum." I thought this very easy after the "Stabat Mater," but Davy silenced me by suggesting, "You do not know the difficulty until you are placed in the choir." Our evening's practice lasted about two hours and a half. He stroked my hair gently then, and said he feared he had fatigued me. I answered by thanking him with all my might, and begging to go on. He shook his head.

"I am afraid we have done too much now. This day week the 'Creation,'—that is for the second morning ; and then, Charles, then the 'Messiah,'—last and best."

"Oh, the 'Messiah' ! I know some of the songs, — at least, I have heard them. And are we to hear that ? and am I to sing in 'Halleluiah' ?" I had known of it from my cradle ; and loving it *before* I heard it, how did I feel for it when it was to be brought so near me ? I think that this oratorio is the most beloved of any by children and childlike souls. How strangely in it all spirits take a part !

Margareth, our ancient nurse, came for me at half-past eight. She was not sent away, but Davy would accompany us to our own door. Before I left his house, and while she was waiting in the parlor, he said to me, "Would you like to see where I sleep ?" and called me into the most wonderful little room. A shower bath filled one corner ; there was a great closet one whole side, filled with every necessary, exactly enough for one person. The bed was perfectly plain, with no curtains and but a headboard, a mattress, looking as hard as the ground, and a very singular portrait, over the head, of a gentleman, in line engraving, which does not intellectualize the contour. This worthy wore a flowing wig and a shirt bedecked with frills.

"That is John Sebastian Bach," said Lenhart Davy, — "at least, they told me so in Dresden. I keep it because it *means* to be he."

"Ah!" I replied; for I had heard the jaw-breaking name, which is dearer to many (though they, alas! too few, are scattered) than the sound of Lydian measures.

If I permit myself to pay any more visits to the nameless cottage, I shall never take myself to the festival; but I must just say that we entertained Davy the next Sunday at dinner. I had never seen my mother enjoy anybody's society so much; but I observed he talked not so much as he listened to her, and this may have been the secret. He went very early, but on the Tuesday he fetched me again. It was not in vain that I sang this time either, — my voice seemed to deliver itself from something earthly; it was joy and ease to pour it forth.

When we had blended the bass and alto of the "Creation" choruses, with a long spell at "The heavens are telling," Davy observed, "Now for the 'Messiah,' but you will only be able to look at it with me; to-morrow night is rehearsal at the hall, and your mother must let you go." Rehearsal at the hall! What words were those? They rang in my brain that night, and I began to grow very feverish. Millicent was very kind to me; but I was quite timid of adverting to my auspices, and I dared not introduce the subject, as none of them could feel as I did. My mother watched me somewhat anxiously, — and no wonder; for I was very much excited. But when the morrow came, my self-importance made a man of me, and I was calmer than I had been for days.

I remember the knock which came about seven in the evening, just as it was growing gray. I remember rushing from our parlor to Lenhart Davy on the doorstep. I remember our walk, when my hands were so cold and my heart was so hot, so happy. I remember the pale, pearly shade that was falling on street and factory, the shop-lit glare, the mail coach thundering down High Street. I remember how I felt entering, from the dim evening, the chiaro-oscuro of the corridors, just uncertainly illustrated by a swinging lamp or two; and I remember passing into the hall. Standing upon the orchestra, giddy, almost fearful to fall forwards into the great unlighted chaos, the windows looked like clouds themselves, and every pillar, tier, and cornice stood dilated in the unsubstantial space. Lenhart Davy had to drag me forwards to my nook among the altos, beneath the organ, just against the conductor's desk. The orchestra was a dream to me, filled with dark shapes, flitting and hurrying,

crossed by wandering sounds, whispers, and laughter. There must have been four or five hundred of us up there, but it seems to me like a lampless church, as full as it could be of people struggling for room.

Davy did not lose his hold upon me, but one and another addressed him, and flying remarks reached him from every quarter. He answered in his hilarious voice; but his manner was decidedly more distant than to me when alone with him. At last some one appeared at the foot of the orchestra steps with a taper; some one or other snatched it from him, and in a moment a couple of candles beamed brightly from the conductor's desk. It was a strange, candle-light effect then. Such great, awful shadows threw themselves down the hall, and so many faces seemed darker than they had, clustered in the glooming twilight. Again some hidden hand had touched the gas, which burst in tongues of splendor that shook themselves immediately over us; *then* was the orchestra a blaze defined as day. But still dark, and darkening, like a vast abyss, lay the hall before us; and the great chandelier was itself a blot, like a mystery hung in circumambient nothingness.

I was lost in the light around me, and striving to pierce into that mystery beyond, when a whisper thrilled me: "Now, Charles, I must leave you. You are Mr. Auchester at present. Stand firm and sing on. Look alone at the conductor, and think alone of your part. Courage!" What did he say "courage" for? As if my heart could fail me then and there!

I looked steadfastly on. I saw the man of many years' service in the cause of music looking fresh as any youth in the heyday of his primal fancy. A white-haired man, with a patriarchal staff besides, which he struck upon the desk for silence, and then raised in calm, to dispel the silence.

I can only say that my head swam for a few minutes, and I was obliged to shut my eyes before I could tell whether I was singing or not. I was very thankful when somebody somewhere got out as a fugue came in, and we were stopped, because it gave me a breathing instant. But then again, breathless, — nerveless, I might say, for I could not distinguish my sensations, — we rushed on, or I did, it was all the same; I was not myself yet. At length, indeed, it came, that restoring sense of self which is so precious at some times of our life. I recalled exactly where I was. I heard myself singing, felt myself standing; I was as if treading upon air, yet fixed as rock. I arose and

fell upon those surges of sustaining sound ; but it was as with an undulating motion itself rest. My spirit straightway soared. I could imagine my own voice, high above all the others, to ring as a lark's above a forest, tuneful with a thousand tones more low, more hidden ; the attendant harmonies sank as it were beneath me ; I swelled above them. It was my first idea of paradise.

And it is perhaps my last.

Let me not prose where I should, most of all, be poetical. The rehearsal was considered very successful. St. Michel praised us. He was a good old man, and, as Davy had remarked, very steady. There was a want of unction about his conducting, but I did not know it, certainly not feel it, that night. The "Messiah" was more hurried through than it should have been, because of the late hour, and also because, as we were reminded, "it was the most generally known." Besides, there was to be a full rehearsal with the band before the festival, but I was not to be present, Davy considerably deeming the full effect would be lost for me were it in any sense to be anticipated.

I feel I should only fail if I should attempt to delineate my sensations on the first two days of performance, for the single reason that the third morning of that festival annihilated the others so effectually as to render me only master at this moment of its unparalleled incidents. *Those* I bear on my heart and in my life even to this very hour, and shall take them with me, yea, as a part of my essential immortality.

The second night I had not slept so well as the first, but on the third morning I was, nathless, extraordinarily fresh. I seemed to have lived ages, but yet all struck me in perfect unison as new. I was only too intensely happy as I left our house with Davy, he having breakfasted with us.

He was very much pleased with my achievements. I was very much pleased with everything ; I was saturated with pleasure. That day has lasted me — a light — to this. Had I been stricken blind and deaf afterwards, I ought not to have complained, — so far would my happiness, in degree and nature, have outweighed any other I can imagine to have fallen to any other lot. Let those who endure, who rejoice, alike pure in passion, bless God for the power they possess — innate, unalienable, intransferable — of suffering all they feel.

I shall never forget that scene. The hall was already

crowded when we pressed into our places half an hour before the appointed commencement. Every central speck was a head; the walls were pillared with human beings; the swarm increased, floating into the reserved places, and a stream still poured on beneath the gallery.

As if to fling glory on music not of its own, it was a most splendid day, — the finest, warmest, and serenest we had had for weeks. Through the multitudinous panes the sky was a positive blaze of blue; the sunshine fell upon the orchestra from the great arched window at the end of the vaulted building, and through that window's purple and orange border radiated gold and amethyst upon the countenances of the entering crowd. The hands of the clock were at the quarter now; we in the chorus wondered that St. Michel had not come. Again they moved, those noiseless hands, and the "tongue" of iron told eleven. We all grew anxious. Still, as all the clocks in the town were not alike, we might be the mistaken ones by ours. It now struck eleven, though, from the last church within our hearing, and there was not yet St. Michel. We were all in the chorus fitted in so nicely that it would have been difficult for some to get out, or if out, impossible to get in. They were all in the orchestra placed as closely as possible, amidst a perfect grove of music stands. The reserved seats were full, the organist was seated, the score lay wide open upon the lofty desk; but St. Michel did not come!

I shall never forget how we wearied and wondered, and how I, at least, racked myself, writhed, and agonized. The door beneath the orchestra was shut, but every instant or two a hand turned the lock outside; one agitated face peeped in, then another, but were immediately withdrawn. I scarcely suppose the perfect silence lasted three minutes; it was like an electrical suspension, and as quickly snapped. The surcharging spleen of the audience began to break in a murmuring, humming, and buzzing, from center to gallery. The confusion of forms and faces became a perfect dream, it dazzled me dizzy, and I felt quite sick. A hundred fans began to ply in the reserved seats, the gentlemen bent over the ladies; the sound gathered strength and portentous significance from the non-explanatory calm of the orchestra force; but all eyes were turned, all chins lengthened, towards the orchestra door. At precisely a quarter past eleven the door opened wide, and up came a gentleman in a white waistcoat. He stood somewhere in front,

but he could not get his voice out at first. Oh, the hisses then! the shouts! the execrations! But it was a musical assembly, and a few cries of "Shame!" hushed the storm sufficiently to give our curiosity vent.

The speaker was a member of the committee, and very woe-begone he looked. He had to say (and it was of course his painful duty) that the unprecedented delay in the commencement of the performance was occasioned by an inevitable and most unexpected accident. Mr. St. Michel, in riding from his house a few miles out, had been thrown from his horse at the corner of the market place, and falling on his right arm, had broken it below the elbow.

The suddenness of the event would account for the delay sufficiently; all means at present were being employed to secure the services of an efficient resident professor, and it was trusted he would arrive shortly. Otherwise, should there among the enlightened audience be present any professor able and willing to undertake the responsible office of conductor *pro tempore*, the committee would feel — A hurricane of noes tore up the rest of the sentence in contempt, and flung it in the face of the gentleman in the white waistcoat. He still stood. It was well known that not a hand could be spared from the orchestra; but of course a fancy instantly struck me of Lenhart Davy. I looked up wistfully at him, among the basses, and endeavored to persuade him with my eyes to come down. He smiled upon me, and his eye was kindled; otherwise he seemed determined to remain as he was. Davy was very proud, though one of the most modest men I ever knew.

A fresh volley of hisses broke from the very heart of the hall. Still, it did not circulate, though the confusion seemed increasing in the center; and it was at that very instant — before poor Merlington had left his apologetic stand — that a form, gliding light, as if of air, appeared hovering on the steps at the side of the orchestra.

It was a man at least, if not a spirit; but I had not seen where that gliding form came from, with its light and stealthy speed.

Swift as a beam of morning he sprang up the steps, and with one hand upon the balustrade bowed to the audience. In a moment silence seemed to mantle upon the hall.

He stood before the score, and as he closed upon the time stick those pointed fingers, he raised his eyes to the chorus,

and then let them fall upon the band. Those piercing eyes recalled us. Every hand was on the bow, every mouthpiece lifted. There was still silence, but we "heard" no "voice." He raised his thin arm: the overture began. The curiosity of the audience had dilated with such intensity that all who had been standing still stood, and not a creature stirred. The calm was perfect upon which the "Grave" broke. It was not interpretation alone, it was inspiration. All knew that "Grave," but few had heard it as it had been spoken that day. It was *then* a heard voice, — "a voice from heaven." There seemed not a string that was not touched by fire.

The tranquil echo of the repeat enabled me to bear it sufficiently to look up and form some notion of him on whom so much depended. He was slight, so slight that he seemed to have grown out of the air. He was young, so young that he could not have numbered twenty summers; but the heights of eternity were far-shadowed in the forehead's marble dream.

A strange transparency took the place of bloom upon that face of youth, as if from temperament too tender, or blood too rarefied; but the hair betrayed a wondrous strength, clustering in dark curls of excessive richness. The pointed fingers were pale, but they grasped the time stick with an energy like naked nerve.

But not until the violins woke up, announcing the subject of the allegro, did I feel fully conscious of that countenance absolved from its repose of perfection by an excitement itself divine.

It would exhaust thought no less than words to describe the aspect of music, thus revealed, thus presented. I was a little child then, my brain was unused to strong sensation, and I can only say I remembered not how he looked after all was over. The intense impression annihilated itself, as a white, dazzling fire struck from a smith's anvil dies without ashy sign. I have since learned to discover, to adore, every express lineament of that matchless face; but then I was lost in gazing, in a spiritual, ebbless excitement, — then I was conscious of the composition that he had made one with himself, that became one with him.

The fire with which he led, the energy, the speed, could only have been communicated to an English orchestra by such accurate force. The perfection with which the conductor was endued must surely have passed electrically into every player,

—there fell not a note to the ground. Such precision was well-nigh oppressive; one felt some hand must drop.

From beginning to end of the allegro not a disturbing sound arose throughout the hall; but on the closing chord of the overture there burst one deep toll of wonderful applause. I can only call it a "toll"; it was simultaneous. The conductor looked over his shoulder, and slightly shook his head. It was enough, and silence reigned as the heavenly sympathy of the recitative trembled from the strings surcharged with fire. Here it was as if he whispered "Hush!" for the sobbing staccato of the accompaniment I never heard so low,—it was silvery, almost awful. The baton stirred languidly, as the stem of a wind-swept lily, in those pointed fingers.

Nor would he suffer any violence to be done to the solemn brightness of the aria. It was not until we all arose that he raised his arm, and impetuously, almost imperiously, fixed upon us his eyes. He glanced not *a moment* at the score, he never turned a leaf, but he urged the time majestically, and his rapturous beauty brightened as the voices firmly, safely, swelled over the sustaining chords, launched in glory upon those waves of sound.

I almost forgot the festival. I am not certain that I remembered who I was, or where I was, but I seemed to be singing at every pore. I seemed pouring out my life instead of my voice; but the feeling I had of being irresistibly borne along was so transporting that I can conceive of nothing else like it, until after death.

I walked home also, and was tolerably tired. Entering the house as one at home there, I found nobody at home, no Starwood,—no Chevalier. I lay upon the sofa in a day dream or two, and when rested, went out into the garden. I searched every corner, too, in vain; but wandering past the dividing hedge, a voice floated articulately over the still afternoon.

All was calm and warm. The slightest sound made way, and I hesitated not to scale the green barrier, nowhere too high for me to leap it, and to approach the parlor of the cottage in that unwonted fashion. I was in for pictures this while, I suppose; for when I reached the glass doors, that swept the lawn wide open, and could peep through them without disturbing foot on that soft soil, I saw, indeed, another, a less impressive, not less expressive, view. Clara sat at her

piano, her side face was in the light. His own, which I was sure to find there, in profile also, was immediately behind her ; but as he stood, the shade had veiled him, the shade from the trembling leaves without, through which one sunbeam shot, and upon the carpet kissed his feet. She was singing, as I could hear, scarcely see, for her lips opened not more than for a kiss, to sing. The strains molded themselves imperceptibly, or as a warble shaken in the throat of a careless nightingale that knew no listener.

Seraphael, as he stood apart drinking in the notes with such eagerness that his lips were also parted, had never appeared to me so borne out of himself, so cradled in a second nature. I could scarcely have believed that the face I knew so well had yet an expression hidden I knew not of ; but it was so : kindled at another fire than that which his genius had stolen from above, his eye was charged, his cheek flushed.

So exquisitely beautiful they looked together, — he in that soft shadow, she in that tremulous light, — that at first I noticed not a third figure, now brought before me. Behind them both, but sitting so that she could see his face, was Laura, — or rather she half lay ; some antique figures carved in statuary have an attitude as listless, that bend on monuments, or crouch in relief. She had both her arms outspread upon the little work table, hanging over the edge, the hands just clasped together, as reckless in repose ; her face all colorless, her eyes all clear, but with scarcely more tinting, were fixed, rapt, upon Seraphael.

I could not tell whether she was feeding upon his eye, his cheek, or his beauteous hair ; all her life came forth from her glance, but it spent itself without expression. Still, that deep, that feeding gaze was enough for me ; there was in it neither look of hope nor of despair, as I could have interpreted it. I did not like to advance, and waited till my feet were stiff ; but neither could I retire.

I waited while Clara, without comment on her part or request of his, glided from song to *scena*, from the romance of a wilderness to the simplest troll. Her fingers just touched the keys as we touch them for the violin solo, — supporting, but unnoticeable. At last, when afraid to be caught, — for the face of the Chevalier in its new expression I rather dreaded, — I went back, like a thief, the way I came, and still more like a thief in that I carried away a treasure of remembrance from those who knew not they had lost it.

I found Starwood yet out, and roved very impatiently all over the house until, at perhaps five o'clock, Seraphael came in for something. The dog in the yard barked out; but I was in no humor to let him loose, and ran straight into the hall.

"Carlomein," said the Chevalier, "I thought you were in London. Is it possible, my child, that you have not dined?" and he gave orders for an instant preparation. "I am truly vexed that I did not know it, but Stern is gone to his father, and will stay till the last coach to-night. I thought you would be absent also."

"And so, sir, I suppose you had determined to go without your dinner?"

He smiled.

"Not at all, Carlomein. The fact is, I *have* dined. I could not resist La Benetta benedetta. I never knew what young potatoes were until I tasted them over there."

"I dare say not," I thought; but I was wise enough to hold my tongue.

"Then, sir, I shall dine alone; and very much I shall enjoy it. There is nothing I like so well as dining alone, except to dine alone with you."

"Carl! Carl! hadst thou been in that devil when he tempted Eve! Pardon, but I have come home for a few things, and have promised to return."

"Sir, if you will not think it rude, I must say that for once in your life you are enjoying what you confer upon others. I am so glad!"

"I thought it says, 'It is better to give than to receive.' I do like receiving; but perhaps that is because I cannot give this which I now receive. Carlomein, there is a spell upon thee; there is a charm about thee, that makes thee lead all thou lovest to all they love! It is a thing I cannot comprehend, but am too content to feel."

He ran into his study, and returning, just glanced into the room with an air of *allegresse* to bid me adieu; but what had he in his arms, if it were not the score of his oratorio? I knew its name by this time; I saw it in that nervous writing which I could read at any earthly distance,—what was to be done with it, and what then? Was he going to the rehearsal, or a rehearsal of his own?

I had not been half an hour quiet, playing to myself, having unpacked my fiddle for the first time since I came to London,

when the lady of the scanty silk arrived at my door and aroused me. Some gentlemen had called to see the Chevalier, and as he was supposed to be absent, must see me. I went down into a great, dampish dining room we had not lived in at all, and found three or four worthies, a deputation from the band and chorus, who had helplessly assembled two hours ago in London, and were at present waiting for the conductor.

It was no pleasant task to infringe the fragrant privacy of the cottage, but I had to do it. I went to the front gate this time, and sent up a message, that I might not render myself more intrusive than necessary. He came down as upon the wings of the wind, with his hat half falling from his curls, and flew to the deputation without a syllable to me; they carried him off in triumph so immediately that I could only fancy he looked annoyed, and may have been about that matter mistaken.

Certainly Clara was not annoyed, whom I went indoors to see; Laura had vanished, and she herself was alone in the room, answering my first notes of admiration merely, "Yes, I have sung to him a good while." I was, however, so struck with the change, not in manner, but in her mien, that I would stay on to watch, at the risk of being in the way more than ever in my days. Since I had entered, she had not once looked up; but an unusual flush was upon her face, she appeared serious, but intent,—something seemed to occupy her. At last, after turning about the music sheets that strewed the chamber everywhere, and placing them by in silence,—and a very long time she took,—she raised her eyes. Their luster was indeed quickened; never saw I so much excitement in them; they were still not so grave as significant,—full of unwonted suggestions. I ventured to say then:—

"And now, Miss Benette, I may ask you what you feel about the personality of this hero?"

I could not put it better; she replied not directly, but came and sat beside me on the sofa, by the window. She laid her little hands in her lap, and her glance followed after them. I could see she was inexpressibly burdened with some inward revelation. I could not for a moment believe she trembled, but certainly there was a quiver of her lips; her silken curls, so calm, did not hide the pulsation, infinitely rapid, of those temples where the harebell-azure veins penciled the rose-flower skin. After a few moments' pause, during which she evidently

collected herself, she addressed me, her own sweet voice as clear as ever, but the same trouble in it that touched her gaze.

"Sir, I am going to tell you something, and to ask your advice besides."

"I am all attention!" indeed, I was in an agony to attend and learn.

"I have had a strange visitor this morning, — very sudden, and I was not prepared. You will think me very foolish when you hear what is the matter with me, that I have not written to Mr. Davy; but I prefer to ask you. You are more enlightened, though you are so young."

"Miss Benette, I know your visitor; for on returning home next door, I missed my master, and I knew he could be only here. What has he done that could possibly raise a difficulty, or said that could create a question? He is my unerring faith, and should be yours."

"I do not wonder; but I have not known him so long, you see, and contemplate him differently. I had been telling him, as he requested to know my plans, of the treatment I had received at the opera, and how I had not quite settled whether to come out now or next year as an actress. He answered: —

"'Do neither.'

"I inquired why?

"'You must not accept any engagement for the stage in England, and pray do not hold out to them any idea that you will.'

"Now, what does he mean? Am I to give up my only chance of being able to live in England? For I wish to live here. And am I to act unconscientiously? For my conscience tells me that the pure-hearted should always follow their impulses. Now, I know very few persons; but I am born to be known of many, — at least I suppose so, or why was I gifted with this voice, my only gift?"

"Miss Benette, you cannot suppose the Chevalier desires your voice to be lost. Has he not been informing and interpenetrating himself with it the whole morning? He has a higher range in view for you, be assured, or he had not persuaded you, I am certain, to annul your present privileges. He has the right to tell what he pleases."

"And are we all to obey him?"

"Certainly; and only him, — in matters musical. If you knew him as I do, you would feel this."

"But is it like a musician to draw me away from my duty?"

"Not obviously; but there may be no duty here. You do not know how completely, in the case of dramatic, and indeed of all other art, the foundations are out of course."

"You mean they do not fulfill their first intentions. But then nothing does, except, certainly, as it was first created. We have lost that long."

"Music, Miss Benette, it appears to me, so long as it preserves its purity, may consecrate all the forms of art by raising them into its own atmosphere, — govern them as the soul the body. But where music is itself degraded, its very type defaced, its worship rendered ridiculous, its nature mere name, by its own master the rest falls. I know not much about it, but I know how little the drama depends on music in this country, and how completely, in the first place, one must lend one's self to its meanest effect in order to fulfill the purpose of the writer. All writers for the stage have become profane, and dramatic writers whom we still confess to be banished from the stage in proportion to the elevation of their works. I even go so far as to think an artist does worse who lends an incomparable organ to such service than an unheeded player (myself, for example), who should form one in the ranks of such an orchestra as that of our opera houses, where the bare notion or outline of harmony is all that is provided for us. While the idea of the highest prevails with us, our artist life must harmonize, or Art will suffer, — and it suffers enough now. I have said too long a say, and perhaps I am very ignorant; but this is what I think."

"You cannot speak too much, sir, and you know a great deal more than I do. My feeling was that I could perhaps have shown the world that simplicity of life is not interfered with by a public career, and that those who love what is beautiful must also love what is good, and endeavor to live up to it besides. I have spoken to several musicians abroad, who came to me on purpose; they all extolled my voice, and entreated me to sing upon the stage. I did so then because I was poor and had several things I wished to do; but I cannot say I felt at home with music on the stage in Italy. The gentleman who was here to-day was the first who disturbed my ideas and dissuaded me. I was astonished, not because I am piqued, — for you do not know how much I should prefer to live a quiet life,

— but because everybody else had told me a different story. I do not like to think I shall only be able to sing in concerts, for there are very few concerts that content me, and I do so love an orchestra. Am I to give it all up? If this gentleman had said, ‘Only sing in this opera or that,’ I could have made up my mind. But am I never to sing in any? Am I to waste my voice that God gave me as he gives to others a free hand or a great imagination? You cannot think so, with all your industry and all your true enthusiasm.”

“Miss Benette, you must not be shocked at what I shall now say, because I mean it with all reverence. I could no more call in question the decision of such genius than I could that of Providence if it sent me death sickness or took away my friends. I am certain that the motive, which you cannot make clear just yet, is that you would approve of.”

“And you also, sir?”

“And I also, though it is as dark to me as to you. Let it stand over, then; but for all our sakes do not thwart him, — he has suffered too much to be thwarted.”

“Has he suffered? I did not know that.”

“Can such a one live and not suffer? A nature which is all love, — an imagination all music?”

“I thought that he looked delicate, but very happy, — happy as a child or an angel. I have seen your smile turn bitter, sir, — pardon, — but never his. I am sure, if it matters to him that I should accede, I will do so, and I cannot thank you enough for telling me.”

“Miss Benette, if you are destined to do anything great for music, it may be in one way as well as in another; that is, if you befriend the greatest musician, it is as much as if you befriended music. Now you cannot but befriend him if you do exactly as he requests you.”

“In all instances, you recommend?”

“I, at least, could refuse him nothing. The nourishment such a spirit requires is not just the same as our own, perhaps, but it must not the less be supplied. If I could, now, clean his boots better than any one else, or if he liked my cookery, I would give up what I am about and take a place in his service.”

“What! you would give up your violin, your career, your place among the choir of ages?”

“I would; for in rendering a single hour of his existence on earth unfretted, — in preserving to him one day of ease and

comfort,—I should be doing more for all people, all time, at least for the ideal, who will be few in every age, but many in all the ages, and who I believe leaven society better than a priesthood. I would not say so except to a person who perfectly understands me; for as I hold laws to be necessary, I would infringe no social or religious *régime* by one heterodox utterance to the ear of the uninitiated: still, having said it, I keep to my text, that you must do exactly as he pleases. He has not set a seal upon your throat at present, if you have been singing all the morning.”

“I have been singing from his new great work. There is a contralto solo, ‘Art Thou not from Everlasting?’ which spoiled my voice; I could not keep the tears down, it was so beautiful and entreating. He was a little angry at me; at least he said, ‘You must not do that.’ There is also a very long piece which I scarcely tried, we had been so long over the other, which he made me sing again and again until I composed myself. What a mercy Mr. Davy taught us to read so fast! I have found it help me ever since. Do you mean to go to this oratorio?”

“I am to go with Miss Lawrence. How noble, how glorious she is!”

“Your eyes sparkle when you speak of her. I knew you would there find a friend.”

“I hope you, too, will hear it, Miss Benette. I shall speak to the Chevalier about it.”

“I pray you not to do so; there will not be any reason, for I find out all about those affairs. Take care of yourself, Mr. Auchester, or rather make Miss Lawrence take care of you: she will like to have to do so.”

“I must go home, if it is not to be just yet, and return on purpose for the day.”

“But that will fatigue you very much, — cannot you prevent it? One ought to be quiet before a great excitement.”

“Oh! you have found that. I cannot be quiet until afterwards.”

“I have never had a great excitement,” said Clara, innocently; “and I hope I never may. It suits me to be still.”

“May that calm remain in you and for you with which you never fail to heal the soul within your power, Miss Benette!”

“I should indeed be proud, Mr. Auchester, to keep you quiet; but that you will never be until it is forever.”

"In that sense no one could, for who could ever desire to awaken from that rest? And from all rest here it is but to awaken."

I felt I ought to go, or that I might even remain too long. It was harder at that moment to leave her than it had ever been before; but I had a prescience that for that very reason it was better to depart. Starwood had returned, I found, and was waiting about in the evening, before the candles came.

We both watched the golden shade that bound the sunset to its crimson glow, and then the violet dark, as it melted downwards to embrace the earth. We were both silent, Starwood from habit (I have never seen such power of abstraction), I by choice. An agitated knock came suddenly, about nine, and into the room bounced the big dog, tearing the carpet up with his capers. Seraphael followed, silent at first as we; he stole after us to the window, and looked softly forth. I could tell even in the uncertain silver darkness of that thinnest shell of a moon that his face was alight with happiness, an ineffable gentleness, — not the dread alien air of heaven, soothing the passion of his countenance. He laid for long his tiny hand upon my shoulder, his arm crept round my neck, and drawing closer still, he sighed rather than said, after a thrilling pause: —

"Carlomein, wilt thou come into my room? I have a secret for thee; it will not take long to tell."

"The longer the better, sir."

We went out through the dark drawing-room, we came to his writing chamber; here the white sheets shone like ghosts in the bluish blackness, for we were behind the sunset.

"We will have no candles, because we shall return so soon. And I love secrets told in the dark, or between the dark and light. I have prevented that child from taking her own way. It was very naughty, and I want to be shriven. Shrive me, Charles."

"In all good part, sir, instantly."

"I have been quarreling with the manager. He was very angry, and his whiskers stood out like the bristles of a cat; for I had snatched the mouse from under his paw, you see."

"The mouse must have been glad enough to get away, sir. And you have drawn a line through her engagement? She has told me something of it, and we are grateful."

"I have canceled her engagement! Well, this one, — but I am going to give her another. She does not know it, but she

will sing for me at another time. Art thou angry, Carl? Thou art rather a dread confessor."

"I could not do anything but rejoice, sir. How little she expects to bear such a part! She is alone fitted for it; an angel, if he came into her heart, could not find one stain upon his habitation."

"The reason you take home to you, then, Carlomein?"

"Sir, I imagine that you consider her wanting in dramatic power; or that as a dramatic songstress under the present dispensation she would but disappoint herself, and perhaps ourselves; or that she is too delicately organized, — which is no new notion to me."

"All of these reasons, and yet not one, — not even because, Carlomein, in all my efforts I have not written directly for the stage, nor because a lingering recollection ever forbids profane endeavor. There is yet a reason, obvious to myself, but which I can scarcely make clear to you. Though I would have you know, and learn as truth, that there is nothing I take from this child I will not restore to her again, nor shall she have the lesson to be taught to feel that in heaven alone is happiness."

He made a long, long pause. I was in no mood to reply, and it was not until I was ashamed of my own silence that I spoke; then my own accents startled me. I told Seraphael I must return on the morrow to my own place if I were to enjoy at length what Miss Lawrence had set before me. He replied that I must come back to him when I came, and that he would write to me meantime.

"If I can, Carlomein; but I cannot always write, even, my child, to thee. There is one thing more between us, — a little end of business."

He lit with a waxen match a waxen taper, which was coiled into a brazen cup; he brought it from the mantelshelf to the table; he took a slip of paper and a pen. The tiny flame threw out his hand, of a brilliant ivory, while his head remained in flickering shadow, — I could trace a shadow smile.

"Now, Carlomein, this brother of yours. His name is David, I think?"

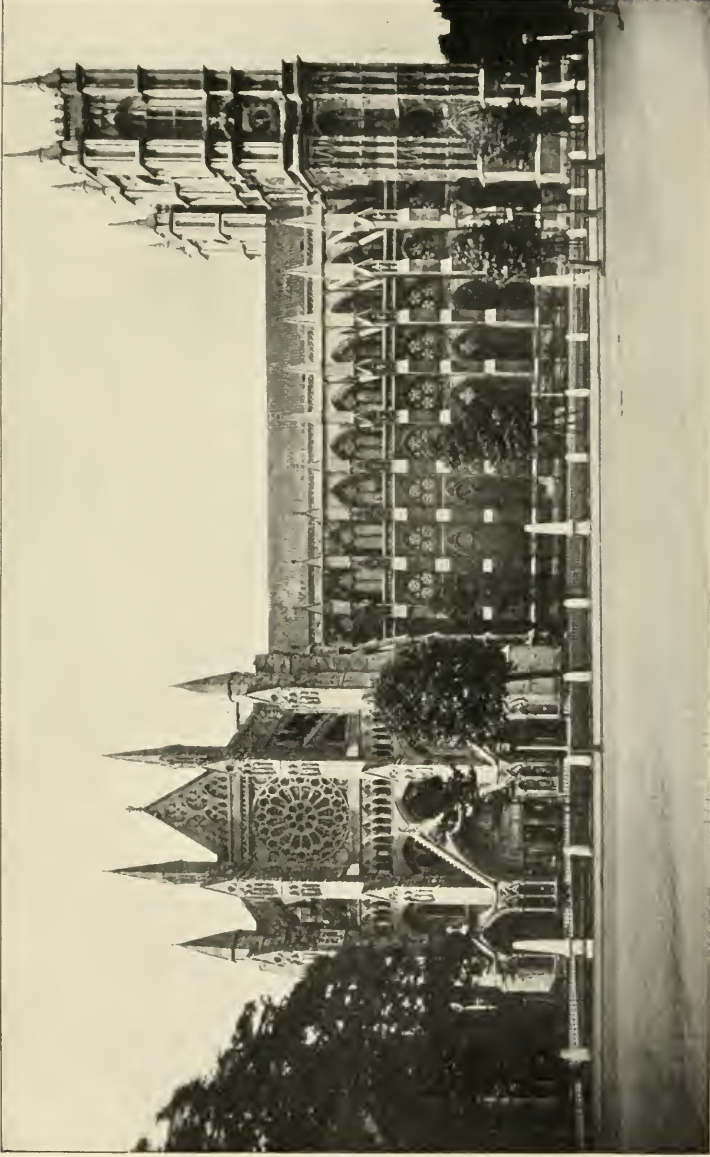
"Lenhart Davy, sir."

"Has he many musical friends?"

"Only his wife particularly so, — the class are all neophytes."

"Well, he can do as he pleases. Here is an order."

He held out the paper in a regal attitude, and in the other



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
From a photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

hand brought near the tremulous taper, that I so might read.
It was : —

ABBAY CHOIR WESTMINSTER.

Admit Mr. Lenhart Davy and party 21st June.

SERAPHAEL.

I could say nothing, nor even essay to thank him, — indeed he would not permit it, as I could perceive. We returned directly to the drawing-room, and roused Starwood from a blue study, as the Chevalier expressed it.

“I am ready, and Miss Lemark is tired of waiting for both of us,” said Miss Lawrence, as she entered that crown of days, the studio; “I have left her in the drawing-room. And, by the way, though it is nothing to the purpose, she has dressed herself very prettily.”

“I do not think it is nothing to the purpose, — people dress to go to church, and why not, then, to honor music? You have certainly succeeded also, Miss Lawrence, if it is not impertinent that I say so.”

“It is not impertinent. You will draw out the colors of that bit of canvas, if you gaze so ardently.”

It was not so easy to refrain. That morning the pictured presence had been restored to its easel, framed and ready for inspection. I had indeed lost myself in that contemplation; it was hard to tear myself from it even for the embrace of the reality. The border, dead gold, of great breadth and thickness, was studded thickly with raised bright stars, polished and glittering as points of steel. The effect thus seemed conserved and carried out where in general it abates. I cannot express the picture; it was finished to that high degree which conceals its own design, and mantles mechanism with pure suggestion. I turned at length and followed the paintress; my prospects more immediate rushed upon me.

Our party, small and select as the most seclusive spirit could ask for, consisted of Miss Lawrence and her father, — a quiet but genuine amateur he, — of Miss Lemark, whom my friend had included without a question, with Starwood and myself. We had met at Miss Lawrence's, and went together in her carriage. She wore a deep blue muslin dress, — blue as that summer heaven; her scarf was gossamer, the hue of the yellow butterfly, and her bonnet was crested with feathers drooping like golden hair. Laura was just in white; her Leghorn hat

lined with grass-green gauze ; a green silk scarf waved around her. Both ladies carried flowers. Geraniums and July's proud roses were in Miss Lawrence's careless hand, and Laura's bouquet was of myrtle and yellow jasmine.

We drove in that quiet mood which best prepares the heart. We passed so street by street, until at length, and long before we reached it, the gray Abbey towers beckoned us from beyond the houses, seeming to grow distant as we approached, as shapes of unstable shadow, rather than time-fast masonry.

Into the precinct we passed, we stayed at the mist-hung door. It was the strangest feeling — mere physical sensation — to enter from that searching heat, those hot blue heavens, into the cool, the dream of dimness, where the shady marbles clustered, and the foot fell dead and awfully, where hints more awful pondered, and for our coming waited. Yea, as if from far and very far, as if beyond the grave descending, fell wondrous unwonted echoes from the tuning choir unseen. Involuntarily we paused to listen, and many others paused, — those of the quick hand or melodious forehead, those of the alien aspect who ever draw after music. Now the strings yearned fitfully, — a sea of softest dissonances ; the wind awoke and moaned ; the drum detonated and was still ; past all the organ swept, a thundering calm.

Entering, still hushed and awful, the center of the nave, we caught sight of the transept already crowded with hungering, thirsting faces ; still they too, and all there hushed and awful. The vision of the choir itself, as it is still preserved to me, is as a picture of heaven to infancy. What more like one's idea of heaven than that height, that aspiring form — the arches whose sun-kissed summits glowed in distance, whose vista stretched its boundaries from the light of rainbows at one end, on the other to the organ, music's archetype ? Not less powerful, predominating, this idea of our other home, because no earthly flowers nor withering garlands made the thoughts recoil on death and destiny, — the only flowers there, the rays transfused through sun-pierced windows ; the blue mist strewing aisle and wreathing arch, the only garlands. Nor less because for once an assembly gathered of all the fraternities of music, had the unmixed element of pure enthusiasm thrilled through the "electric chain" from heart to heart. Below the organ stood Saphael's desk, as yet unhaunted ; the orchestra ; the chorus, as a cloud-hung company, with starlike faces in the lofty front.

I knew not much about London orchestras, and was taking a particular stare, when Miss Lawrence whispered in a manner that only aroused, not disturbed me : " There is our old friend Santonio. Do look and see how little he is altered ! "

I caught his countenance instantly, — as fine, as handsome, a little worn at its edges, but rather refined by that process than otherwise. " I did not ask about him, because I did not know he was in London. He is, then, settled here ; and is he very popular ? "

" You need not ask the question ; he is too true to himself. No, Santonio will never be rich, though he is certainly not poor. "

Then she pointed to me one head and another crowned with fame ; but I could only spare for them a glance, — Santonio interested me still. He was reminding me especially of himself as I remembered him, by laying his head, as he used to do, upon the only thing he ever really loved, — his violin, — when, so quietly as to take us by surprise, Seraphael entered, I may almost say rose upon us, as some new-sprung star or sun.

Down the nave the welcome rolled, across the transept it overflowed the echoes ; for a few moments nothing else could be felt, but there was, as it were, a tender shadow upon the very reverberating jubilation, — it was subdued as only the musical subdue their proud emotions ; it was subdued for the sake of one whose beauty, lifted over us, appeared descending, hovering from some late-left heaven, ready to depart again, but not without a sign, for which we waited. Immediately, and while he yet stood with his eyes of power upon the whole front of faces, the solo singers entered also and took their seats all calmly.

There were others besides Clara, but besides her I saw nothing, except that they were in colors, while she wore black, as ever ; but never had I really known her loveliness until it shone in contrast with that which was not so lovely. More I could not perceive, for now the entering bar of silence riveted ; we held our breath for the coming of the overture.

It opened like the first dawn of lightening, yet scarce yet lightened, morning, its vast subject introduced with strings alone in that joyous key which so often served him, yet as in the extreme of vaulting distance ; but soon the first trombone blazed out, the second and third responding with their stupendous tones, as the amplifications of fugue involved and spread

themselves more and more, until, like glory filling up and flooding the height of heaven from the heaven of heavens itself, broke in the organ, and brimmed the brain with the calm of an utter and forceful expression, realized by tone. In sympathy with each instrument, it was alike with none, even as the white and boundless ray of which all beams, all color tones, are born. The perfect form, the distinct conception of this unbrothered work, left our spirits as the sublime fulfillment confronted them. For once had genius, upon the wings of aspiration, that alone are pure, found all it rose to seek, and mastered without a struggle all that it desired to embrace; for the pervading purpose of that creation was the passionate quietude with which it wrought its way. The vibrating harmonies, pulseline, clung to our pulses, then drew up, drew out each heart, deep-beating and distracted, to adore at the throne above from whence all beauty springs. And opening and spreading thus, too intricately, too transcendently for criticism, we do not essay, even feebly, to portray that immortal work of a music-veiled immortal.

Inextricable holiness, precious as the old Hebrew psalm of all that hath life and breath, exhaled from every modulation, each dropped celestial fragrances, the freshness of everlasting spring. Suggestive, — our oratorio suggested nothing here, nothing that we find or feel; all that we seek and yearn to clasp, but rest in our restlessness to discover is beyond us! In nothing that form of music reminded of our forms of worship, — in the day of Paradise it might have been dreamed of, an antepast of earth's last night, and of eternity at hand, — or it might be the dream of heaven that haunts the loving one's last slumber.

I can no more describe the hush that hung above and seemed to spiritualize the listeners until, like a very cloud of mingling souls, they seemed congregated to wait for the coming of a Messiah who had left them long, promising to return; nor how, as chorus after chorus, built up, sustained, and self-supported, gathered to the stricken brain, the cloud of spirits sank, as in slumber sweeter than any dreamful stir, upon the alternating strains and songs, all softness, — all dread soothing, as the fire that burned upon the strings seemed suddenly quenched in tears. Faint supplications wafted now, now deep acclaims of joy; but all, all surcharged the spirit alike with the mysterious thrall and tenderness of that uncreate and unpronounceable Name, whose eternal love is all we need to assure us of eternal life.

It was with one of those alternate strains that Clara rose to sing, amidst silence yet unbroken, and the more impressive because of the milder symphony that stole from the violoncello, its meandering pathos asking to support and serve her voice. Herself penetrated so deeply with the wisdom of genius, she failed to remind us of herself; even her soft brow and violet eyes — violet in the dense glory of the Abbey afternoon light — were but as outward signs and vivid shadows of the spirit that touched her voice. Deeper, stiller than the violoncello notes, hers seemed as those articulated, surcharged with a revelation beyond all sound.

Calm as deep, clear as still, they were not yet passionless; though they clung and molded themselves strictly to the passion of the music, lent not a pulse of their own; nor disturbed it the rapt serenity of her singing to gaze upon her angel face. No child could have seemed less sensitive to the surrounding throng, nor have confided more implicitly in the father of its heart, than she leaned upon Seraphael's power.

I made this observation afterwards, when I had time to think; at present I could only feel, and feeling know, that the intellect is but the servant of the soul. When at length those two hours, concentrating such an eternity in their perfection of all sensation, had reached their climax, or rather when, brightening into the final chorus, unimprisoned harmonies burst down from stormy-hearted organ, from strings all shivering alike, from blasting, rending tubes, and thus bound fast the Alleluia, — it was as if the multitude had sunk upon their knees, so profound was the passion-cradling calm. The blue-golden luster, dim and tremulous, still crowned the unwavering arches, — tender and overwrought was laid that vast and fluctuating mind. So many tears are not often shed as fell in that silent while, — dew-stilly they dropped and quickened; but still not all had wept.

Many wept then who had never wept before; many who had wept before could not weep now, — among them I. Our party were as if lost to me; as I hid my face my companion did not disturb me, — she was too far herself in my own case. I do not know whether I heard, but I was aware of a stretching and breathing; the old bones stirring underneath the pavement would have shaken me less, but could not have been less to my liking; the rush, however soft, the rustle, however subdued, were agony, were torment: I could only feel, "Oh that I were in heaven! that I might never return to earth!" But then it

came upon me, to that end we must all be changed. This was sad, but of a sadness peculiarly soothing; for could we be content to remain forever as we are here, even in our holiest, our strongest moments?

During the last reverberations of that unimaginable Alleluia I had not looked up at all; now I forced myself to do so, lest I should lose my sight of *him*, — his seal upon all that glory. As Seraphael had risen to depart, the applause, stifled and trembling, but not the less by heartfuls, rose for him.

He turned his face a moment, — the heavenly half-smile was there; then at that very moment the summer sun, that, falling downwards in its piercing glare, glowed gorgeous against the flower-leaf windows, flung its burning bloom, its flushing gold, upon that countenance. We all saw it, we all felt it, — the seraph strength, the mortal beauty, — and that it was pale as the cheek of the quick and living changed in death, — that his mien was of no earthly triumph!



THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pairs of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone —
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
 She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
 So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
 And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.



THE FISHER LASSIE.¹

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN.

[BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN, a leading Norwegian novelist and dramatist, was born December 8, 1832, at Kvikne, Norway, where his father was pastor, and attended the university of Christiania. He has figured prominently as theatrical manager, journalist, and lecturer, and is the foremost Norwegian advocate of republicanism in politics. In 1880 he visited the United States and lectured in the principal cities. Recently he has lived upon his estate, Olestad, in the Gausdal. His best-known novels are: "Arne," "Synnöve Solbakken," and "The Fisher Lassie," all of which have been popular in English translations. His numerous dramatic works include: "Halte Hulda," the trilogy of "Sigurd Slembe," "The Newly Married Pair," "Between the Battles," etc.]

GUNLAUG OF THE HILL.

WHEN the herring has fixed upon any place along the coast for its constant and regular haunt, a town grows up there bit by bit, if it is otherwise a likely place. Towns such as these may not only be said to have been actually cast up by the sea, but even still, at some distance off, look like bits of wreckage or timber that the waves have washed ashore, or like upturned boats, under which the fishermen have crept for shelter against the stormy night. Draw nearer, and you will see in what a casual fashion the town has been built: crags lie in the midst of thoroughfares; the sea divides the hamlet into three or four parts; and the streets curve and wind about at will.

But one property is possessed by all these towns alike: they have shelter in the harbors for the largest ships; within them, the water is smooth as in a basin; and therefore these inlets are very welcome to vessels that come with sails torn, and bulwarks shattered, scudding away from the high seas to seek for breathing time.

In such townlets, all is stillness: everything that is a source of noise is relegated to the quays, where the villagers' boats lie fast, and ships load and unload.

In our little town, the only street runs along the quays,

¹ From "Arne and the Fisher Lassie." By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons.
 (Price 3s 6d.)



NORWEGIAN FISHING BOATS

From a painting by Hans Dahl

facing which are white and red painted houses, one or two stories high, with walls not touching one another, but with bright strips of garden in between, the whole forming a long and broad road, on which you get the scent of whatever happens to be on the quays, if the wind is blowing from the sea.

All is quiet here,—not from fear of the policeman, for as a rule there is none,—but from fear of what people say, for everybody in the place is known to everybody else. Should you walk down the street, you must give a greeting at every window you pass, and the old dame sitting at it will pleasantly greet you in return. Exchange a greeting, too, with every one you meet ; for all these quiet folk go about their business considering what is the most fitting conduct for the world in general and for themselves in particular, and any one who oversteps the limits proper to his rank and station in life loses his good name ; for not alone is *he* known, but his father and his grandfather before him ; and immediately folks set themselves to find out if, at any previous time, any tendency towards impropriety has been manifested in the family.

To our quiet town there came many years ago a man much respected by all, Per Olsen by name. He had come from the country, where he had earned his livelihood as a peddler and fiddler, and he opened a shop in the town for his old customers, selling bread and brandy in addition to his peddler's wares. You might hear him walking up and down in the back room behind the shop, playing jigs and wedding marches. Every time, as he passed the door, he peeped through the glass panels, and if he caught sight of a customer coming, he finished up his tune with a flourish and went into the shop.

His business prospered, he married, and had a son, whom he called after himself, naming him, however, not "Per," but "Peter."

Little Peter was to be what Per felt he himself was not—a cultivated man ; and with this end in view the boy was sent to the Latin school.

The lads who ought to have been his comrades beat him home from their games, because he was the son of Per Olsen ; and Per Olsen beat him back again to them, because it was impossible for him to be educated otherwise. In consequence, little Peter, finding himself isolated at school, grew so idle, and by degrees so completely inured to the whole affair, that his

father could strike neither tear nor smile out of him; so Per gave up the beating process, and put him into the shop.

Judge of his surprise when he saw the lad serve every customer with exactly what he asked for, never giving a grain too much, nor ever himself eating so much as a currant; weighing, counting, or invoicing, with immovable countenance; never talking, if he could avoid so doing; very slow in all his movements, but unimpeachable in his exactitude.

Then the father's hope sprang up anew, and he sent him (in a fishing boat) to Hamburg, that he might go into the Commercial Institute and learn good manners.

After eight months' absence—long enough, in all conscience—he returned, provided with six new suits, which, when he landed, he wore one over the other: “for what one wears and walks in,” as the saying is, “pays no customhouse duty.”

Next day, when he was seen in the street, he had lost some of his bulk, but otherwise he looked much the same. He walked stiff and straight, holding his hands close by his sides; he saluted with a sudden jerk, bowing as if deprived of the use of his joints, and immediately becoming quite stiff again. He was politeness personified, but silent in his manners, and, after a fashion, shy.

His name he no longer wrote “Olsen,” but “Ohlsen,” which gave the town wag a chance for the following display of wit: *Question*. “How far did Peter Olsen get in Hamburg?” *Answer*. “As far as the letter H.” He had had thoughts of calling himself “Pedro,” but he suffered so much annoyance for the sake of an H, that he gave up that idea, and wrote himself “P. Ohlsen.”

He did much to extend his father's business, and when only in his two and twentieth year he married a red-handed shop-keeper's lass, that he might have some one to look after the household; for the father had just become a widower, and a wife is more trustworthy than a housekeeper. Just a year after their marriage, she bore him a son, who, within a week of his birth, was named Pedro.

Now that worthy Per Olsen was a grandfather, he felt an inner call to become old; so he handed the business over to his son, took his seat on a bench in the open air, and smoked twist out of a short pipe. And when one day he began to grow somewhat weary of his life, he uttered a wish that he might

soon die, and this wish of his was as quietly granted as all the rest of his desires had been.

Now, just as the son Peter had inherited one side exclusively of his father's powers, viz., his business aptitude, so the grandson Pedro seems to have been sole heir to the other—his musical faculties. It was long before he learned to read, but he very quickly knew how to sing. He played the flute so well that it could not escape notice. He was weak of sight and yielding in disposition. All this, however, only vexed the father, who wanted the boy to possess his own punctilious accuracy; so if ever he neglected anything, he was not scolded and beaten, as his father had been, but pinched. This was done in a quiet, an affable, well-nigh a polite manner; but it was done on the very smallest provocation. Every night as the mother undressed him, she counted and kissed the blue and yellow marks, but she made no resistance, for she herself knew what it was to be pinched. For every rent in his clothes—which were those his father had brought from Hamburg, cut down and altered for the son's use—for every smudge on his schoolbooks, she had to bear the blame. Hence all day long it was "Don't do that, Pedro!" "Take care, Pedro!" "Mind what you're doing, Pedro!" till the boy grew afraid of his father and weary of his mother. Among his schoolmates he came to no particular harm, because he always fell a crying, begging them not to hurt his clothes: they nicknamed him "Touchwood," and troubled themselves no more about him. He was like a sickly, featherless duckling, ever limping along behind the rest of the brood, and sneaking quickly off with any little bit he could steal for himself: nobody shared with him, and so he shared with nobody.

But he soon found out that it was very different for him among the poor children of the town; they had far more patience with him, because he was better off than themselves. A tall, strongly built lass, who was queen of the whole crew, took a liking to him. He was never tired of looking at her. She had raven-black hair that curled about her head and was never combed save by her fingers; eyes of perfect blue beneath her narrow forehead, and an expression that betokened single-hearted determination. She was always actively engaged, whether in sport or in work, going about in summer time with arms and legs bare, and face tanned by the sun, while in winter her clothing was such as others wear in summer. Her father

was a pilot and fisherman: she dashed about selling his fish, holding his boat still against wind and tide, and—when he was away acting as pilot—did the fishing alone. No one who saw her could help turning round and taking another look at her, she seemed such a picture of self-reliance. Her name was Gunlaug, but she was called “The Fisher Lassie,” a name she accepted as a title proper to her rank. In all games she was always to be found on the weaker side; she seemed to need somebody to care for, so now she took charge of this sickly boy. In her boat he might blow his flute, which was forbidden him at home, because it was believed to divert his thoughts from his lessons. She used to row him out on the fjord; she began to take him out with her on longer fishing expeditions, and, before long, let him accompany her on her night tours as well. On such occasions they rowed off in the silent summer twilight as the sun sank to rest, and he would play his flute, or listen to her as she told him all the tales that she knew of mer-men and of monsters, of strange adventures, foreign lands, and black men, just as the sailors had told them to her. She shared her food with him just as she did her knowledge, and he partook of both alike without making any return; for he had neither eatables to bring with him from home, nor fancy from school. They rowed till the sun went down behind the snow-capped hills, and then anchored off some craggy islet, where they landed and made a fire; that is to say, she collected sticks and branches, he sat and looked on. She brought one of her father’s seaman’s jackets and a blanket in the boat with her, and in these she wrapped him round. She looked after the fire and he went to sleep, while she kept herself awake by singing bits of psalms and songs; she sang in a clear firm voice until he fell asleep, and then she sang in a lower tone. When the sun rose again across the water, darting pale yellow rays over the mountain tops to herald his approach, she would wake him. The woods still stood in blackness, and the country still lay darkened, but began to be reddish and glowing until the ridge of hills shone clear, and every color gleamed forth bright and distinct. Then they dragged the boat into the water again, and quickly it shot through the waves before the fresh morning breeze, and soon it lay moored among the other fishing boats.

When the winter came, and the expeditions came to an end, he used to visit her at her home. He would often sit looking

at her as she worked, but neither he nor she spoke much; it was as if they were sitting together waiting for summer. But alas! when it came, their hopes were destined to come to naught, for Gunlaug's father died, and she left the town, while the boy, at his schoolmaster's advice, was put into the shop. There he stood beside his mother, for little by little the father had become the color of the groats he was always weighing out, and was at last obliged to keep to his bed in the back room; yet he still wished to take part in all that went on and to know what sales each of them made. He would act as if he did not hear, until he got them near enough, and then pinch them. At length the oil ran quite dry in this little lamp one night, and the light flickered out. The wife wept, hardly knowing why she did so, but the son had not a tear to squeeze forth. Having money enough to live on, they gave up the business, removed everything that might have reminded them of it, and made the shop into a sitting room; there the mother sat by the window and knitted stockings, while Pedro sat in the room on the other side of the passage and blew his flute. But as soon as the summer came, he bought a little light sailing boat, bent his course to the rocky islet, and lay where Gunlaug had lain.

One day, as he lay there among the heather, he saw a boat steering straight for him; it brought up close by his resting place, and out stepped Gunlaug. She had not altered at all, save that she was full-grown, and taller than other women; but as her eyes fell upon him, she turned aside a little and slackened her pace, for it had never occurred to her that he was now a man.

The thin, mealy face was unknown to her, for it was no longer ailing and delicate-looking; it was dull and heavy; but as he looked at her, his eyes were lit up as if by the light of his former dreams, and as she advanced, for every step she came it seemed as if a year fell from him, and when she stood by him he had sprung up and stood laughing and talking like a boy. Beneath the old face lay the visage of a child; he had got older, it is true, but he had not grown up.

Such as he was, it was just such a child she was seeking, though now that she had found him again, she hardly knew what more she would have. She laughed and blushed. Involuntarily he seemed to feel a sort of power within him; it was the first time in his life, and at that instant he was actually

handsome ; it lasted perhaps more than a moment, but in that moment she was captivated.

Gunlaug was one of those natures that can only love whatever is weak, whatever they have borne in their arms. She had meant to stay in the town two days, — she remained two months.

In those two months he developed more than in all the rest of his life. He was so far aroused from his dreamy apathy as to form plans for the future : he decided that he would go away and learn music ! But when he talked of this to her one day, she turned pale, and said, “ Yes ; but first we must be married ! ”

He looked at her, and she looked steadfastly back at him ; both blushed red as fire ; and then, “ What will people say to that ? ” said he.

It had never occurred to Gunlaug that his wishes could be other than hers, just because her wishes had till then never been other than his. But now it flashed upon her that, deep down in his heart, he had never for an instant had any intention of sharing anything with her, except what *she* gave him. In that instant it stood revealed to her that it had been so in all their intercourse. She had begun by pitying, and ended by loving, the being she herself had fostered. Ah ! if now she had only exercised a moment’s self-control ! — for he saw her anger blazing up, and in fear he cried out, “ I will ! ” She heard him ; but her anger at her own blindness and his littleness, at her own shame and his cowardice, seethed up with burning speed to boiling point, and never did a love that began in childhood in the evening sunshine, that had been rocked on the billows beneath the rays of the moon and accompanied by the melody of the flute and of soft singing, come to a more pitiable ending. She grasped him with both her hands, she raised him from the ground, and struck him with all the passion of her heart ; then she rowed straight back to the town, and, never swerving, took her course over the hills.

He had sailed out a youth deep in love, and on his way to achieve manhood ; he returned an old man, for whom manhood had never been. His life had but one memory, and that he had in his folly thrown away : one spot only on earth did he care for, and thither no longer durst he go. Brooding over his own misery and how it had come upon him, his newborn vigor sank as in a quagmire, never to emerge again. The little town boys

soon noticed his strange bearing, and began to plague him ; and as he was an obscure person to his fellow-townsmen, who knew neither what he lived on nor how, it fell out that he found no one to defend him. Before long he no longer dared to venture out—at any rate, not in the public thoroughfares. His whole existence became a warfare with the boys, who were, perhaps, of the same use as flies are in the heat of summer ; without them he would have sunk into complete torpor.

Nine years later Gunlaug came back to the town just as unexpectedly as she had left it. She was accompanied by a little girl about eight years of age, who looked just as Gunlaug used to in former days, save that she was more delicate in her features and bearing, and had a look about her as if she had stepped out of a dream. Gunlaug had been married, it was said ; she had inherited some money, and had come back to the town to open an inn for seamen.

She managed her house in such a way that merchants and skippers came to her to hire sailors, and sailors came to her to get hired. Besides this, all the town ordered fish of her. And though she never took a shilling for her services as agent, she wielded despotically the power her position gave her. Certainly she was the most influential person in the town, though she was a woman, and a woman, too, who never left her own house. She was known as “Fish-Gunlaug,” or “Gunlaug of the Hill” ; while the title of “The Fisher Lassie” descended to her little daughter, who was always to be found skipping about at the head of the small boys of the town.

Her history it is which we are about to tell. She had something of her mother’s strong nature, and she had occasion to use it.

PETRA’S CHILDHOOD.

The many pretty gardens of the town, now clad in their second and third blossoms, were fragrant after the rain. The sun was sinking to rest behind the everlasting mountains of snow, and the whole heavens far around seemed all on fire, making even the snow peaks give back a subdued reflection. The nearer mountains stood in the shadow, but were bright, notwithstanding, with many-hued autumnal foliage. The rocky islets with their dense woods, coming one after another in the middle of the fjord, like a stream of boats rowing in, afforded

a still stronger display of color, for they were not far off. The sea was still as glass: a big ship was slowly being towed in. People were sitting about on the wooden steps before their doors, where the rosebushes grew thick about them: they were talking to one another from door to door, running over to each other's dwellings, or exchanging greetings with the passers-by, who were on their way to the long, leafy lanes beyond the town. Here and there a piano might be heard through an open window: save that, no sound broke upon their talk. The last gleams of the setting sun over the sea seemed to add to the feeling of utter calm.

All of a sudden, there arose a sound in the middle of the town as if it were being stormed. Boys were screaming, girls crying, other boys hurrahing, old women scolding and shrieking out orders; the policeman's big dog was barking his loudest, and every dog in the town barked in answer. Nobody that heard it could stop indoors. So great was the uproar, that the Amtmand himself turned on his threshold, and was heard to say, "Why, there must be something the matter!"

"What is it?" was the constant question of those who came from the lanes to those on the steps.

"Dear me! what can it be?" every one was asking now, whenever anybody came from the middle of the town.

But the town lies in a half moon along a gently curving bay, and so it was a good while before those at each end had heard the answer:—

"Oh! it's only the Fisher Lassie!"

That venturesome spirit, bold in the protection of a redoubtable mother, and sure of help from every seaman in the town (for such service always got them a free dram from Gunlaug), had put herself at the head of her horde of small boys, and fallen upon a great apple tree in Pedro Ohlsen's garden.

The plan of assault was as follows: certain of the boys were to lure Pedro to the front of the house by making his rosebush beat against his window; at the same time, one of the others was to shake the apple tree, which stood in the midst of the garden, and the rest were to throw the apples over the fence in all directions—not to steal them—far from it!—but just for fun. This ingenious plan had that very evening been hatched behind Pedro's garden: but as luck would have it, Pedro himself happened to be sitting on the other side of the fence, and heard every word!



"AULESTAD," THE HOME OF BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, IN NORWAY

Somewhat before the appointed time, he got the town policeman (a tippling fellow) and his big dog into his back parlor, where he gave both of them refreshment. When the Fisher Lassie's curly black hair was seen above the palings, and a number of little faces peeped over on every side, Pedro let the young scamps in front of the house dash his rosebushes against the window panes to their heart's content, while he quietly waited in the room at the back of the house. But when they had all gathered in perfect silence round the tree, and the Fisher Lassie, with bare arms and scratched legs, had climbed up to shake it, the garden door suddenly sprang open, and Pedro and the policeman dashed out with sticks in their hands and the huge dog close behind them !

A scream of terror rose from among the boys. A lot of little girls, who were innocently playing "touch" on the other side of the fence, thought that somebody was being murdered in the garden, and began crying in the most heartrending way. The boys who had escaped shouted "Hurrah"; those who were still struggling over the fence screamed under the blows of the cudgels; and, to complete the confusion, there arose from the depths certain old women—they always do, when boys begin to shriek—and joined in the chorus. Pedro and the policeman were dismayed themselves at the uproar, and tried to still the old women: meanwhile, the boys took to their heels, and the dog (whom most they feared) dashed over the fence after them—that was *his* part of the game! And now the screams, the boys, the girls, and the dog flew like wildfire all over the town.

All this time, the Fisher Lassie had been sitting quite still up in the tree, thinking that nobody had noticed her; crouching up at the very top, she could follow through the leaves the course of the fray. But as soon as the policeman had in desperation gone out to the old women, and Pedro Ohlsen was alone in the garden, he came right under the tree, looked up, and shouted:—

"Come down with you at once, you rascal!"

Not a sound from the tree.

"Will you come down, I say? I know you're up there!"

Still unbroken silence.

"I shall go and get my gun and shoot you! I will!" and he made a movement as if to go.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" came a sound from the tree.

"Yes, you may well begin to squall! You shall get a whole barrel full of shot in you, you shall!"

"Oo-hoo, oo-hoo!" cried a voice like an owl's; "I am so frightened!"

"Ah! it's you, you little devil, is it? You're the worst limb of mischief of the whole lot; but I've got you now!"

"Oh! dear, good kind sir! I'll never do it again!" and at the same moment she flung a rotten apple clean in his face, and a peal of laughter accompanied it.

The apple burst all over him, and while he was wiping it off, she slipped down from the tree, and was struggling over the palings before he could get near her. She would have got right off in safety, if she had not been so afraid of his being close behind her that she slipped back in her haste.

As soon as he touched her, she gave a scream—a scream so piercing, loud, thrilling, and shrill, that he was quite taken aback, and let go his hold. At her signal of distress, people began to gather round the fence. She heard this, and plucked up courage straightway.

"Let me go!" she threatened, "or I'll tell mother!" and her face was now all ablaze with passion.

Then he knew that look, and shouted wildly: "Your mother! who *is* your mother?"

"Gunlaug, Gunlaug of the Hill, Fish-Gunlaug," reiterated the girl in triumph, for she saw he was frightened.

Nearsighted as he was, he had never seen the child till now, and was the only person in the town who did not know who she was; he did not even know that Gunlaug was in the town.

"What is your name?" he cried, like one possessed.

"Petra!" came the answer, in still higher tones.

"Petra!" cried Pedro—and turned and dashed into the house as if he had spoken with the fiend.

Now, the paleness of fear is very like that of anger; Petra thought he had gone for his gun; terror seized her—already she felt the shots pursuing her. The garden gate had at that moment been burst open from the outside, and she rushed off through it, with her black hair streaming wild behind her, her eyes flashing fire, and the dog, whom she met, following and baying after her. Thus she burst upon her mother, who was coming from the kitchen with a bowl of soup, and down went the girl, with the soup all over her and the floor.

"Drat the girl!" from Gunlaug.

But, lying there in the spilt soup, she cried out : " He's coming to shoot me, mother ! he's coming to shoot me ! "

" Shoot you ! *who's* going to shoot you, you little imp ? "

" He — he — Pedro Ohlsen — we were taking his apples." She never dared tell aught but the truth.

" Whom are you talking of, child ? "

" Of Pedro Ohlsen ; he's after me with a big gun ! he's coming to shoot me ! "

" Pedro Ohlsen ! " shrieked the mother ; and then she laughed, and seemed somehow to have grown taller.

The child began to whimper and tried to make off ; but the mother sprang upon her, with her white teeth shining as if for prey, and, gripping her by the shoulders, stopped her from going.

" Did you say who you were ? "

" Yes, yes, yes, yes ! " cried the child, holding up her hands entreatingly.

Then the mother drew herself up to her full height : —

" So he has got to know at last ! Well, what did he say ? "

" He ran in for his gun ; he was going to shoot me ! "

" *He* shoot *you* ! " laughed Gunlaug, in huge scorn ; but the child, in great terror, and all bespattered with the soup, had crept away into the corner, and was standing drying her clothes and shedding tears.

" If ever you go near him again," said the mother, coming up to her once more, seizing her and shaking her, " or talk to him, or listen to what he says, may God help both him and you ! — Tell him that from me ! " she added threateningly as the child did not at once answer.

" Yes, yes, yes, yes ! "

" Tell — him — that — from — me ! " she repeated once more, in a lower tone, as she walked away, stopping to nod her head at every word.

The child washed herself, changed her clothes, and went and sat out on the steps in her Sunday frock. But when she thought of the peril she had been in, her tears again began to fall.

" What are you weeping for, childie ? " asked a voice, more kindly than any she had ever heard before.

She looked up ; there stood before her a gracefully built, intellectual-looking man with spectacles. She stood up at once, for it was Hans Oedegaard, a young man in whose presence every one in the town stood.

"What are you weeping for, childie?" repeated the voice.

She looked up at him, and said that she and "some other boys" had been trying to get the apples in Pedro Ohlsen's garden; but Pedro and the policeman had come after them, and —; "but she called to mind that her mother had shaken her faith in the shooting, so she dared not tell that part of the story — she gave a long deep sigh to make up for it.

"Is it possible," cried he, "that a child of your age could think of committing so great a sin?"

Petra stared at him; she knew well enough that it was a sin, but she had always been used to being told so by hearing herself called "You imp of the devil! you black-haired little fiend!" Now, somehow, she felt ashamed.

"How is it you don't go to school and learn God's Commandments to us about what is good and what is evil?"

She stood tugging at her frock, as she made shift to answer that her mother did not want her to go to school.

"You cannot even read, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," replied she, she could read.

He took out a little book and gave it her. She opened it, turned it over, and then looked at the cover.

"I can't read such fine print," she said.

But he would not let her off so, and straightway she became most marvelously stupid: her eyes and lips drooped, and all her limbs seemed to hang loose.

"T-h-e the, L-o-r-d Lord, G-o-d God, the Lord God, s-a-i-d said, the Lord God said to M—M—M—"

"Good gracious!" he broke in, "you can't even read! And you ten or eleven years old! Wouldn't you be glad to be able to read?"

She managed to jerk out that she would be glad enough.

"Come with me, then; we must set to work at once."

She moved away a little, to look into the house.

"Yes, go and tell your mother about it," he said; and just then Gunlaug passed the door. Seeing the child talking with a stranger, she came out on to the flagstones.

"He wants to teach me to read, mother," said the child, looking at her with doubtful eyes.

The mother made no answer, but set both her arms akimbo, and looked at Oedegaard.

"Your child is very ignorant," said he. "You cannot answer it before God or man for letting her go on so."

"Who are you?" returned Gunlaug, sharply.

"Hans Oedegaard, son of your priest."

Her face cleared a little, for she had heard nothing but good of him.

"When I was at home before," he went on, "I noticed this child. To-day my attention has been called to her afresh. She must no longer accustom herself to doing only what is bad."

"What is that to you?" said the mother's face plainly enough, but he continued quietly:—

"Surely you would like her to learn something?"

"No!"

A slight flush passed over his face as he asked:—

"Why not?"

"Are folks any the better for learning?"—she had only had one experience of it, but she stuck fast to that.

"I am astonished that any one can ask such a question."

"Yes, of course; I know you are. I know people are none the better for it;" and she moved to the steps, to put an end to such ridiculous talk.

But he planted himself right in her way.

"Here is a duty," said he, "which you *shall* not pass by. You are a most injudicious mother."

Gunlaug measured him from head to foot.

"Who has told you," said she, "what I am?"

"You—you yourself; just now; or else you must have seen that your child was going on the way to ruin."

Gunlaug turned, and her eye met his; she saw he was in earnest in what he had said, and she began to feel afraid of him. She had always had to do with seamen and tradesfolk; talk such as his she had never heard.

"What do you want to do with my child?" she asked.

"Teach her what is right for her soul's welfare, and see what is to be made of her."

"My child shall be just what I want."

"No indeed she shan't! she shall be what God wants."

Gunlaug was at a loss what to answer. She drew nearer to him and said:—

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," he replied, "she ought to learn whatever her powers allow; for God has given them her for that."

Gunlaug now drew close up to him.

"Am I not to decide what is best for her—I, the child's mother?" she asked, as if really wishing to be informed.

"That you shall; but you must act on the advice of those who know better than you. You must do the Lord's will."

Gunlaug stood still for a moment.

"What if she learns too much?" she said at last—"a poor woman's child," she added, looking tenderly at her daughter.

"If she learns too much for her own rank, she will thereby have attained another," he said.

She grasped his meaning at once, and looking more and more fondly at her child, she said (as if to herself):—

"That is dangerous."

"That is not the question," he returned gently; "the question is, what is right?"

A strange expression came into her keen eyes; she looked at him piercingly, but there was so much earnestness in his voice, his words, and his face, that Gunlaug felt herself conquered. She went up to the child, and laid her hands on her head, but she spoke not a word.

"I shall read with her from now till the time when she is confirmed," he said, hoping to make things easier for Gunlaug. "I wish to take charge of the child."

"And do you want to take her away from me?"

He hesitated, and looked at her inquiringly.

"Of course, you know far better than I," she said, speaking with difficulty; "but if it hadn't been for what you said about the Lord——" here she stopped. She had been smoothing down her daughter's hair, and now she took off her own kerchief and bound it round Petra's neck. Thus, in no other way, did she say the child was to go with him; but she hastened back into the house, as if she could not bear to see it.

Oedegaard began suddenly to feel afraid of what, in his youthful zeal, he had done. The child, for her part, felt afraid of him, for he was the first person who had ever got the best of her mother. And so, with mutual fears, they went to their first lesson.

Day by day, as it seemed to him, her cleverness and knowledge increased; and it often happened that their conversation seemed, of its own accord, to take one peculiar bent. He would bring before her eyes characters from the Bible or from history, in such a way as to point out to her the call that God had

given them. He would tell her of Saul leading his wild life, or of the young David tending his father's flocks, till Samuel came and laid on him the hands of the Lord. But greatest of all was the Call when the Lord walked upon earth, tarried among the fisherfolk, and called them to His work. And the humble fishermen arose and followed after Him — to suffering — yea, even to Death; for the feeling of the holy Call bears men up through all tribulation.

The thought of this took such hold of her that she could not refrain from asking him about her own "Call." He looked steadfastly at her; she grew red beneath his gaze; and then he answered that through work every man finds out his vocation: that that might be insignificant and unimportant, but that it existed for every one. Then a great zeal came upon her; it drove her to work with all her might; it entered into her games, and it made her wan and thin.

Strange longings for adventure came over her. Oh! to cut short her hair, dress like a boy, and go out to take part in the struggle! But when one day her teacher told her that her hair would be so pretty if only she would take a little care of it, she got fond of her long tresses, and for their sake sacrificed her chance of a heroine's fame. After this, to be a girl became a more precious thing to her than ever, and henceforth her work went peacefully on, with the ever-changing dreams of girlhood floating around her.



BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY CAROLINE NORTON.

[MRS. NORTON (Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan), English poet and novelist, was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and was born in London, in 1808. In 1827 she married the Hon. George Chapple Norton, but the union proved an unfortunate one and a separation followed a few years later. She died June 14, 1877, shortly after her second marriage, to Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell. Among Mrs. Norton's works are the poems "Sorrows of Rosalie" and "The Undying One," and the novels "Lost and Saved," "Stuart of Dunleath," and "Old Sir Douglas."]

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's
tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while the life blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own — my native land!
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around,
To hear the mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars!
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, —
And *one* had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword!
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant
tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret and shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and
mine),
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another — not a sister. In the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning, —
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes **heaviest**
mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!



BINGEN ON THE RHINE

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine, —
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his gasp was childish weak;
 His eyes put on a dying look — he sighed and ceased to speak;
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled —
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strown.
 Yes; calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!



THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.¹

By ARCHIBALD FORBES.

(From "Memories and Studies of War and Peace.")

[ARCHIBALD FORBES: A Scotch war correspondent and author; born in Morayshire, in 1838. After studying at Aberdeen University, he served for several years in the Royal Dragoons, and then engaged in journalism. He was special correspondent of the London *Daily News* during the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871), saw fighting with the Carlists in Spain, and reported the Servian, Russo-Turkish, Afghanistan, and Zululand campaigns. He afterwards lectured on his experiences, in Great Britain, America, and Australia. His publications include: "Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke" (1880), lives of "Chinese" Gordon, Havelock, Emperor William I., and Emperor Napoleon III., "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," "Studies of War and Peace," "Tzar and Sultan."]

It was in Zululand, on the evening of June 1, 1879. A little group of us were at dinner in the tent of General Marshall, who commanded the cavalry brigade in the British army which was marching on Ulundi, King Cetewayo's royal kraal. The sun was just going down when Colonel Harrison, the quartermaster general, put his head inside the tent door, and called aloud in a strange voice, "Good God! the Prince Imperial is killed!" Harrison, though stolid, sometimes jested, and for the moment this announcement was not taken seriously. Lord Downe, Marshall's aid-de-camp, threw a crust of bread

¹ From "Memoirs and Studies of Peace and War" by Archibald Forbes.
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at his head, and Herbert Stewart, then Marshall's brigade major, afterwards killed during the desert march in the Soudan, laughed aloud.

But, sitting near the door, I discerned in the faint light of the dying day the horror in Harrison's face, and sprang to my feet instinctively. The news was only too fatally true; and when the dismal, broken story of the survivors of the party had been told, throughout the force there was a thrill of sorrow for the poor gallant lad, a burning sense of shame that he should have been so miserably left to his fate, and a deep sympathy for the forlorn widow in England on whom fortune seemed to rejoice in heaping disaster on disaster, bereavement on bereavement.

I knew the Prince well. On the first two occasions I saw him it was through a binocular from a considerable distance. On August 2, 1870, the day on which the boy of fourteen in the words of his father "received his baptism of fire," I was watching from the drill ground above Saarbrücken in company with the last remaining Prussian soldiers, the oncoming swarm attack of Bataille's tirailleurs firing as they hurried across the plain. The tirailleurs had passed a little knoll which rose in the plain about midway between the Spicheren hill and where I stood, and presently it was crowned by two horsemen followed by a great staff. The glass told me that without a doubt the senior of the foremost horsemen was the Emperor Napoleon, and that the younger, shorter and slighter—a mere boy he looked—was the Prince Imperial, whom we knew to be with his father in the field.

A fortnight later, in the early morning of the 15th, the day before Mars-la-Tour, when the German army was as yet only east and south of Metz, I accompanied a German horse battery which, galloping up to within five hundred paces of the chateau of Longueville, around which was a French camp of some size, opened fire on chateau and camp. After a few shells had been fired great confusion was observed about the chateau and in the camp, and I distinctly discerned the Emperor and his son emerge from the building, mount, and gallop away, followed by suite and escort.

Years later in Zululand, when the day's work was done for both of us and the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt, the Prince was wont occasionally to gossip with me about those early days of the great war which we had witnessed from oppo-

site sides, and he told me his experiences of the morning just mentioned. A crash awoke him with a start and he was sitting up in bed, bewildered, when his father entered with the exclamation, "Up, Louis! up and dress! The German shells are crashing through the roofs." As the Prince looked out of the window while he was hurriedly dressing, he saw a shell fall and burst in a group of officers seated in the garden at breakfast, and when the smoke lifted three of them lay dead. That the story of his nerves having been shattered by the bullet fire at Saarbrücken was untrue was proved by an episode he related to me of that same morning an hour later. On the steep ascent of the *chaussée* up to Châtel, the imperial party was wedged in the heart of a complete block of troops, wagons, and guns. A long delay seemed inevitable. But the lad had noticed a way-side gate whence a track led up through the vineyard. He followed it to the crest and marked its trend; then, riding back, he called aloud, "This way, papa!" The Prince's side track turned the block, and presently the party were in the new quarters in the house which is now the post office of Gravelotte.

That excellent American publication, "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," errs for once in stating that after the downfall of the empire the Prince "escaped with his mother to England." He never saw his mother after leaving Paris for the seat of war until she came to him in Hastings after the revolution in Paris. When the shadows were darkening on MacMahon's ill-fated march, the Emperor sent his son away from the front; and the story of the vicissitudes and dangers the lad encountered before reaching England after Sedan would make of itself a long chapter.

When his parents settled at Chislehurst, the Prince, then in his fifteenth year, entered the Royal Academy at Woolwich to receive a scientific military education. He had not undergone the usual preparation, and he might have joined without the preliminary examination; but never, then nor through the course, would he accept any indulgence, and his "preliminary" was satisfactory in spite of his want of familiarity with the language. In the United States West Point affords the same instruction to all cadets alike, those who are most successful passing into the scientific branches; but in England the cadets for the Line are educated at Sandhurst, and the severer tuition of Woolwich is restricted to candidates for the engineer and

artillery branches. The Prince took his chance with his comrades both at work and play. His mathematical instructor has stated that he had considerable powers, evincing an undoubtedly clear insight into the principles of the higher mathematics ; but he added that he often failed to bring out specifically his knowledge at examinations, owing to his imperfect grasp of the necessary formulæ and working details. Indeed, details wearied him, then and later. In Zululand he more than once told me that he "hated desk work"; and M. Deleage, his countryman and friend, who accompanied the Zululand expedition, wrote that on the day before his death, after he had left the staff office tent, "Lieutenant Carey found the Prince's work done with so much haste and inattention that he had to sit up all night correcting it." In spite of this defect in steady concentration, at the end of his Woolwich course he passed seventh in a class of thirty-five, and had he gone into the English service he would have been entitled to choose between the engineers and artillery. He would have stood higher but that, curiously enough, he comparatively failed in French. He was an easy first in equitation. During his Woolwich career he won the love and respect of his comrades; his instructors spoke warmly of his modesty, conscientiousness, and uprightness, and pronounced him truthful and honorable in a high degree.

After leaving Woolwich he lived mostly with his widowed mother at Chislehurst, but he traveled on the Continent occasionally, and mixed a good deal in London society, where from time to time I met him. After he attained manhood it was understood that a marriage was projected between him and the Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's daughters, who is now the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The attainment of his majority was made a great occasion by the Imperialist adherents, as a test of their adherence to a cause which they refused to consider lost. More than 10,000 Frenchmen of all ranks and classes congregated on Chislehurst Common that day. The tricolor waved along the route to the little Roman Catholic chapel on the outskirts of the quiet Kentish village; as the members of the Imperial family passed from Camden Place to the religious service, every head was uncovered; and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from the ardent partisans, numbers of whom had already paid homage to the remains of their dead Emperor lying in the marble sarcophagus in front of the high altar of the chapel. Later in the day the large com-

pany of French people assembled in the park of Camden Place, in rear of the deputations from the different provinces of France, each deputation headed by a leader bearing the provincial banner. The Prince, with his mother by his side, stood forward ; behind them the princes, nobles, and statesmen of the late empire, and many Imperialist ladies of rank. When the Duc de Padoue had finished reading a long address expressive of attachment and devotion, the young Prince spoke to his supporters with great dignity, earnestness, and modesty. I heard the final sentences of his speech, the manly tone of which I can never forget. "If the time should ever arrive when my countrymen shall honor me with a majority of the suffrages of the nation, I shall be ready to accept with proud respect the decision of France. If for the eighth time the people pronounce in favor of the name of Napoleon, I am prepared to accept the responsibility imposed upon me by the vote of the nation." Once again, and only once, I heard the Prince speak in public. It was at the annual dinner of an institution known as the "Newspaper Press Fund." Lord Salisbury, one of the most brilliant speakers of our time, was in the chair. Cardinal Manning, the silver-tongued, Lord Wolseley, good speaker and brilliant commander, and Henry M. Stanley, fresh from "darkest Africa," were among the orators. But, quite apart from his position, the short address made by the Prince Imperial was unanimously regarded as the speech of the evening.

In features, with his long, oval face, black hair and eyes — attributes of neither of his parents, and his lean, shapely head, the Prince was a Spaniard of the Spaniards. One recognized in him no single characteristic of the Frenchman ; he was a veritable *hidalgo*, with all the pride, the melancholy, the self-restraint yet ardor to shine, the courage trenching on an ostentatious recklessness, and indeed the childishness in trifles which marked that now but all extinct type. Whether there was in his veins a drop of the Bonapartist blood (remembering the suspicions of King Louis of Holland with regard to Hortense) is a problem now probably insoluble. Certainly neither he nor his father had any physical feature in common with the undoubted members of the race. The Montijos, although the house in its latest developments had somewhat lost caste and had a bourgeois strain on the distaff side, were ancestrally of the bluest blood of Spain ; and it has always been my idea that the Prince Imperial illustrated the theory of atavism by throwing back to

the Guzmans, the Corderas, or the Baros, all grand old Spanish families whose blood was in his veins. How strong was his self-restraint even in youth, an anecdote told in Miss Barlee's interesting book of his Woolwich days may evidence. Hearing one day that a Frenchman was visiting the academy, he sent to say that he should be glad to see his countryman. The person, who as it happened was a bitter anti-Imperialist, was presented, and the Prince asked him from what part of France he came. The fellow, looking the youth straight in the face with a sarcastic smile, uttered the one word "Sedan," and grinningly waited for the effect of his brutality. The Prince flushed, and his eye kindled; then he conquered himself, and, quietly remarking, "That is a very pretty part of France," closed the interview with a bow.

I never saw dignity and self-control more finely manifested in union than when the lad, not yet seventeen, wearing a black cloak over which was the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, followed his father's coffin as chief mourner along the path lined by many thousand French sympathizers; and his demeanor was truly royal when later on that trying day the masses of French artisans hailed him with shouts of "Vive Napoleon IV.!" He stopped the personal acclaim by saying: "My friends, I thank you; but your Emperor is dead. Let us join in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" — baring at the same time his head and leading off the cheering. His craving for effect curiously displayed itself during a parade in Scotland of a number of Clydesdale stallions, at which were present the Prince of Wales and a number of noblemen and gentlemen. One horse, which was plunging violently, was described as never having allowed a rider to remain on its back. At the word the Prince Imperial vaulted on to the bare back of the animal, mastered its efforts to dislodge him, and rode the conquered stallion round the arena amid loud applause.

The forced inaction of his life irked him intensely. His good sense and true patriotism induced him steadily to decline the urgency of young and ardent Imperialists, that he should disturb the peace of France either by intrigue or by more active efforts to restore the dynasty. It stung him to the quick that the scurrilous part of the French press taunted him with the quietness of his life, which it chose to attribute to cowardice and lack of enterprise. In Zululand he told me of a circumstance which I have nowhere seen mentioned, that a

year before he had applied to the French Government for permission to join the French troops fighting in Tonquin; that MacMahon, who was then President, was in his favor; but that the Ministry refused the request. The English war of 1879 in Zululand was his opportunity. His constant belief was that ten years would be the term of his exile. "Dix ans de patience, et après!" he used to mutter in his daydreams. The ten years were nearly up. And what prestige would not accrue to him if he should have the good fortune to distinguish himself in the field, which he was resolved to do at any cost! The disaster of Isandlwana, to retrieve which troops were being hurried out, and the heroic defense of Rorke's Drift, were lost opportunities at which he chafed. He felt that he was forfeiting chances which, taken advantage of, might have aided his progress to the Imperial throne. Determined to lose no more chances, he went to the British Commander in Chief and begged to be permitted to go on service to South Africa.

His attitude and yearnings were quite intelligible, and were in no sense blameworthy. He desired to further the means towards a specific and obvious end, if England only would give him the helping hand. But this ultimate aim of his being so evident, it was singularly improper and ill-judged on the part of the English authorities to give well-grounded umbrage to the friendly power across the Channel, by forwarding an enterprise the purpose of which was to help toward changing Republican France into Imperial France, and to contribute toward the elevation of this young man to the throne which his father had lost. The Commander in Chief had his scruples, for he is a man of some discretion; but they were overruled. And it was from Windsor, bidden Godspeed by the Sovereign, that the Prince departed to embark. France sullenly watched his career in South Africa. Had it ended differently the mood would have become intensified. If it be asked why for the last sixteen years France has never for an hour worn a semblance of cordial accord with the insular power its neighbor, the answer is that this attitude of chronic umbrage has one of its sources in the intrigue which sent the Prince Imperial to Zululand.

At the news of Isandlwana I had hurried from the Khyber Pass to South Africa, and the Prince had already joined the army when first I met him in May, 1879, at Sir Evelyn Wood's camp of Kambula, which he was visiting with Lord Chelmsford

and the headquarters' staff. The Duke of Cambridge had specially confided him to his lordship's care. But poor Lord Chelmsford's nerve had been sore shaken by the tragedy of Isandlwana, after which he had begged to be relieved. Like Martha, he was careful and troubled about many things; his will power was limp and fickle, and the Prince was to him in the nature of a white elephant. The latter, for his part, was ardent for opportunities of adventurous enterprise, while the harassed Chelmsford had been bidden to dry nurse him assiduously. The military arrangements were lax and the Prince had been able to share in several somewhat hazardous reconnaissances, in the course of which he had displayed a rash bravery which disquieted the responsible leaders. After one of these scouting expeditions, in which he actually had come to close quarters with a party of Zulus, and it was asserted had whetted his sword, he was said to have remarked naïvely: "Such skirmishes suit my taste exactly, yet I should be au désespoir did I think I should be killed in one. In a great battle, if Providence so willed it, all well and good; but in a petty reconnaissance of this kind — ah! that would never do."

His penultimate reconnaissance was with a detachment of Frontier Light Horse under the command of Colonel Buller, V.C., now Sir Redvers Buller, Adjutant General of the British Army. The Zulus gathered and a fight seemed impending, to the Prince's great joy; but they dispersed. A few, however, were seen skulking at a distance, and against them he rode at full gallop in a state of great excitement. He had to be supported, which occasioned inconvenience; during the night, which was bitterly cold and during which the Prince's excitement continued, he tramped up and down constantly, singing at intervals "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en-guerre*," not wholly to the contentment of the phlegmatic Britons around him. Colonel Buller reported his inconvenient recklessness, protested against accepting responsibility for him when his military duties called for all his attention, and suggested that he should be employed in camp on staff duty instead of being permitted to risk himself on reconnaissance service. Thereupon Lord Chelmsford detailed him to desk work in the quartermaster general's department, and gave Colonel Harrison a written order that the Prince should not quit the camp without the express permission of his lordship. The Prince, made aware of this order, obeyed, for he had a high sense of discipline; but he did not

conceal his dislike to the drudgery of plan making in a tent. He was fond of and expert in sketching in the field.

The orders issued to the little army in the Koppie Allein camp on the 31st of May for the morrow were that the infantry should march direct to a camping ground on the Itelezi hill about eight miles forward, the cavalry to scout several miles farther and then to fall back to the Itelezi camp. Early on the morning of June 1st the Prince, dead tired of routine desk work, begged Colonel Harrison to allow him to make a sketching expedition with an escort, beyond the ground to be covered by the cavalry. The matter was under discussion—Harrison reluctant to consent, when Lieutenant Carey, a staff officer of the department, suggested that he should accompany the Prince, and proposed that the expedition should extend into the Ityotyози valley, where the next camp beyond the Itelezi was to be and a sketch of which he (Carey) had two days previously left unfinished. Harrison then made no further objection, consenting the more readily because the whole terrain in advance had been thoroughly scouted over recently. He instructed Carey to requisition a mounted escort of six white men and six Basutos, and he subsequently maintained that he had intrusted the command of the escort to Carey. This Carey denied, repudiating all responsibility in regard to the direction of the escort since the Prince in his rank of honorary captain was his superior officer, and holding that his function as regarded the latter was simply that of friendly adviser. I was afterwards told that before leaving camp the Prince wrote a letter—the last he ever wrote—to his mother, and that hearing I was about to ride back to the post office at Landmann's Drift, he left the message for me with his best regards, that he should be greatly obliged by my carrying down his letter. As it happened, I did not quit the camp until I did so as the bearer to the telegraph wire of the tidings of the Prince's death.

I was with Herbert Stewart, the cavalry brigade major, when Carey came to him with Harrison's warrant for an escort. Carey did not mention, nor did the document state, that the escort was for the Prince Imperial. Stewart ordered out six men of Beddington's Horse—a curiously mixed handful of diverse nationalities—and he told Carey that he would send Captain Shepstone an order for the Basuto detail of the escort, but that time would be saved if Carey himself on his way back

to headquarters would hand Shepstone the order and give his own instructions. Carey chose the latter alternative and departed. An hour later, while I was still with Stewart, the six Basutos paraded in front of his tent. Either Carey or Shepstone had blundered in the instructions given them, that was clear ; but nothing could now be done but to order the Basutos to hurry forward and try to overtake the other installment of the escort. Meanwhile the Prince had been impatient ; and he, Carey, and the white section of the escort had gone on. Carey made no demur to the scant escort, since nothing was to be apprehended and since he himself had been recently chaffed for being addicted to requisitioning inordinately large escorts. Harrison later met the party some miles out, and sanctioned its going forward notwithstanding that the Basutos had not joined, which indeed they never succeeded in doing. The party then consisted of the Prince, Carey, a sergeant, a corporal, four troopers, and a black native guide — nine persons in all.

When Harrison had announced the tidings of the tragedy, I went to my tent and sent for each of the four surviving troopers in succession. They were all bad witnesses, and I could not help suspecting that they were in collusion to keep something back. All agreed, however, that Lieutenant Carey headed the panic flight ; and next day it transpired that, when a mile away from the scene and still galloping wildly, he was casually met by Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Buller, to whom he exclaimed : “ Fly ! Fly ! The Zulus are after me and the Prince Imperial is killed ! ” The evidence I took on the night of the disaster, and that afterwards given before the court of inquiry and the court martial on Carey, may now be briefly summarized.

The site of the intended camp having been planned out by the Prince and Carey, the party ascended an adjacent hill and spent an hour there in sketching the contours of the surrounding country. No Zulus were visible in the wide expanse surveyed from the hilltop. At its base, on a small plain at the junction of the rivers Tambakala and Ityotyози, was the small Zulu kraal of Etuki, the few huts of which, according to the Zulu custom, stood in a rough circle which was surrounded on three sides at a little distance by a tall growth of “ mealies ” (Indian corn) and the high grass known as “ Kaffir corn.”

The party descended to this kraal, off-saddled, fed the horses, made coffee, ate food, and then reclined, resting against the wall of a hut in full sense of assured safety. Some dogs skulking about the empty kraal and the fresh ashes on the hearths might have warned them, but they did not heed the suggestion thus afforded. About three o'clock Corporal Grubbe, who understood the Basuto language, reported the statement of the guide that he had seen a Zulu entering the mealie field in their front. Carey proposed immediately saddling up. The Prince desired ten minutes' longer rest, and Carey did not expostulate. Then the horses were brought up and saddled. Carey stated that at this moment he saw black forms moving behind the screen of tall grain, and informed the Prince. Throughout the day the latter had acted in command of the escort, and he now in soldierly fashion gave the successive orders, "Prepare to mount!" "Mount!" Next moment, according to the evidence, a volley of twenty or thirty bullets — one witness said forty bullets — were fired into the party.

Let me be done with Carey for good and all. He had mounted on the inner, the safe, side of the hut, and immediately galloped off. On the night of the event he expressed the opinion that the Prince had been shot dead at the kraal, but owned that the first actual evidence of misfortune of which he became cognizant was the Prince's riderless horse galloping past him. The men were either less active or less precipitate than was the officer. One of their number fell at the kraal, another on the grassy level some 150 yards wide, between the kraal and a shallow "donga," or gully, across which ran the path towards the distant camp. As to the Prince the testimony was fairly unanimous. Sergeant Cochrane stated that he never actually mounted, but had foot in stirrup when at the Zulu volley his horse, a spirited gray, sixteen hands high and always difficult to mount, started off, presently broke away, and later was caught by the survivors. Then the Prince tried to escape on foot, and was last seen by Cochrane running into the donga, from which he never emerged. Another trooper testified that he saw the Prince try to mount, but that, not succeeding, he ran by his horse's side for some little distance making effort after effort to mount, till he either stumbled or fell in a scrambling way and seemed to be trodden on by his horse. But the most detailed evidence was given by trooper Lecocq, a Channel Islander. He stated that after their vol-

ley the Zulus bounded out of cover, shouting "Usuta!" ("Cowards!"). The Prince was unable to mount his impatient horse, scared as it was by the fire. One by one the troopers galloped by the Prince, who, as he ran alongside his now maddened horse, was endeavoring in vain to mount. As Lecocq passed lying on his stomach across the saddle, not yet having got his seat, he called to the Prince, "Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plait, Monseigneur!" The Prince made no reply and was left alone to his fate. His horse strained after that of Lecocq, who then saw the doomed Prince holding his stirrup leather with one hand, grasping reins and pommel with the other, and trying to remount on the run. No doubt he made one desperate effort, trusting to the strength of his grasp on the band of leather crossing the pommel from holster to holster. That band tore under the strain. I inspected it next day and found it no leather at all, but paper faced — so that the Prince's fate really was attributable to shoddy saddlery. Lecocq saw the Prince fall backwards, and his horse tread on him and then gallop away. According to him the Prince regained his feet and ran at full speed towards the donga on the track of the retreating party. When for the last time the Jerseyman turned round in the saddle, he saw the Prince still running, pursued only a few yards behind by some twelve or fourteen Zulus, with assegais in hand, which they were throwing at him. None save the slayers saw the tragedy enacted in the donga.

Early next morning the cavalry brigade marched out to recover the body, for there was no hope that anything save the body was to be recovered. As the scene was neared, some of us rode forward in advance. In the middle of the little plain was found a body, savagely mutilated; it was not that of the Prince, but of one of the slain troopers. We found the dead Prince in the donga, a few paces on one side of the path. He was lying on his back, naked save for one sock; a spur bent out of shape was close to him. His head was so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sword. His hacked arms were lightly crossed over his lacerated chest, and his face, the features of which were in no wise distorted but wore a faint smile that slightly parted the lips, was marred by the destruction of the right eye from an assegai stab. The surgeons agreed that this wound, which penetrated the brain, was the first and the fatal hurt, and that the subsequent wounds were inflicted on a dead body. Of those there were many, in throat, in chest,

in side, and on arms, apart from the nick in the abdomen which is the Zulu fetish custom, invariably practiced on slain enemies as a protection against being haunted by their ghosts. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. Neither on him nor on any of the three other slain of the party was found any bullet wound; all had been killed by assegai stabs. Round the poor Prince's neck his slayers had left a little gold chain on which were strung a locket set with a miniature of his mother, and a reliquary containing a fragment of the true Cross which was given by Pope Leo III. to Charlemagne when he crowned that great Prince Emperor of the West, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs had since worn as a talisman. Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. The Prince's two servants were weeping bitterly and there was a lump in many a throat. An officer, his bosom friend at Woolwich, detached the necklet and placed it in an envelope with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair for transmission to his mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we now stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a cloak, was placed on the lance shafts of the cavalymen, and on this extemporized bier the officers of the brigade bore it up the ascent to the ambulance wagon which was in waiting. The same afternoon a solemn funeral service was performed in the Itelezi camp, and later in the evening the body, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, began its pilgrimage to England, in which exile, in the chapel at Farnborough, where the widowed wife and childless mother now resides, the remains of husband and son now rest side by side in their marble sarcophagi. The sword worn in South Africa by the Prince, the veritable sword worn by the first Napoleon from Arcola to Waterloo—in reference to which the Prince had been heard to say, "I must earn a better right to it than that which my name alone can give me"—had been carried off by his Zulu slayers, but was restored by Cetewayo when Lord Chelmsford's army was closing in upon Ulundi.

To be slain by savages in an obscure corner of a remote continent was a miserable end, truly, for him who once was the Son of France.

DEATH'S VALLEY.

By WALT WHITMAN.

NAY, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portrayed or hit thy theme entire :
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses
of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.
For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering — have seen their lives pass off with smiles ;
And I have watched the death hours of the old ; and seen the infant
die ;
The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors ;
And then the poor, in meagerness and poverty ;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,
I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark — for I do not fear thee,
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),
Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling
tides, and trees and flowers and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze — and in the midst God's beautiful
eternal right hand,
Thee, holiest minister of Heaven — thee, envoy, usherer, guide at
last of all ;
Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture knot called life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.



Walt Whitman

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